

SING WE MERRILY INTO GOD OUR STRENGTH.

1895

RESCUE SONGS

Edition of
The NATIONAL
CHRISTIAN MEN'S
TEMPERANCE UNION

433 LEXINGTON AVE. NEW YORK.

Near Grand Central Depot and E. 43^d St.

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—OF—

RESCUE SONGS

MAY BE PURCHASED
OF THE USHER.

THE POPULAR

BLUE BUTTON BADGE

OF THE C. M. T. U.

MAY BE HAD FOR 5 CTS. THE
PINS FOR LADIES, 10 CTS.



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C. 2

*SONG OF THE RESCUED.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

Tune.—I am so glad that Jesus loves me.

- 1 I am so glad that again I am free,
I have been blind but now I can see:
Jesus has called me from sinning away,
O, how I love my Redeemer to-day.

CHORUS.

I am so glad that now I can see,
Now I can see, now I can see;
I am so glad that now *I am free*—
Rum has no power over me.

- 2 Now I am ready to work with a will,
Work for the Master o'er valley and
hill;
Ever stand ready to go at His call,
Come, boys, and aid me, oh! come one
and all.

- 3 Since I am rescued I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I truly am blest;
I know, if I trust Him, He'll *keep* even
me.

Oh, captive brother, you too may be
free.

STEPPING IN THE LIGHT.

- 1 Trying to walk in the steps of the
Saviour,
Trying to follow our Saviour and
King;
Shaping our lives by His blessed ex-
ample,
Happy, how happy the songs that
we bring.

CHORUS.

How beautiful to walk in the steps of
the Saviour;
Stepping in the light, stepping in
the light;
How beautiful to walk in the steps of
the Saviour,
Led in paths of light.

- 2 Pressing more closely to Him who is
leading
When we are tempted to turn from
the way;
Trusting the arm that is strong to de-
fend us,
Happy, how happy, our praises each
day.

St. Bartholomews
RESCUE MISSION.
206-207 E. 42d Street
New York.

#11 = 795

RESCUE SONGS

BY

ONE HUNDRED POPULAR COMPOSERS

AND

GIFTED SONG WRITERS

SPECIALLY FITTED FOR

RESCUE MISSIONS AND MEETINGS

RESCUE WORKERS AND EVANGELISTS

AND REVIVAL SERVICES

COMPILED BY

COL. HENRY H. HADLEY

NEW YORK

PUBLISHED FOR THE CHRISTIAN MEN'S UNION

433 LEXINGTON AVENUE

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The compiler has dedicated in this book, several selections to friends who have assisted, and in memory of others.

PREFACE.

There are more songs suitable for *rescue work* in RESCUE SONGS than in any other book, including the best from almost every source.

Many publishers, writers and composers donated the pieces asked for, and others sold them at reasonable rates.

But for this and the important fact that several hundred dollars with which to buy the music and make the plates, were contributed by good friends of missions and of rescue work, this book would have to be sold at the usual price for such books, say 35 to 50 cents per copy. Thanks to these friends, the publishers are now enabled to furnish RESCUE SONGS within the means of the poorest mission, church or Sunday-school. The thanks of all rescue workers are due to those who have made it possible to give so good a book a wide circulation where so much needed. To each one who has helped or prayed for this cheery messenger of hope and peace, is tendered (In His Name) the sincere thanks of H. H. H.

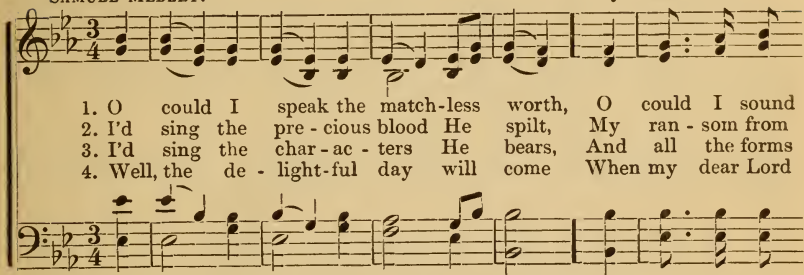
Please pray that this copy may be the means of saving some soul. See MATT. 18: 19 and 1 JOHN 1: 7.

RESCUE SONGS.

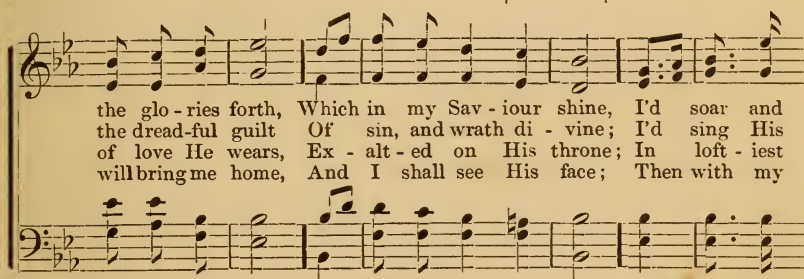
1. O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

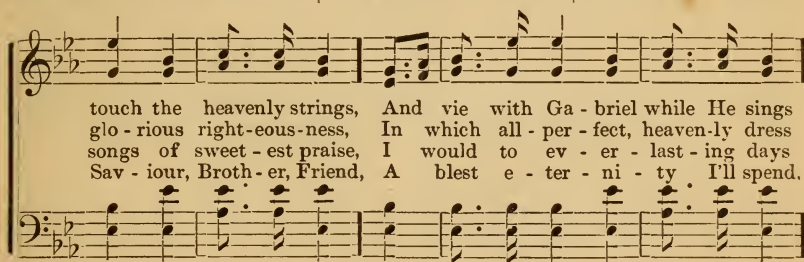
Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



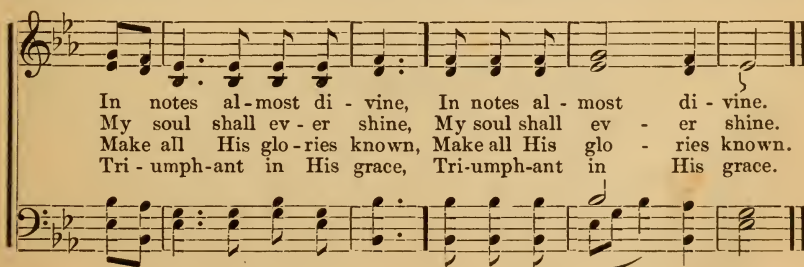
1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from
 3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters He bears, And all the forms
 4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come When my dear Lord



the glo-ries forth, Which in my Sav-iour shine, I'd soar and
 the dread-ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di-vine; I'd sing His
 of love He wears, Ex-alt-ed on His throne; In loft-iest
 will bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my



touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while He sings
 glo-rious right-eous-ness, In which all-per-fect, heaven-ly dress
 songs of sweet-est praise, I would to ev-er-last-ing days
 Sav-iour, Broth-er, Friend, A blest e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend.



In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
 My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
 Make all His glo-ries known, Make all His glo-ries known.
 Tri-umph-ant in His grace, Tri-umph-ant in His grace.

2.

The Great Physician.

REV. WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;
 2. Your ma - ny sins are all forgiv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus;
 3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
 4. His name dis - pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.
 Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
 I love the bless - ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
 Oh, how my soul de - lights to hear The precious name of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

"Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue,

rit.
 Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

By permission.

3.

Burst, Ye Emerald Gates.

1 Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring
 To my raptured vision
 All th' ecstatic joys that spring
 Round the bright elysian.
 Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
 Break! ye intervening skies,
 Sons of righteousness, arise,
 Ope' the gates of Paradise.

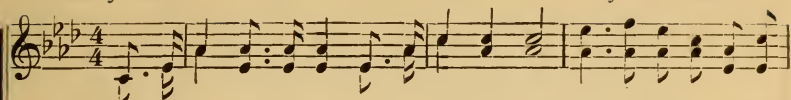
2 Hark! the thrilling symphonies,
 Seem methinks to seize us,
 Join we in the holy lays,
 Jesus came to save us:
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
 Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung,
 Let its echoes flow along.

A Shout in the Camp.

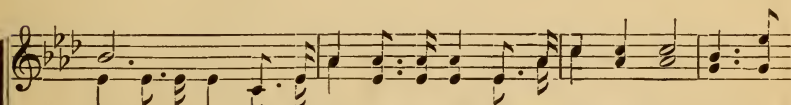
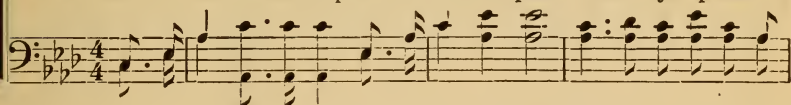
FANNY J. CROSBY.

Dedicated to Arthur L. Robinson.

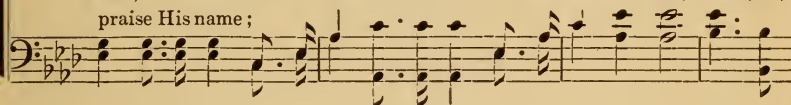
JNO. B. SWENEY.



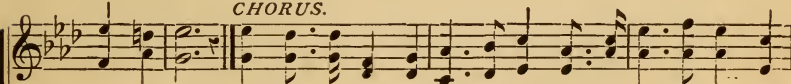
1. There's a shout in the camp, for the Lord is here, Hal-le-lu-jah! praise His
2. There's a shout in the camp like the shout of old, Hal-le-lu-jah! praise His
3. There's a shout in the ranks of the King of kings, Hal-le-lu-jah! praise His
4. There's a shout in the camp while our souls re-peat Hal-le-lu-jah! praise His



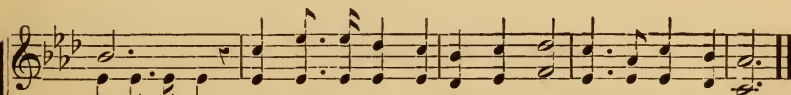
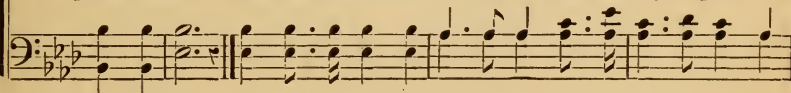
name; To the feast of His love we again draw near, Praise, oh,
 name; For the cloud of His glo - ry we now be-hold, Praise, oh,
 name; While we drink at the Rock from the living springs, Praise, oh,
 name; There is room for the world at the Saviour's feet, Praise, oh,
 praise His name;



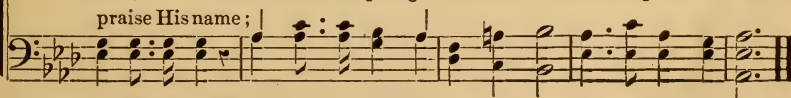
CHORUS.



praise His name. Room for the millions! room for all! Hal-le-lu-jah! praise His



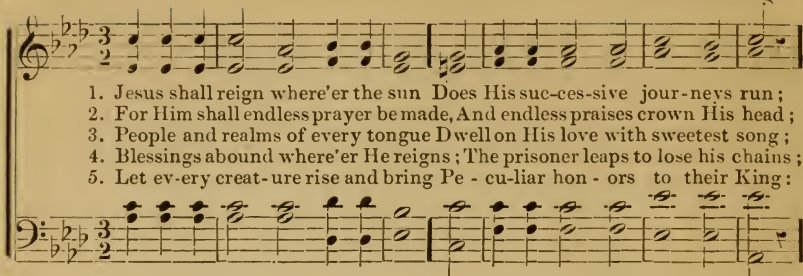
name; Come to the banquet, great and small, Praise, oh, praise His name.
 praise His name;



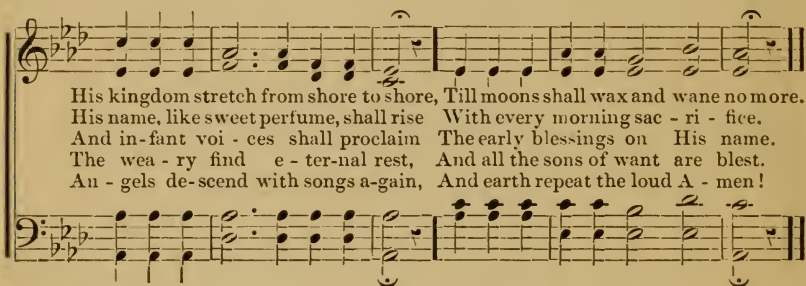
5.

Jesus Shall Reign.

H. C. ZEUNER.



1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run ;
2. For Him shall endless prayer be made, And endless praises crown His head ;
3. People and realms of every tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
4. Blessings around where'er He reigns ; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
5. Let ev-ery creat-ure rise and bring Pe - cu-liar hon - ors to their King :



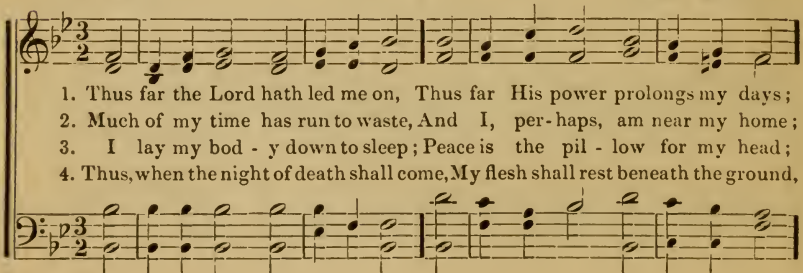
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With every morning sac - ri - fice.
 And in-fant voi - ces shall proclaim The early blessings on His name.
 The wea - ry find e - ter-nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
 An - gels de-scend with songs a-gain, And earth repeat the loud A - men !

6.

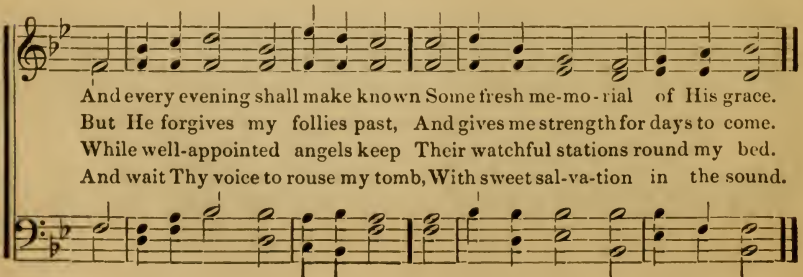
Hebron. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

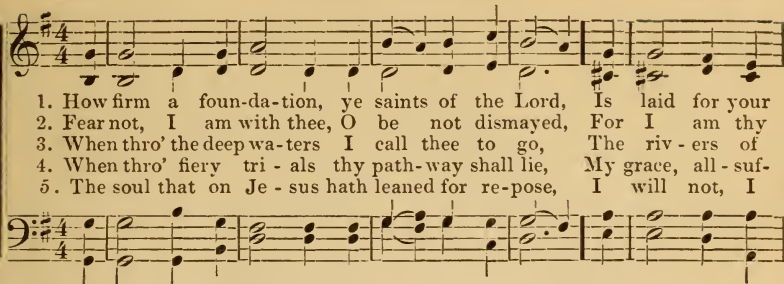
LOWELL MASON.



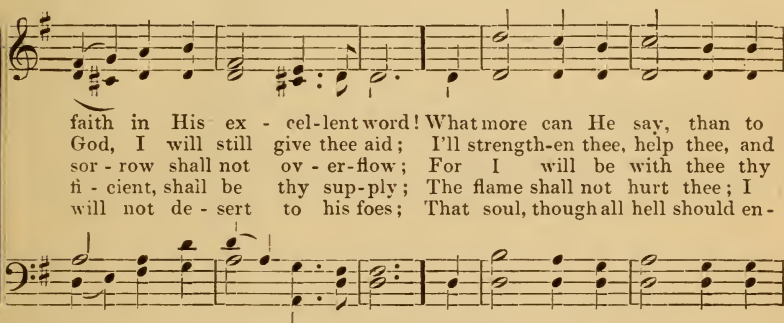
1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far His power prolongs my days ;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home ;
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep ; Peace is the pil - low for my head ;
4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,



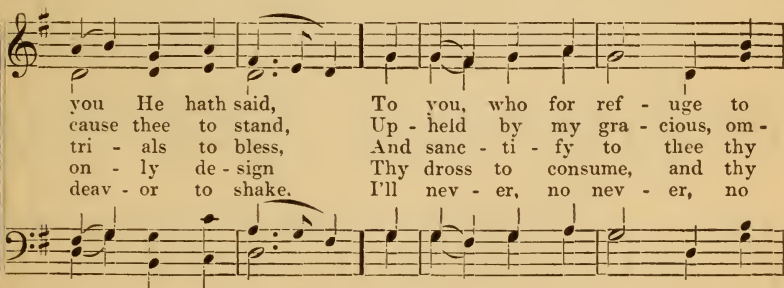
And every evening shall make known Some fresh me-mo-rial of His grace.
 But He forgives my follies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
 While well-appointed angels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
 And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet sal-va-tion in the sound.



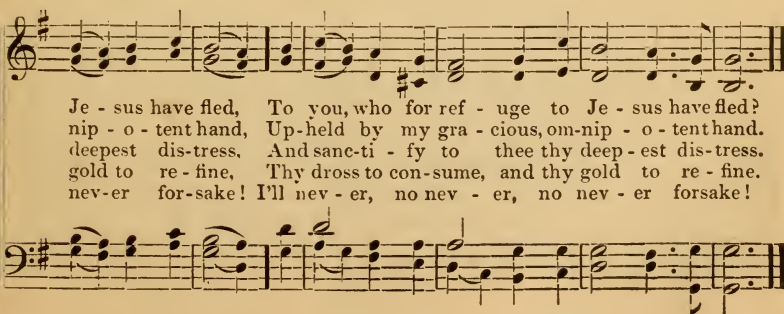
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy
 3. When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 4. When thro' fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-
 5. The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I



faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say, than to
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
 sor-row shall not ov-er-flow; For I will be with thee thy
 fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I
 will not de-sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-



you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-
 tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to consume, and thy
 deav-or to shake. I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no



Je-sus have fled, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
 deepest dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 gold to re-fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.
 nev-er for-sake! I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er forsake!

8. Where the Living Waters Flow.

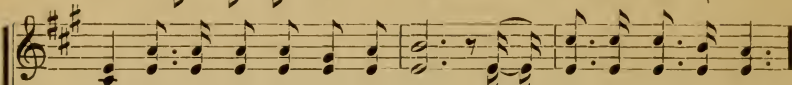
CAPT. R. KELSO CARTER.

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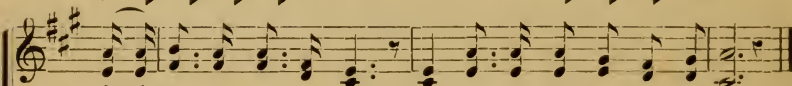
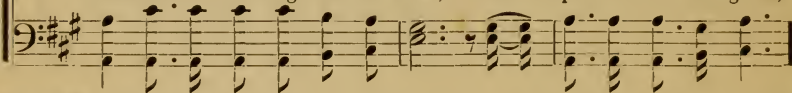
E. E. NICKERSON.



1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach - ing breast is given,
2. For thee, my soul, for thee These price-less joys were bought,
3. Come, with the ran-somed train, The Sav-iour's prais - es sing,
4. And soon, be - fore His face, We'll praise in light a - bove,



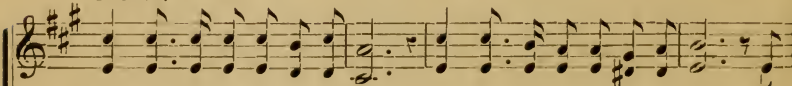
Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole,
 Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Thine is the mer - cy free,
 Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Re - joice! the Lamb was slain,
 Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Tri - umph-ant thro' His grace,



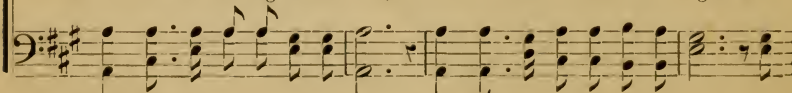
Love fills our heart with heaven, Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow.
 That Christ to earth has bro't, Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow.
 A - dore! He reigns a King, Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow.
 Made per-fect by His love, Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow.



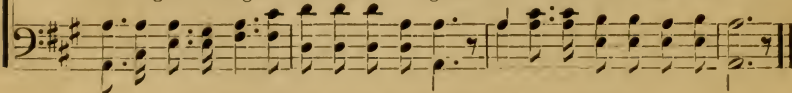
CHORUS.



Down where the living waters flow, Down where the tree of life doth grow, I'm



liv-ing in the light, for Jesus now I fight, Down where the living waters flow.



"The Lord is my light and my salvation."—Ps. 27: 1.

G. W. CROFTS.

D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. Move forward! valiant men and strong, Ye who have pray'd and labored long,
 2. Move forward! each and ev - ery one, The gold-en har-vest is be-gun,
 3. Move forward! reaping as you move! An-gels are watching from a-bove!
 4. Move forward! day will die full soon, How quickly evening fol-lows noon.

The time has come for you to rise, For lo! the sun rolls up the skies.
 Ye reap-ers, come from glen and glade And wield the sickle's glitt'ring blade.
 A-round are wit-ness-es a host, A-rouse ye now and save the lost.
 Now is the time to work and pray—Let glo-ry crown the dy-ing day.

CHORUS.

Move for - ward, move for - ward, All a - long the line,....

Move forward, move forward, All a - long the line, move forward,

Move for - ward, move for - ward, The light be-gins to shine.

Move forward, Move forward,

10. My Country! 'tis of Thee.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

pilgrims' pride! From ev - ery mountain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills: My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - teet us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

RAY PALMER.

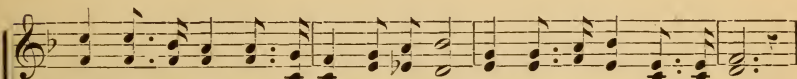
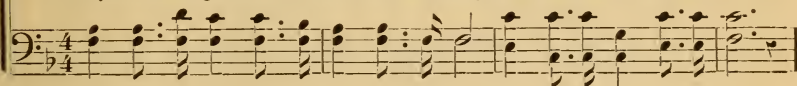
T. ALCLIFFE TESKE.

Dedicated to Capt. Cummings.

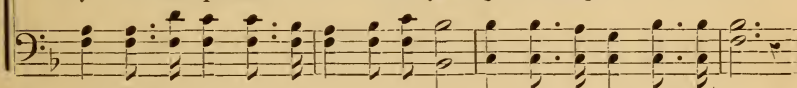
REV. E. S. UFFORD.



1. Out on the des - o-late mountains of sin, Straying, the young and the old ;
2. Out in the des - o-late darkness and storm, Straying, the young and the old ;
3. Je - sus is call - ing them "Come unto me," Call - ing the young and the old ;
4. Free is the fountain that cleanses complete, Com - ing the young and the old ;
5. Joyful the songs that the ransomed shall sing, Sing - ing the young and the old ;



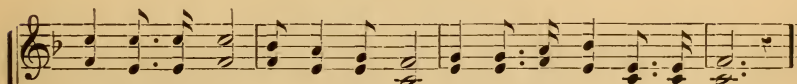
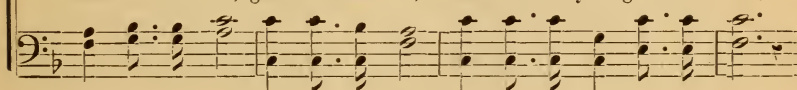
Gath - er them in from the highways of sin, Gath - er them in - to His fold.
 Gath - er them in from all danger and harm, Gather them in - to His fold.
 Come to the feast that is wait - ing for thee, Come to the beau - ti - ful fold.
 Lay - ing their sins at His cru - ci - fied feet, Coming to rest in His fold.
 Joy - ful their praises to Je - sus they bring, Gathering in - to His fold.



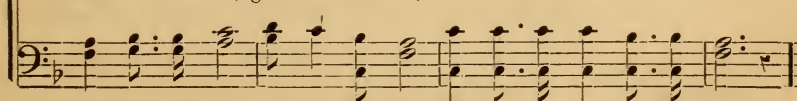
REFRAIN.



Gath - er them in, gath - er them in, Gath - er the young and the old ;



Gath - er them in, gath - er them in, Gath - er them in - to His fold.

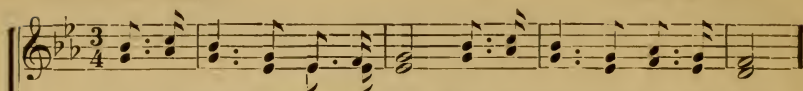


Flash the Toplights.

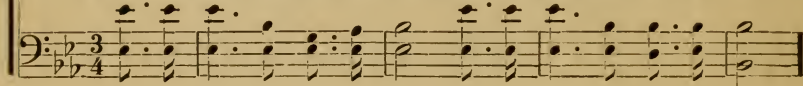
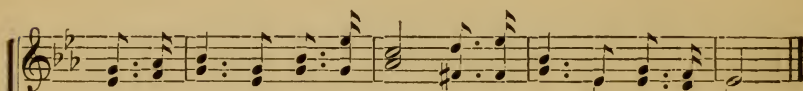
"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—MATT. 5: 16.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

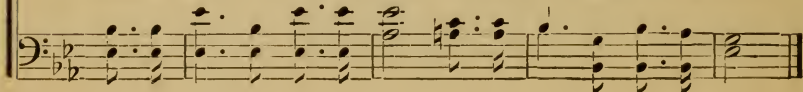
FRANK M. DAVIS.



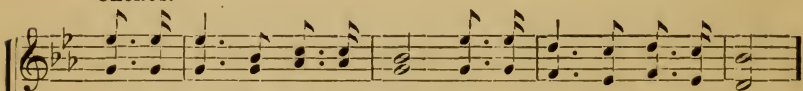
1. Out to sea mid'st storm-y gales, When the Gos-pel's good ship sails,
 2. There are wreckson ev - 'ry side, Cries for help a-cross the tide,
 3. Je - sus stands be-side the helm, And the waves can-not o'erwhelm,
 4. So the wreck'd ones they may hear, Know-ing that sweet help is near,

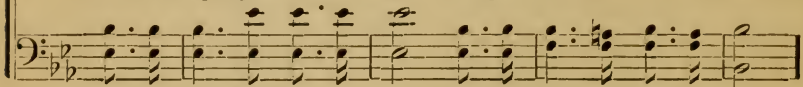
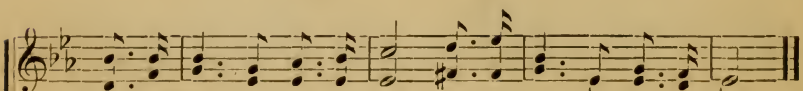
Let each warn-ing sig-nal light, Up a - loft be burn-ing bright.
 So that ev - 'ry one may see, Let the lights shine full and free.
 While above him bright and fair, Gleams the welcome sig - nal there.
 Out at sea, a - long the strand, Trumpet still this one command:



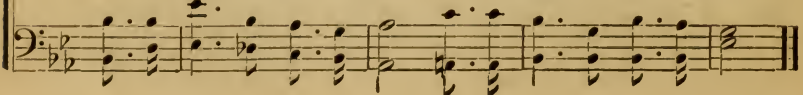
CHORUS.



Flash the top-lights far and wide! Tempest-tossed up - on the tide,

Some poor sin - ner they may save, As they gleam a-cross the wave.



13.

The Gospel Feast.

CHARLES WESLEY.

"Come, for all things are ready."

Chorus by H. L. G.

LUKE 14: 16.

H. L. GILMOUR. By per.

1. Come, sin-ners, to the gos-pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;
 2. Ye need not one be left be-hind, It is for you, it is for me;

Let ev-ery soul be Je-sus' guest; It is for you, it is for me.
 For God hath bid-den all mankind, It is for you, it is for me.

D.S.—O wea-ry wand'rer, come and see, It is for you, it is for me.

CHORUS. Sal - va - tion full, sal - va - tion free, The price was paid on Cal - va - ry ;

- | | |
|---|---|
| 3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all: | 7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live: |
| 4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now. | 8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain. |
| 5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest; | 9 See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice: |
| 6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find. | 10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace. |

Copyright, 1889, by H. L. GILMOUR.

14.

God's Word.

TUNE 13.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given:
Bright as a lamp its teachings shine,
To guide our souls to heaven. | 3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God. |
| 2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near. | 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above. |

1. At the sounding of the trum-pet That shall sum-mon one and all
 2. At the great and fi-nal judgment When all se-crets shall be known,
 3. When we hear the gen-'ral roll call, Thro' the cit-y of the King,

To the throne of the E-ter-nal, Shall we trem-ble at the call?
 To the ma-n-y gathered millions That shall stand be-fore the throne,
 And the ransomed ones re-joic-ing, Till the heavenly arch-es ring,

Shall we stand be-fore our Mak-er, In the rai-ment pure and white?
 Shall we face the host of heav-en, And the bless-ed Lamb of God,
 Shall we help to swell the mu-sic, Join the ev-er-last-ing strain?

Or go sad-ly from His presence To the realms of end-less night.
 With our sinnings all for-giv-en Thro' the precious, precious blood?
 Or go forth to death and darkness, There to ev-er-more re-main.

CHORUS.

O be read-y O be read-y
 for the roll call, for the roll call,

The General Roll Call. Concluded.

Fly to Je - sus while ycu may, Who will wash your sins a - way ;

O be read-y for the roll call, O be read-y for the roll call,

O be read-y for the roll call, And the general judgment day.

16. Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS.

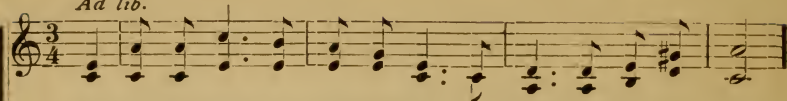
Scotch Air.

1. { Near-er, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee, }
 { E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me; } Still all my song shall be,
 2. { Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, }
 { Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone, } Yet in my dreams I'd be
 3. { There let the way appear, Steps unto heaven; }
 { All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy given; } An-gels to beck-on me

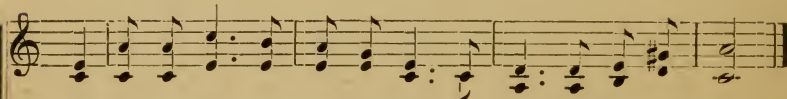
Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

REV. W. McDONALD.

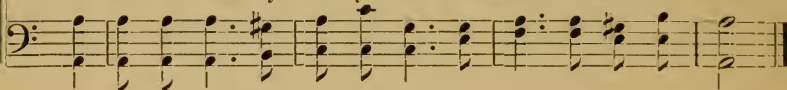
Arr. by REV. W. McDONALD.

Ad lib.

1. Ah, ma - ny years my burdened heart Has sighed, has longed to know
2. I heard the saints in rap-ture tell, How much a soul may know
3. I came to Je - sus sick and vile, That I this grace might know;
4. He cast on me a look of love, Such as no words can show;



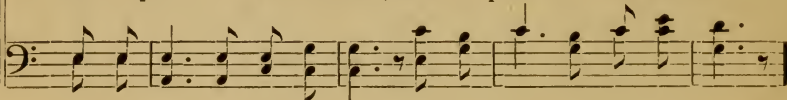
The vir-tue of my Saviour's blood, That wash-es white as snow.
 Of Je - sus' pre-cious, cleansing-blood, That wash-es white as snow.
 And trusted in His precious blood To wash me white as snow.
 I felt with-in my ver - y soul He washed me white as snow.



CHORUS.



There is pow'r in Je - sus' blood, There is pow'r in Je - sus' blood,



There is pow'r in Je - sus' blood To wash me white as snow.



- 5 I'll tell to every saint I meet,
 To sinners high and low,
 That trusting in the Saviour's blood,
 It washes white as snow.

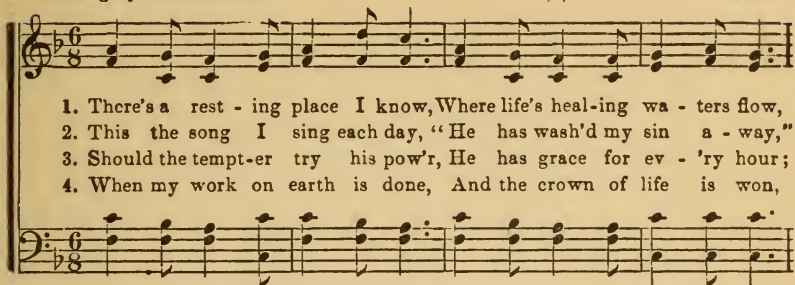
- 6 And when to that bright world above
 My raptured soul shall go,
 My song shall be—the precious blood,
 Still washes white as snow.

18. Oh, how sweet at Jesus' feet.

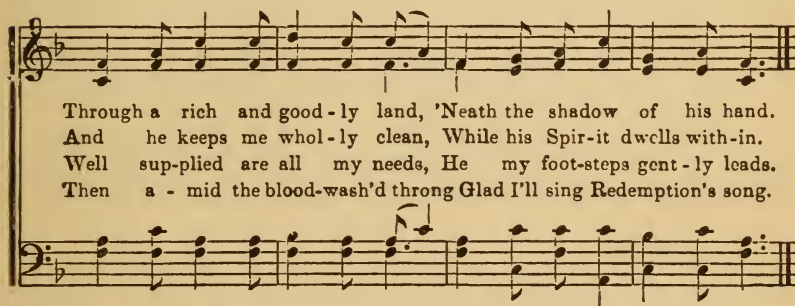
As Sung by R. S. ROBSON.

Used by permission.

G. K. A.

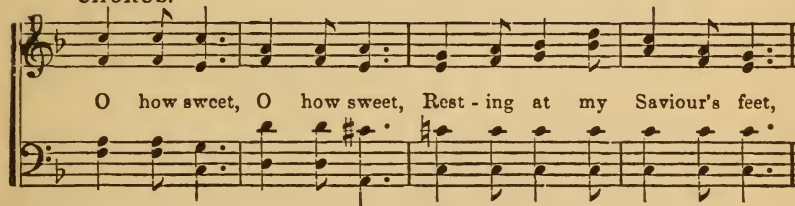


1. There's a rest - ing place I know, Where life's heal - ing wa - ters flow,
 2. This the song I sing each day, "He has wash'd my sin a - way,"
 3. Should the tempt - er try his pow'r, He has grace for ev - 'ry hour;
 4. When my work on earth is done, And the crown of life is won,



Through a rich and good - ly land, 'Neath the shadow of his hand.
 And he keeps me whol - ly clean, While his Spir - it dwells with - in.
 Well sup - plied are all my needs, He my foot - steps gent - ly leads.
 Then a - mid the blood - wash'd throng Glad I'll sing Redemption's song.

CHORUS.



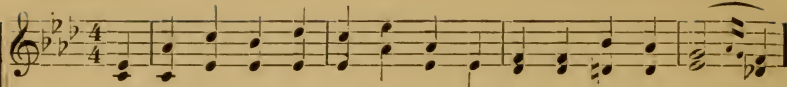
O how sweet, O how sweet, Rest - ing at my Saviour's feet,



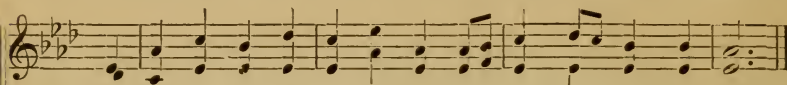
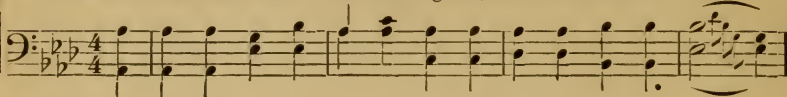
In a rich and good - ly land, 'Neath the shadow of his hand.

ANON.

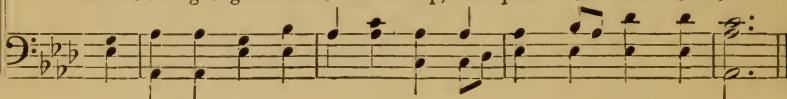
E. O. EXCELL. By per.



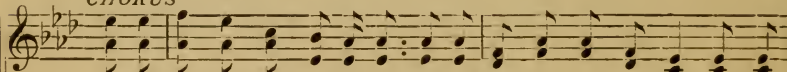
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home. O how I long for Thee!
2. Thy walls are all of pre - cious stone Most glorious to be - hold;
3. Thy gar - dens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been—
4. Reach down, reach down Thine arms of grace, And cause me to as - cend



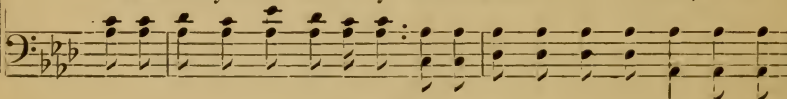
When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
 Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
 Such sparkling gems by hu - man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.
 Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And prais - es nev - er end.



CHORUS



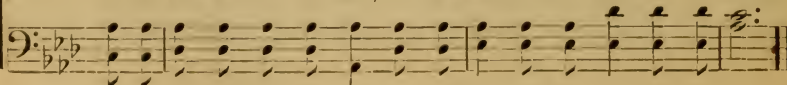
I will meet you in the Cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, I am



washed in the blood of the Lamb, I will meet you in the Cit - y
 washed in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb,



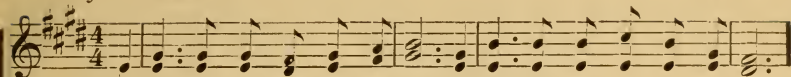
of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.



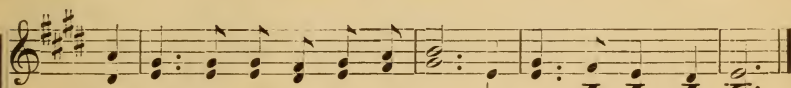
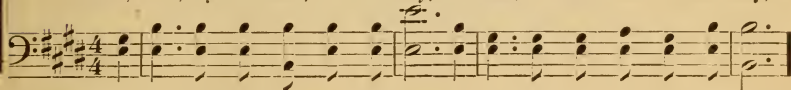
“My Son give me Thine heart.”—PROV. 23: 26.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

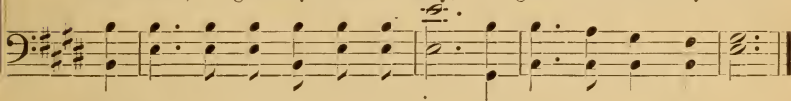
D. B. TOWNER.



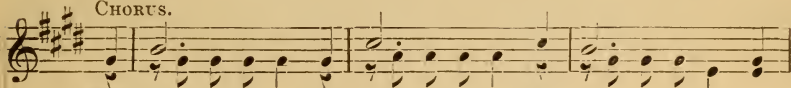
1. To thee, who from the narrow road, In sin-ful ways so long have trod,
2. Ah, well that gen-tle voice I know, For oft it called me long a - go,
3. “My son,” oh word of mighty grace, That children of our mor-tal race,
4. How great that Father’s love must be, How fond His yearnings af-ter thee,
5. How patient hath His spir - it been, To fol-low thee thro’ all thy sin,
6. Oh, God, my Fa-ther, I o - bey, I come, I come, to Thee to-day,



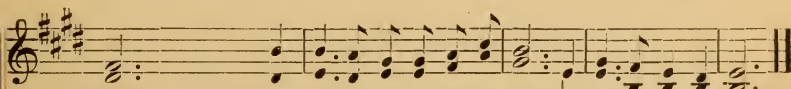
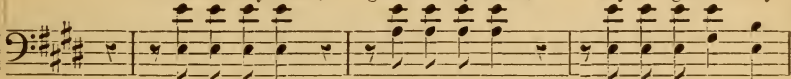
How kind - ly speaks thy Fa-ther, God, “My son, give me thy heart.”
 And now to thee it whis-pers low, “My son, give me thy heart.”
 With sons of God may take their place, “My son, give me thy heart.”
 That He should say so ten-der - ly, “My son, give me thy heart.”
 And plead thy wayward soul to win, “My son, give me thy heart.”
 “Here Lord, I give my - self a - way, I give to Thee my heart.”



CHORUS.



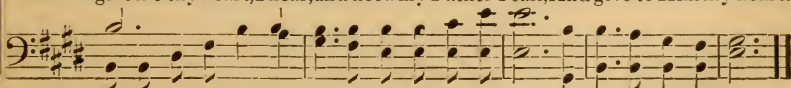
My son, my son, Give me thy
 Give me thy heart, give me thy heart, My son give me thy



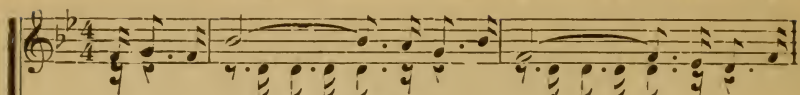
heart, Oh, hear, and heed thy Father’s call, And give to Him thy heart.

Last verse.

give me thy heart, I hear, and heed my Father’s call, And give to Him my heart.

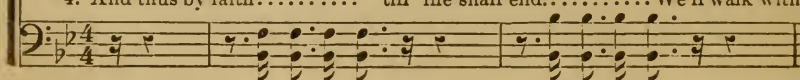



Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Used by permission. Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

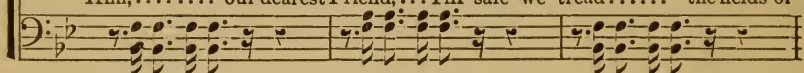
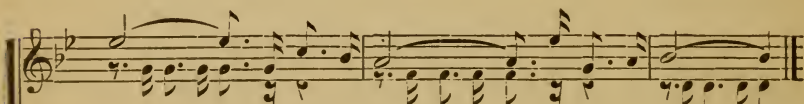


We walk by faith, etc.

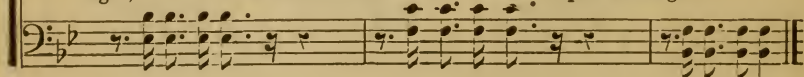
1. We walk by faith..... and O how sweet..... The flow'rs that
2. We walk by faith..... He wills it so,..... And marks the
3. We walk by faith..... di-vine-ly blest,..... On Him we
4. And thus by faith..... till life shall end,..... We'll walk with

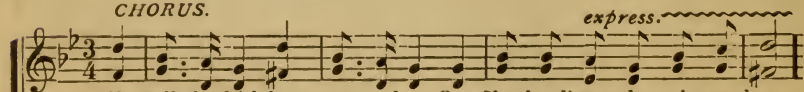
grow..... beneath our feet..... And fragrance breathe.... a-long the
 path..... that we should go ;.... And when, at times..... our sky is
 lean,..... in Him we rest ;.... The more we trust..... our Shepherd's
 Him,..... our dearest Friend, ... Till safe we tread..... the fields of

way..... That leads the soul..... to end-less day.....
 dim,..... He gent-ly draws..... us close to Him.....
 care,..... The more His love..... 'tis ours to share.....
 light,..... Where faith is lost..... in per-fect sight.....

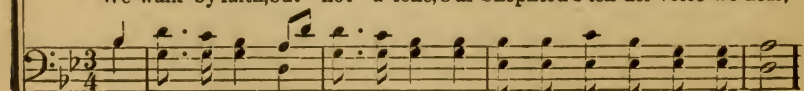


CHORUS.



express.

We walk by faith, but not a-lone, Our Shepherd's ten-der voice we hear,



We Walk by Faith. Concluded.

And feel His hand within our own, And know that He is al-ways near.

22.

O Happy Day.

July 28th, 1886, 9.40 p. m. At the old Jerry McAuley Mission, 316 Water St., N. Y.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1. { O hay-py day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God : }
 { Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }

Fine.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a-way!

D.S.

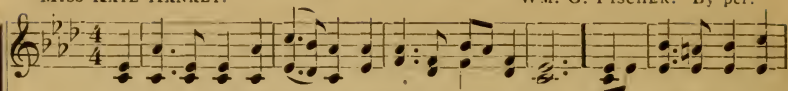
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic - ing ev - ery day,

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.</p> | <p>4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
 With Him, of every good possessed.</p> |
| <p>3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
 He drew me, and I follow'd on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.</p> | <p>5 High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.</p> |

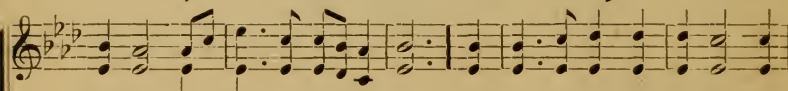
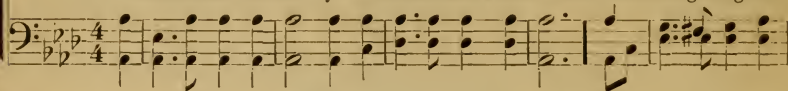
I Love to Tell the Story.

MISS KATE HANKEY.

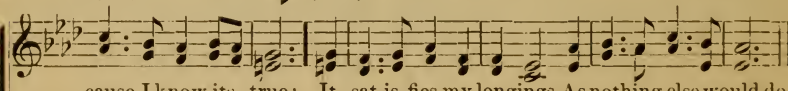
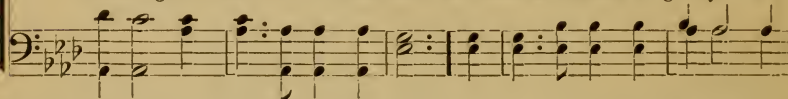
WM. G. FISCHER. By per.



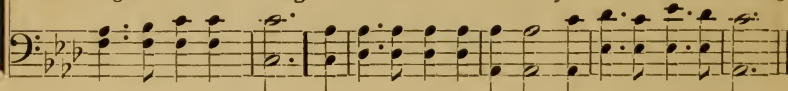
1. I love to tell the sto-ry Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and His
2. I love to tell the sto-ry! More wonderful it seems Than all the golden
3. I love to tell the sto-ry! 'Tis pleasant to re-peat What seems, each time I
4. I love to tell the sto-ry! For those who know it best Seem hungering and



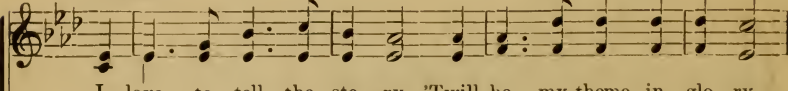
glo-ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the sto-ry! Be -
 fancies Of all our golden dreams; I love to tell the sto-ry! It
 tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet! I love to tell the sto-ry! For
 thirsting To hear it like the rest: And when, in scenes of glo-ry, I



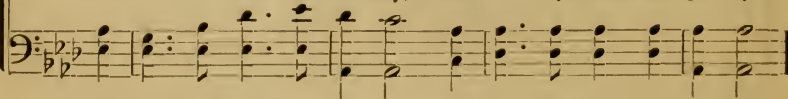
cause I know its true; It sat-is-fies my longings, As nothing else would do.
 did so much for me! And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.
 some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own Holy Word.
 sing the *New, New Song*, 'Twill be the *Old, Old Story*, That I have lov'd so long.



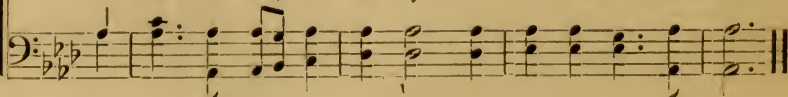
CHORUS.



I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,



To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



1. What poor de-spis - ed com-pa - ny Of trav-el - ers are these,
 2. Ah! these are of a roy - al line, All children of a King!
 3. Why do they then ap-pear so mean? And why so much de-spis'd?

Chorus.—I had rath-er be the least of them, Who are the Lord's a - lone,

D.C. for Chorus.

Who walk in yon - der nar-row way, A-long that rug-ged maze?
 Heirs of im - mor - tal crowns di-vine, And lo! for joy they sing.
 Be - cause of their rich robes un-seen The world is not ap-pris'd.

Than wear a roy - al di - a - dem, And sit up - on a throne.

And sit up - on a throne, And sit up - on a throne;

Than wear a roy - al di - a - dem, And sit up - on a throne.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4 But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
 And lacking daily bread:
 Ah! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
 With heavenly manna fed.</p> | <p>6 But why keep they the narrow road,
 That rugged thorny maze?
 Why, that's the way their Leader trod;
 They love and keep His ways.</p> |
| <p>5 Why do they shun the pleasing path
 That worldlings love so well?
 Because it is the way to death:
 The open road to hell.</p> | <p>7 What, is there then no other road
 To Salem's happy ground?
 Christ is the only way to God:
 None other can be found.</p> |

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Like a bird on the deep, far a-way from its nest, I had wander'd, my
2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold-ed my wings On the bo-som of

Saviour from Thee; But Thy dear loving voice call'd me home to Thy breast, And I
mer-cy di-vine; I am filled with the light of Thy presence so bright, And the

CHORUS.

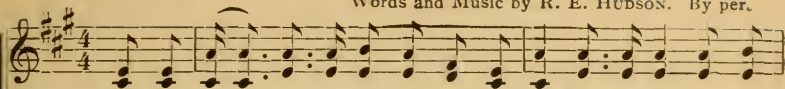
knew there was welcome for me. Welcome for me, Saviour from Thee; A
joy that will ev-er be mine.

smile and a wel-come for me; Now, like a dove, I rest in Thy love, And

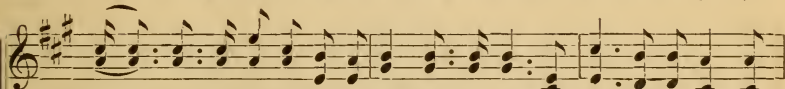
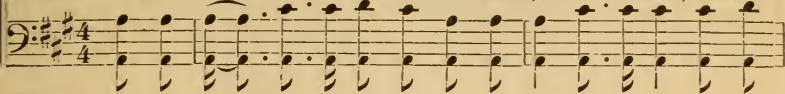
3 I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the
storm,
find a sweet refuge in Thee, in Thee. Though around me the surges may roll;
I will look to the skies, where the day
never dies,
I will sing of the joy in my soul.

Behold the Bridegroom!

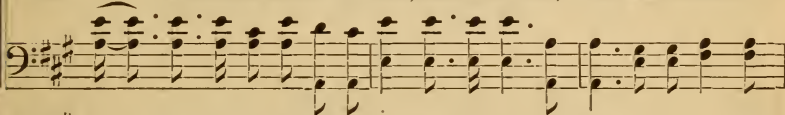
Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON. By per.



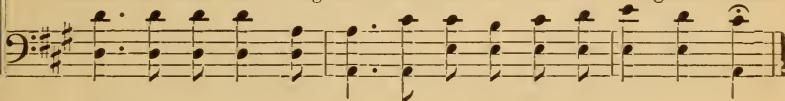
1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When He comes, when He comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes; We will
4. We will chant al-le-lu-ias When He comes, when He comes; We will



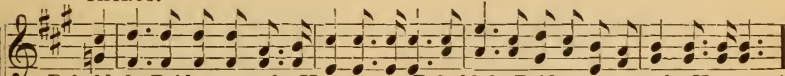
ready for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Behold! He cometh! Be-
lamps trimm'd and burning When He comes, when He comes; He quickly cometh, He
all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes; He surely cometh! He
chant al-le-lu-ias When He comes, when He comes; Lo! now He cometh! Lo!



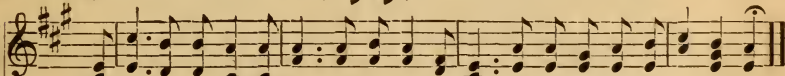
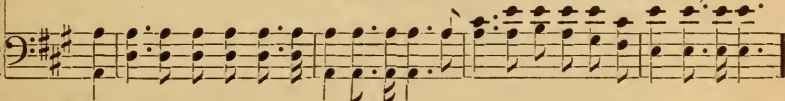
hold! He com-eth! Be rob'd and read-y, for the Bridegroom comes.
quick - ly com-eth, O, soul! be read-y when the Bridegroom comes.
sure - ly com-eth! We'll go to meet Him, when the Bridegroom comes.
now He com-eth! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.



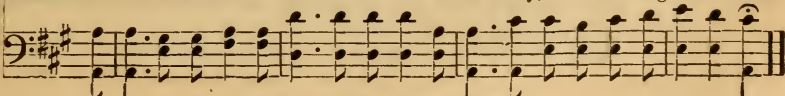
CHORUS.



Behold the Bridegroom, for He comes, Behold the Bridegroom, for He comes!
for He comes! for He comes,



Behold! He cometh! behold! He cometh! Be rob'd and ready, for the Bridegroom comes!



1. Rejoice and be glad! The Redeemer has come! Go look on His cradle,
 2. Rejoice and be glad! It is sunshine at last! The clouds have departed,
 3. Rejoice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed; Redemption is finish'd,

CHORUS.

His cross and His tomb. Sound His praises, tell the story Of
 The shadows are past.
 The price hath been paid.

Him who was slain; Sound His praises, tell with gladness He liveth a-gain.

last of Cho. to 7th verse. — He cometh a-gain.

4 Rejoice and be glad!
 Now the pardon is free!
 The Just for the unjust
 Hath died on the tree.—*Cho.*

5 Rejoice and be glad!
 For the Lamb, that was slain,
 O'er death is triumphant,
 And liveth again.—*Cho.*

6 Rejoice and be glad!
 For our King is on high;
 He pleadeth for us on
 His throne in the sky.—*Cho.*

7 Rejoice and be glad!
 For He cometh again;
 He cometh in glory,
 The Lamb that was slain.—*Cho.*

1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
 For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above.

Chorus.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
 Hallelujah! Thine the glory; revive us again.

2 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain.—*Cho.*

3 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.—*Cho.*

4 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love,
 May each soul be kindled with fire from above.—*Cho.*

ANON.

1. { I saw a hap - py pil - grim, In shin - ing gar - ments clad,
His back did bear no bur - den— He'd laid it at the cross—
2. { The sum - mer sun was shin - ing, But he had found a shield—
His soul was filled with glo - ry As he kept press - ing on;

Trav - el - ing up the mountain, It seemed that he was glad; }
The blood of Christ, his Sav - iour, Had cleans'd him from all dross. }
A co - vert in the des - ert—Up - on life's bat - tle - field; }
He heard no oth - er mu - sic But what was heav - en - born. }

REFRAIN.

Then palms of Vic - to - ry, crowns of Glo - ry, Palms of Victory we shall wear.

3 No pleasure in sin's arbor
Could catch his eye or ear,
The precious name of Jesus
Was all he loved to hear.
Thus he kept pressing onward,
Delighted with the way,
And shouting, Glory! Glory!
To Jesus all the day.

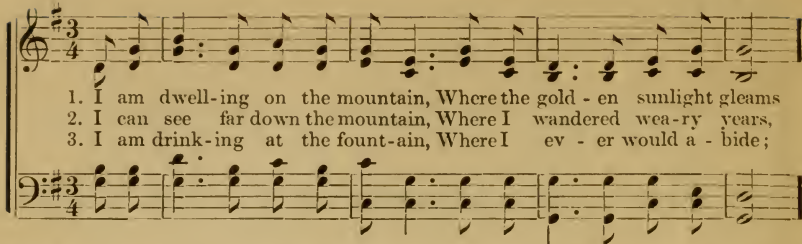
5 I saw him in midsummer,
Still happy on his way,
He'd reached the land of Beulah,
Where birds sing night and day;
He found a store of honey,
And wine upon the lees,
And fruit in rich abundance
Upon life's living trees.

4 I saw him in the morning,
On Canaan's sunny plain
Gathering for his Master
The rich and golden grain;
He bound them up in bundles
Until the angels come,
To gather in the harvest
In heaven, his happy home.

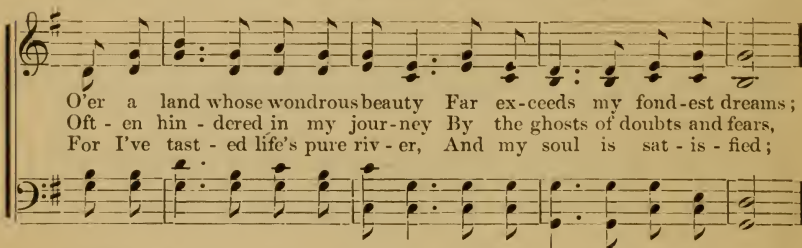
6 I saw him in the evening,
Life's sun was bending low,
He'd reached the Golden City,—
His robes still white as snow;
He joined the bridal cortege,
And drank of the new wine,
And now among the angels
Eternally doth shine.

ANON.

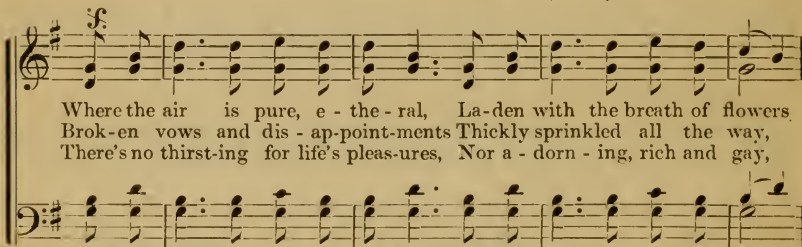
Arranged.



1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the gold - en sunlight gleams
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea-ry years,
 3. I am drink-ing at the fount-ain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;



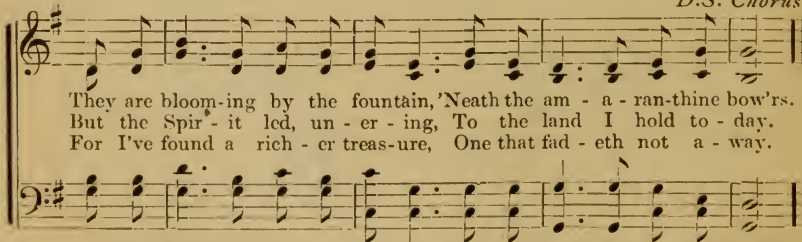
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-ceeds my fond-est dreams;
 Oft - en hin - dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
 For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;



Where the air is pure, e - the - ral, La - den with the breath of flowers
 Brok - en vows and dis - ap - point - ments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
 There's no thirst-ing for life's pleas-ures, Nor a - dorn - ing, rich and gay,

Cho.—Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Bless-ed, bless - ed land of light,

D.S. Chorus.



They are bloom-ing by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ran-thine bow'rs.
 But the Spir - it led, un - er - ing, To the land I hold to - day.
 For I've found a rich - er treas-ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.

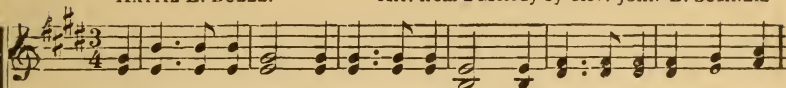
Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al-ways bright?

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
 Nor the burdens hard to bear,
 For I've found this great salvation
 Makes each burden light appear;
 And I love to follow Jesus,
 Gladly counting all but dross,
 Worldly honors all forsaking
 For the glory of the Cross.

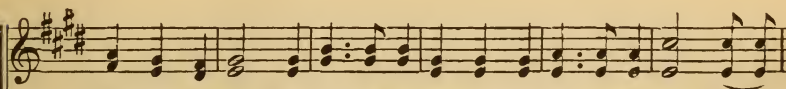
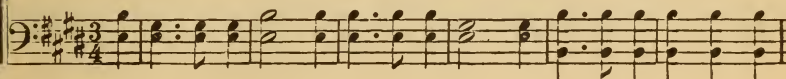
5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
 Oft I've proved this to be true;
 When I'm in the way so narrow,
 I can see a pathway through;
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
 'Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,
 For I've tried the way before thee,
 And the glory lingers near.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

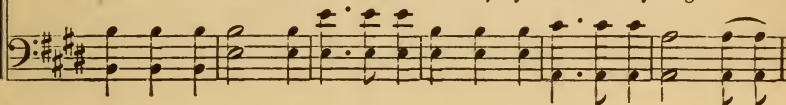
Arr. from a Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.



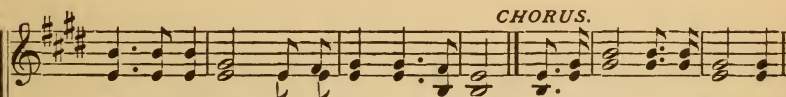
1. My Fa-ther is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a palace for



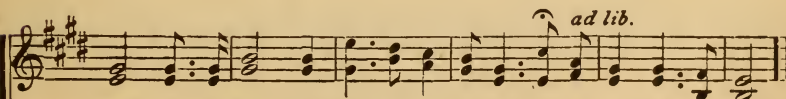
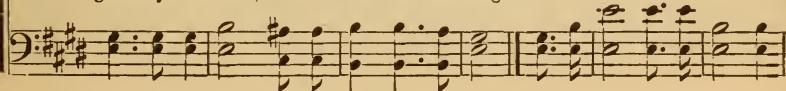
world in his hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His
 poor-est of men; But now he is reigning for-ev-er on high, And will
 al-len by birth! But I've been a-do-pt-ed, my name's written down,—An
 me o-ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing: All



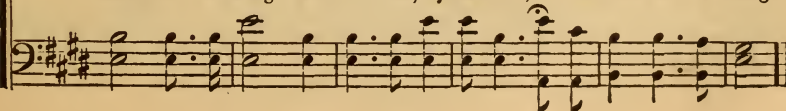
CHORUS.



cof-fers are full,—he has rich-es un-told. I'm the child of a King, The
 give me a home in heav'n by and by.
 heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
 glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King!



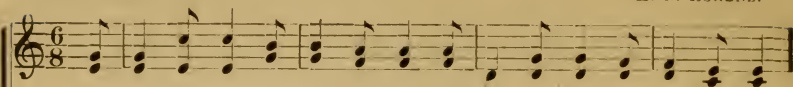
child of a King! With Je-sus, my Saviour, I'm the child of a King!



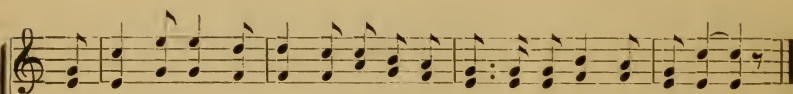
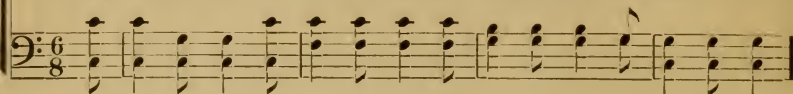
"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—EPH. 3: 19.

E. D. MUND.

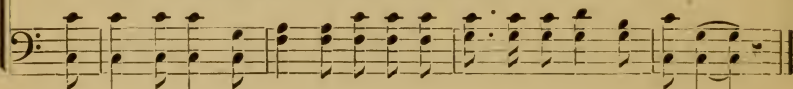
E. S. LORENZ.



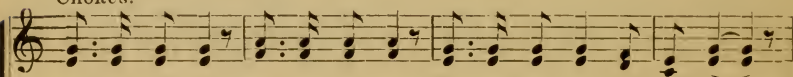
1. In vain in high and ho - ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise;
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in darkness light;
3. My hope for par-don when I call, My trust for lift - ing when I fall;



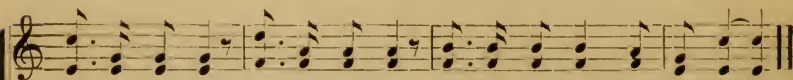
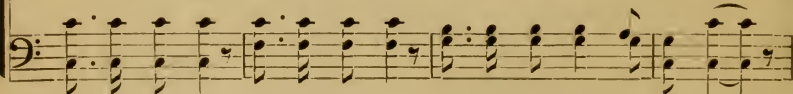
For who can sing the worthy praise Of the won-der-ful love of Je - sus?
In pain a balm, in weakness might, Is the won-der-ful love of Je - sus.
In life, in death, my all in all, Is the won-der-ful love of Je - sus.



CHORUS.



Won-der - ful love! won-der - ful love! Won-der-ful love of Je - sus!



Won-der - ful love! won-der-ful love! Won-der-ful love of Je - sus!

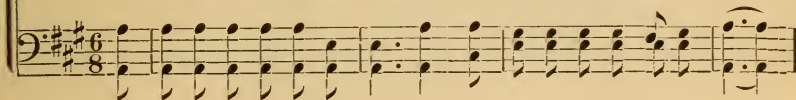


FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb ;
2. Redeemed, and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell,
3. I think of my blessed Re-deem-er, I think of Him all the day long,
4. I think I shall see in His beau-ty The King in whose law I de - light,
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansions for me,



Redeemed thro' His infinite mer - cy, His child and for-ev-er I am.
 I know that the light of His presence With me doth continually dwell.
 I sing, for I cannot be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
 Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night.
 And soon, with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.



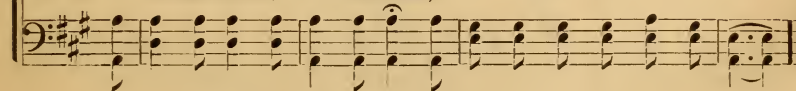
REFRAIN.



Re - deemed, re - deemed, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
 Redeemed, redeemed,



Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child and for - ev - er I am.
 Redeemed, redeemed,



34. Lead me gently Home, Father.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, In life's darkest

end - ed, and parting days have come; Sin no more shall tempt me,
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring,

rit. p
Ne'er from thee I'll roam, If thou'lt only lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
Lest from thee I roam: Lest I fall upon the wayside, Lead me gently home.

REFRAIN.

Lead me gent-ly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gent-ly,
Lead me gently home, Fa-ther, Lead me gent-ly home, Fa-ther,

Lead me gently Home, Father. Concluded.

Lest I fall up - on the way-side, Lead me gent - ly home.
gent-ly home.

35.

Jesus bids you Come.

W. T. L.

(May be sung as a Solo.)

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come:
2. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come:
3. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come:
4. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come:

Earn - est - ly for you he's call - ing, Gent - ly at thy
Wea - ry trav - 'ler, do not tar - ry, Je - sus will thy
Voic - es may not al - ways call you, "Late, too late," may
Where 'tis love and joy for - ev - er, Where we'll meet to

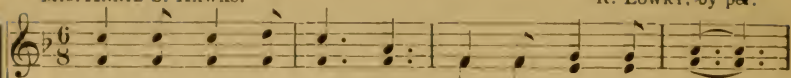
heart he's pleading, "Come un - to me, Come un - to me."
bur - dens car - ry, Oh, will you come? Oh, will you come?
yet be - fall you, "Why will ye die?" "Why will ye die?"
part, no, nev - er, Sin - ner, come home, Oh, come, come home.

Bear the Cross for Jesus.

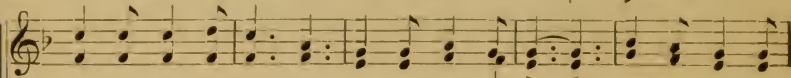
"Take up thy cross and follow me."—MARK 10: 21.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

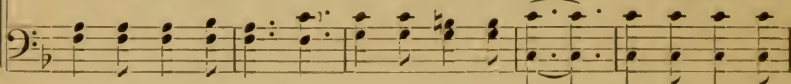
R. LOWRY, by per.



1. Bear the cross for Je - sus, Bear it ev - ery day;
 2. Bear the cross for Je - sus, Bear it thro' the strife,
 3. Bear the cross for Je - sus, Would you know the power



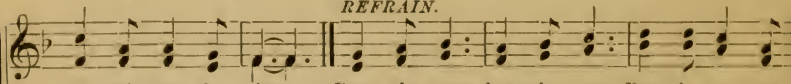
Tho' the path be rug - ged, Bear it all the way; Bear the cross for
 Or in pain and si - lence— What-so-e'er thy life; Bear the cross with
 Of His grace to save you—Save you hour by hour; Bear the cross for



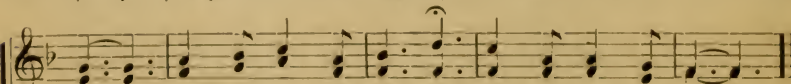
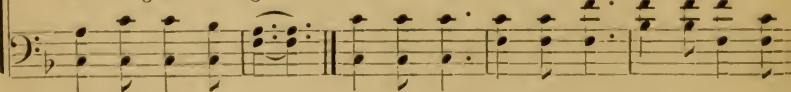
Je - sus, What-so - e'er it be; Bear it, and re-mem - ber
 pa - tience Tho' you sigh for rest; Just the one He gives you
 Je - sus, Nev - er mind its weight; We shall leave our bur - den



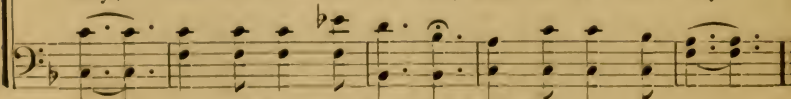
REFRAIN.



All His love for thee. Bear the cross, bear the cross, Bear it ev - ery
 Is for you the best.
 At the gold - en gate.



day; Bear the cross for Je - sus, Bear it all the way.

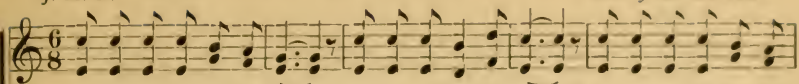


37.

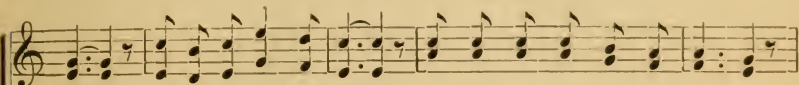
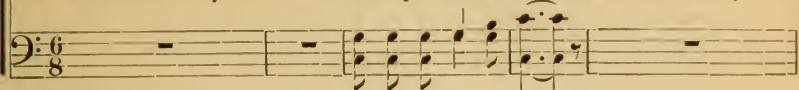
Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D.

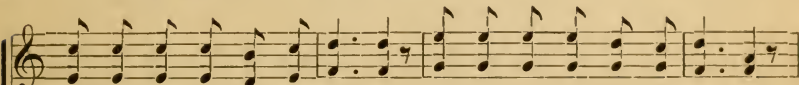
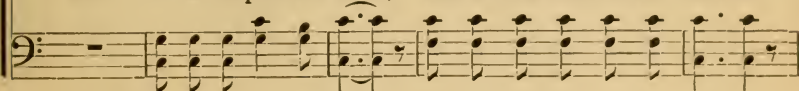
Rev. J. M. DRIVER.



1. Wonderful sto-ry of love: Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful sto-ry of
 2. Wonderful sto-ry of love: Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful sto-ry of
 3. Wonderful sto-ry of love: Jesus provides a rest; Wonderful sto-ry of



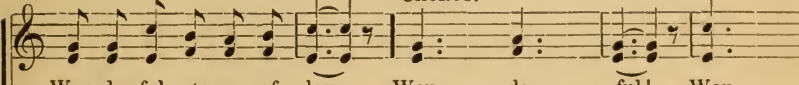
love: Wake the im-mor-tal strain! An-gels with rap-ture announce it,
 love: Still He doth call to - day; Call-ing from Cal - va-ry's mountain,
 love: For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a - bove us,



Shepherds with wonder re-ceive it; Sin-ner, oh! won't you believe it?
 Down from the crys-tal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of cre-a - tion,
 With those who've gone on before us, Singing the rapt - u - rous cho - rus,



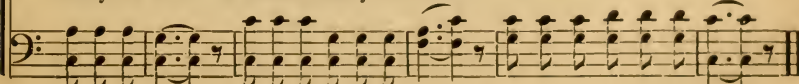
CHORUS.



Won-der-ful sto-ry of love. Won - - der - - ful! Won-
 Wonderful sto-ry of love; Wonderful



der - - ful! Won - der - - ful! Wonderful sto-ry of love!
 story of love: Wonderful story of love:



REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

PETER R. BERGEN.

Slow.

1. The cross ! the cross ! the blood-stain'd cross ! The hallow'd cross I see ! Reminding
 2. That cross ! that cross ! that heavy cross, My Saviour bore for me, Which bow'd Him
 3. How light ! how light ! this precious cross, Presented to my view ; And while, with
 4. The crown ! the crown ! the glorious crown ! The crown of victory ! The crown of
 5. My tears, un - bid - den, seem to flow For love, unbounded love, Which guides me

CHORUS. Slow and soft.

me of precious blood That once was shed for me. Oh, the blood ! the precious blood !
 to the earth with grief, On sad Mount Cal - va - ry.
 care, I take it up, Behold the crown my due.
 life ! it shall be mine When I shall Jesus see.
 thro' this world of woe And points to joys above.

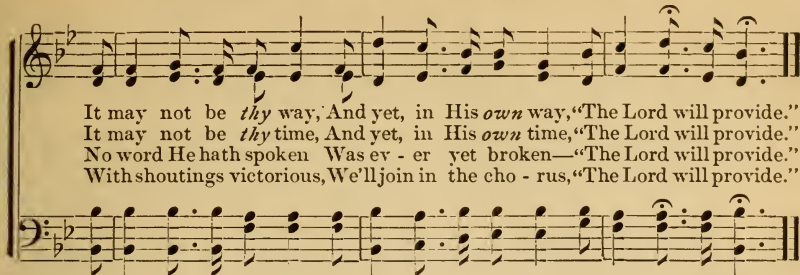
That Je - sus shed for me Upon the cross, in crimson flood, Just *now* by faith I see.

PROF. S. C. HARRINGTON.

1. In some way or oth - er the Lord will provide ; It may not be *my* way,
 2. At some time or oth - er the Lord will provide ; It may not be *my* time,
 3. Despond then no longer ; the Lord will provide ; And this be the to - ken—
 4. March on, then, right boldly ; the sea shall divide ; The pathway made glorious,

Used by permission.

The Lord will Provide. Concluded.



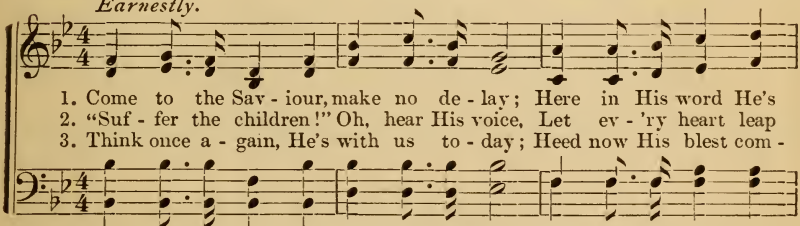
It may not be *thy* way, And yet, in His *own* way, "The Lord will provide."
 It may not be *thy* time, And yet, in His *own* time, "The Lord will provide."
 No word He hath spoken Was ev - er yet broken—"The Lord will provide."
 With shoutings victorious, We'll join in the cho - rus, "The Lord will provide."

40. Come to the Saviour.

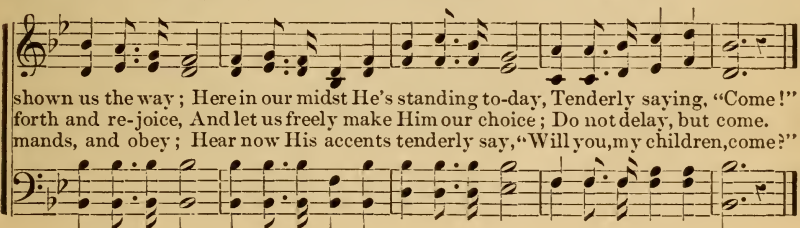
"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."—PSA. 66: 1.

GEO. F. ROOT.
Earnestly.

GEO. F. ROOT. By per.

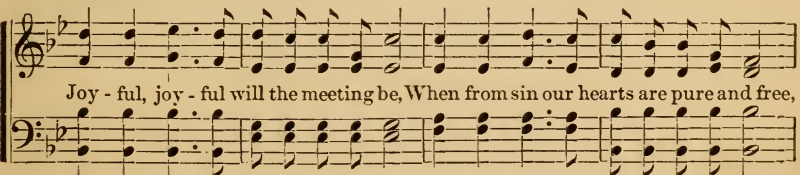


1. Come to the Sav - iour, make no de - lay; Here in His word He's
 2. "Suf - fer the children!" Oh, hear His voice, Let ev - 'ry heart leap
 3. Think once a - gain, He's with us to - day; Heed now His blest com -

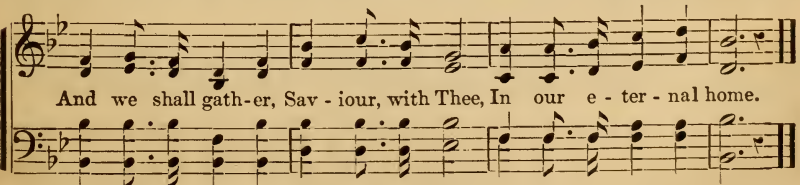


shown us the way; Here in our midst He's standing to-day, Tenderly saying, "Come!"
 forth and re-joice, And let us freely make Him our choice; Do not delay, but come.
 mands, and obey; Hear now His accents tenderly say, "Will you, my children, come?"

CHORUS.



Joy - ful, joy - ful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free,



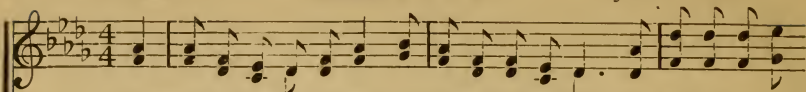
And we shall gath - er, Sav - iour, with Thee, In our e - ter - nal home.

41. I will Shout His Praise in Glory.

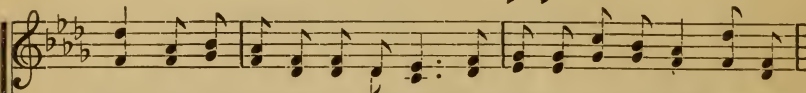
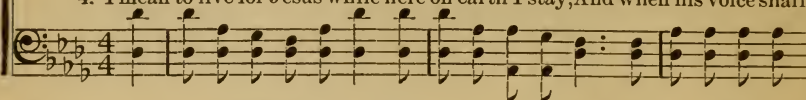
P. H. DINGMAN.

Dedicated to H. E. A.

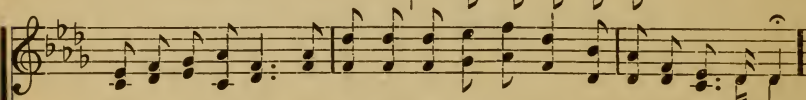
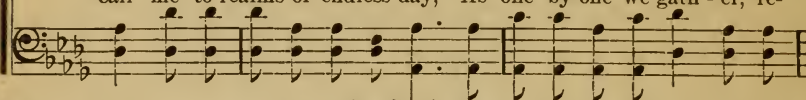
JNO. R. SWENEY.



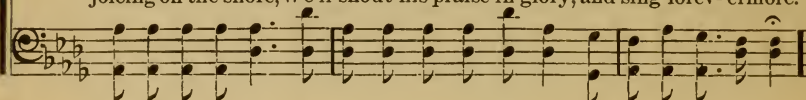
1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Jesus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before his throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when his voice shall



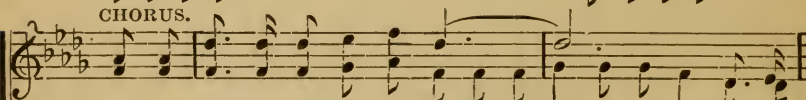
Sav-iour in mercy heard my prayer; He brought me out of darkness and sor-row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke welcome, he longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapture that call me to realms of endless day, As one by one we gath-er, re-



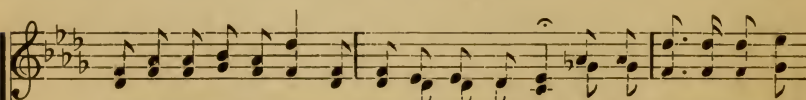
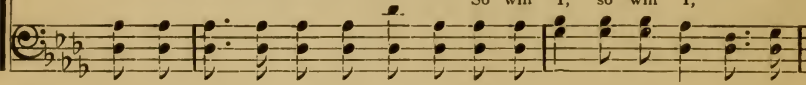
now the light I see; O blessed, loving Saviour! to him the praise shall be. pardon to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control. in his love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing his praise with me. joicing on the shore, We'll shout his praise in glory, and sing forev-ermore.



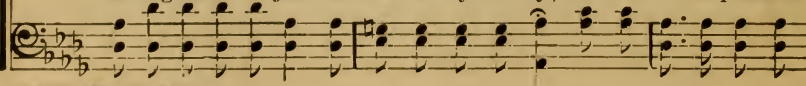
CHORUS.



I will shout his praise in glo-ry, So will I, so will I, And we'll



all sing halle-lu-jah in heav-en by and by; I will shout his praise in



I Will Shout His Praise. Concluded.

glory,..... And we'll all sing hal-le-lu-jah in heaven by and by.
So will I, so will I,

42. The Prodigal's Return.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE 15 : 10.

ELIZA SHERMEN.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. The way was long and dark and drear, No lov-ing word, no household cheer,
2. I on - ly brought a ru - ined name, My Fa - ther loved me just the same,
3. He gave to me the robe and ring, Naught but repentance did I bring,

My Fath-er called me by my name, And to my Fa-ther's house I came.
And I was naked, bruised, and sore, My Fa-ther loved me more and more.
But now I'd sing with glad ac-claim, Of Him who brought me home a-gain.

REFRAIN.

Oh, I've come home, ring out the strain, For I've come home, come home again ;

Oh, I've come home, ring out the strain, For I've come home, come home again.

A Little Talk.

Arranged for this work.

1. Tho' dark the night and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head, And
 2. When those who once were dearest friends Be-gin to per - se - cute, And
 3. And thus, by frequent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And

trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
 those who once professed to love Have si - lent grown and mute; I
 marcha - long with cheerful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call,— A lit - tle talk with
 tell Him all my grief, He quickly sends re - lief,— A lit - tle talk with
 Je - sus as my friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with

D.S.—trials of ev - 'ry kind, God I al-ways find,— A lit - tle talk with

FINE. CHORUS.

Je - sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it
 Je - sus makes it right, all right.

right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right; In

D.S.

44. The Stranger at the Door.

T. C. O'KANE. By per

With feeling.

1. Be - hold a stranger at the door; He gently knocks—has knock'd before;
 2. O love - ly at-ti-tude—He stands With melt-ing heart and load-ed hands;
 3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will—the ver - y friend you need:
 4. Rise, touch'd with gratitude di-vine: Turn out His en - e - my and thine:
 5. Ad-mit Him, ere His anger burn—His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;

Has wait-ed long, is waiting still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
 O match-less kindness—and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
 The friend of sin - ners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
 That soul-de - stroy-ing monster—sin, And let the Heav'nly Stranger in.
 Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at *His* door re - ject - ed stand.

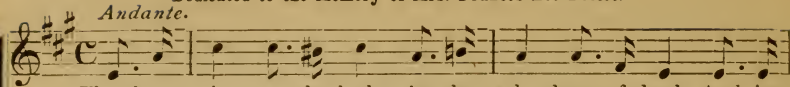
REFRAIN.

O, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin;
 come in, from sin;

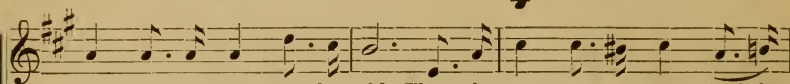
O, keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
 come in.

The Beautiful City of Gold.

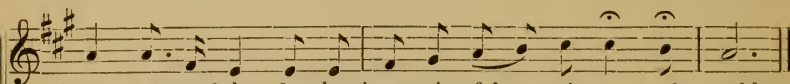
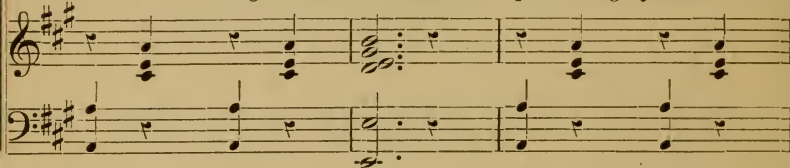
Dedicated to the Memory of Mrs. Frances Lee Pettet.

Andante.

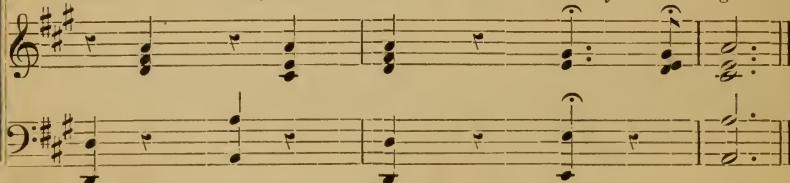
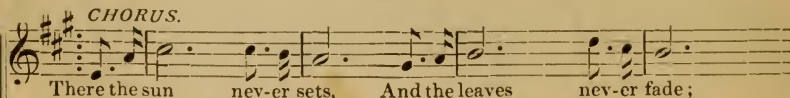
1. There's a cit - y that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its
 2. There the King, our Re-deem - er, the Lord whom we love, All the
 3. Ev - ery soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev - ery



glo - ries can nev - er be told; There the sun nev - er sets And the
 faith - ful with rap - ture be - hold: There the righteous for - ev - er Shall
 lamb we have brought to the fold, — Shall be kept as bright jewels, Our



leaves nev - er fade, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
 shine as the stars, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
 crowns to a - dorn, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.

*CHORUS.*

There the sun nev - er sets, And the leaves nev - er fade;



The Beautiful City of Gold. (Concluded.)

And the eyes of the faithful Our Saviour behold, In that beautiful cit-y of gold.

46. The Rock That is Higher Than I.

E. JOHNSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sor-rows pre-vail;

And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down o-ver the soul.
But toil-ing in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walking the shad-ow-y vale.

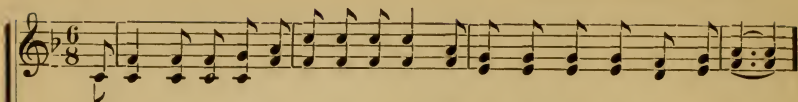
CHORUS.

Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I:
let me fly, is higher than I,

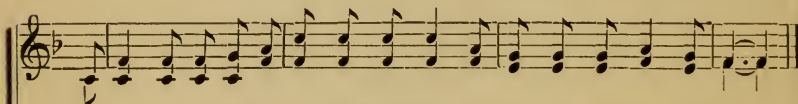
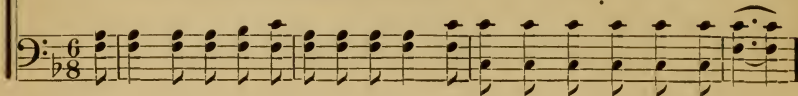
Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I.
let me fly,

F. M. D.

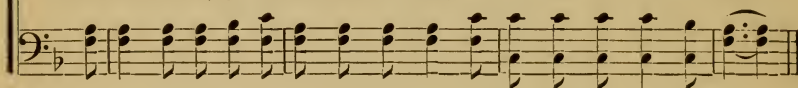
FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.



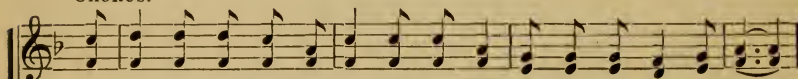
1. The Great Physician on Jericho's road Is hold-ing a ser-vice to-day,
2. The Great Physician in mercy will heal All those who be-liev-ing will go;
3. The Great Physician is passing this way, Oh, why will you lin-ger and wait?



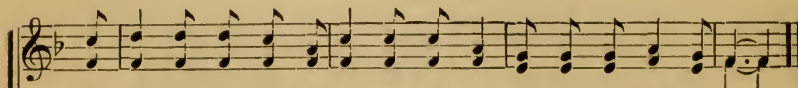
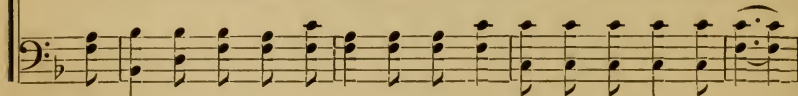
And multitudes of the poor and the blind Are crowding the great highway.
 Their sins tho' red and like scarlet may be, Yet they shall be white as snow.
 Be healed to-day, join the sanctified throng, Ere it shall be said, "Too late."



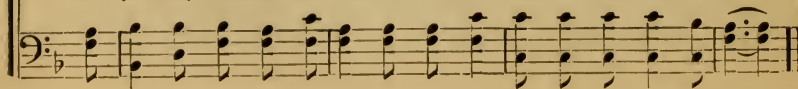
CHORUS.



Are you, my broth-er, among the number Crowding the great highway?



Are you, my broth-er, among the number There to be healed to-day?



Glory to God, Hallelujah!

Dedicated to Rev. I. Simmons.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. We are nev-er, nev-er wea-ry of the grand old song; Glo-ry to
 2. We are lost a-mid the rap-ture of re-deem-ing love; Glo-ry to
 3. We are go-ing to a pal-ace that is built of gold; Glo-ry to
 4. There we'll shout redeeming mer-cy in a glad, new song; Glo-ry to

God, hal-le - lu - jah! We can sing it loud as ever, with our faith more strong:
 God, hal-le - lu - jah! We are ris-ing on its pinions to the hills a - bove:
 God, hal-le - lu - jah! Where the King in all His splendor we shall soon behold:
 God, hallelujah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-wash'd throng:

Fine. CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah! O, the children of the Lord have a

right to shout and sing, For the way is grow-ing bright, and our

D. S.

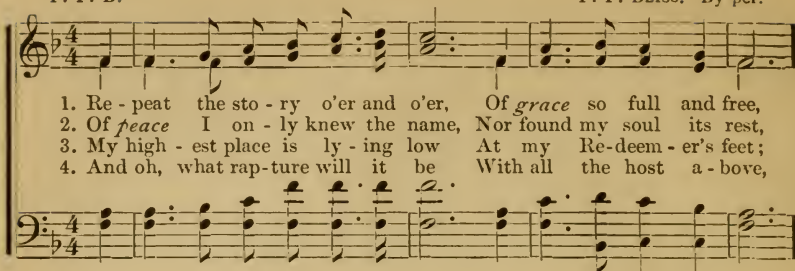
souls are on the wing; We are going by and by to the palace of a King!

49. The Half Was Never Told.

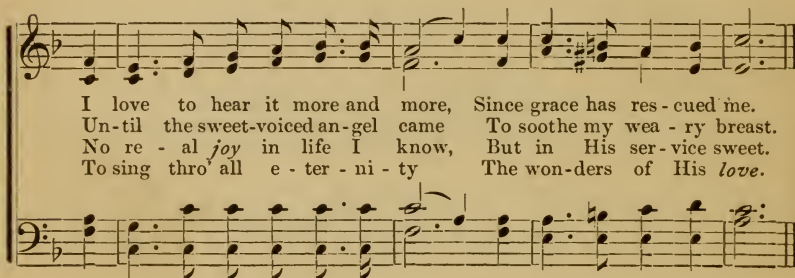
"Behold, the half was not told."—1 KINGS 10: 7.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS. By per.



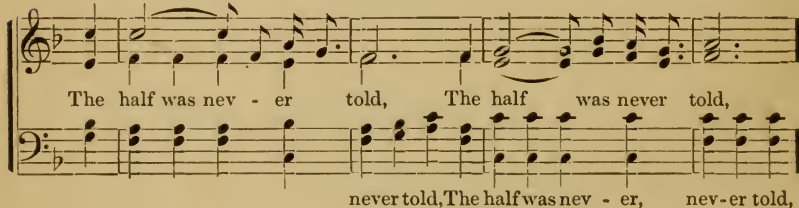
1. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of *grace* so full and free,
2. Of *peace* I on - ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest,
3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re-deem - er's feet;
4. And oh, what rap-ture will it be With all the host a - bove,



I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res - cued me.
Un - til the sweet-voiced an - gel came To soothe my wea - ry breast.
No re - al joy in life I know, But in His ser - vice sweet.
To sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty The won - ders of His love.

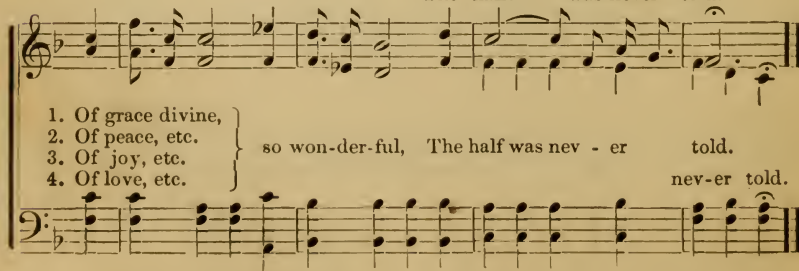
CHORUS.

The half..... was never told,



The half was nev - er told, The half was never told,
never told, The half was nev - er, nev - er told,

The half..... was never told.



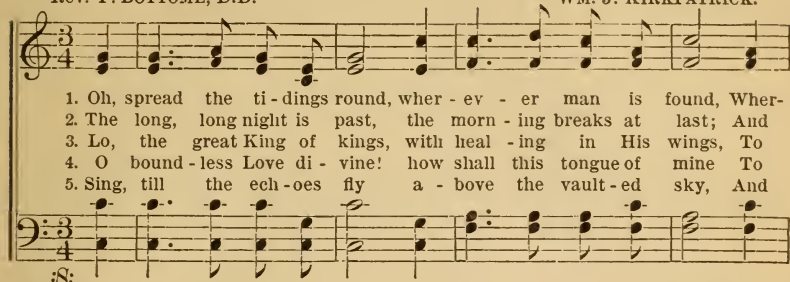
1. Of grace divine, }
2. Of peace, etc. } so won - der - ful, The half was nev - er told.
3. Of joy, etc. }
4. Of love, etc. } nev - er told.

The Comforter has come!

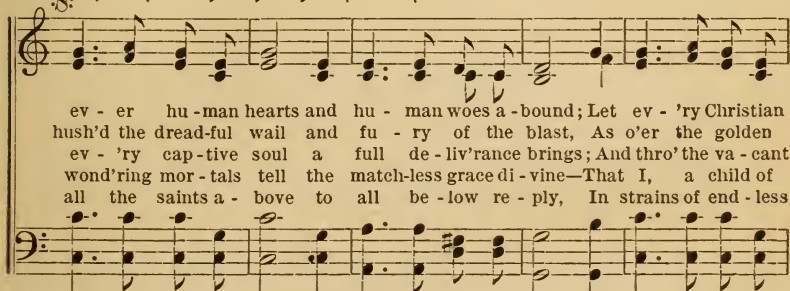
"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever."—JOHN xiv: 16.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D.D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

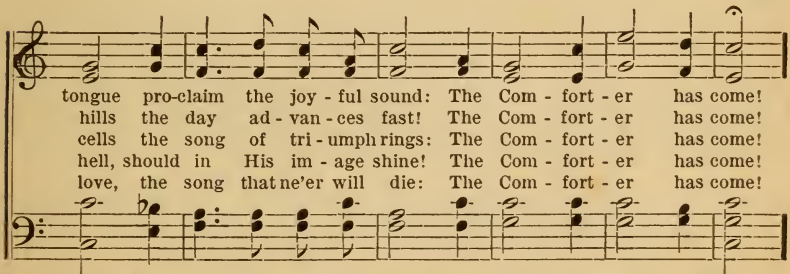


1. Oh, spread the ti-dings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
 4. O bound - less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And



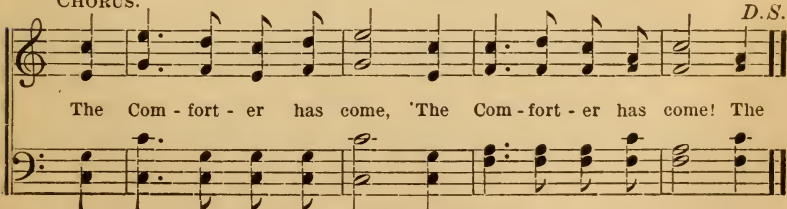
ev - er hu - man hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
 hush'd the dread - ful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the golden
 ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the va - cant
 wond'ring mor - tals tell the match - less grace di - vine—That I, a child of
 all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less

D.S.—Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa - ther's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the ti-dings
 FINE.

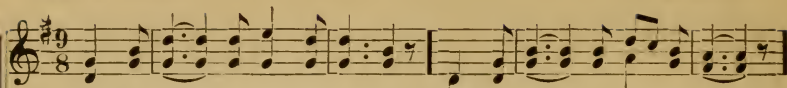


tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hills the day ad - van - ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
 cells the song of tri - umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

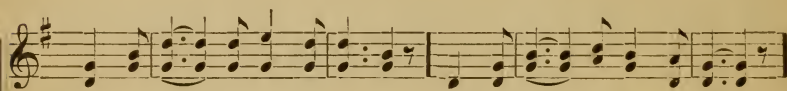
round, Wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!
 CHORUS.



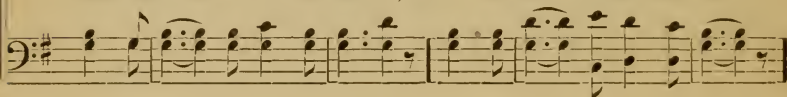
The Com - fort - er has come, 'The Com - fort - er has come! The



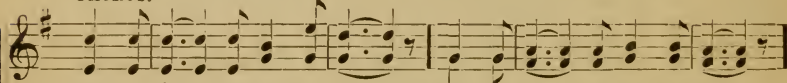
1. "Land a-head!" its fruits are wav-ing O'er the hills of fade-less green ;
2. Onward, bark ! the cape I'm rounding ; See, the bless-ed wave their hands,
3. There, let go the anchor, rid-ing On this calm and silvery bay ;
4. Now we're safe from all temptation, All the storms of life are past ;



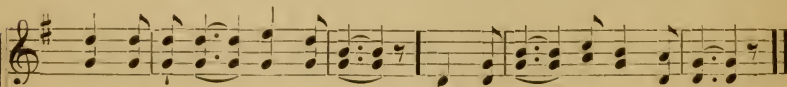
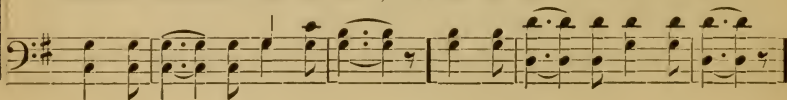
And the liv - ing wa-ters lav-ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
 Hear the harps of God resounding From the bright im-mor-tal bands.
 Sea-ward fast the tide is gliding, Shores in sunlight stretch a - way.
 Praise the Rock of our Sal-va-tion, We are safe at home at last.



CHORUS.



Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter - nal shore.



Drop the an'-chor! furl the sail! I am safe with-in the vail!



52. Throw Out the Life-Line.

Words and Music by Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

From "Converts Praises," 1887, by per.

1. Throw out the Life-Line across the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
 2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-ry, my
 3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish where
 4. Soon will this sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will we drift to that

some one should save; Somebod-y's broth-er, Oh, who then will dare,
 broth-er so long? See! He is sink-ing, Oh, hast-en to-day,
 you've nev-er been; Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe,
 fair E-den shore; Then in the dark hour of death may it be,

CHORUS.

To rescue the lost one, his per-il to share? Throw out the Life-Line, Throw out the
 Out with the life-boat, away, then away! [Life-Line!
 Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
 That Jesus will throw out the Life-Line to thee.

Some one is drift-ing a-way, Some one is sink-ing to-day.

1 This is the Life-line, oh, tempest-tossed men,
 Baffled by waves of temptation and sin;
 Wild winds of passion, your strength cannot
 Jesus is mighty, Jesus can save. [brave,

2 Jesus is able! To you who are driven,
 Farther and farther from God and from Heaven;
 Helpless and hopeless, overwhelmed by the
 wave;
 We throw out the Life-line, 'tis "Jesus can
 save."

CHORUS.—This is the Life-line,
 This is the Life-line,
 Jesus can save you to-day;
 This is the Life-line,
 This is the Life-line,
 Jesus can save you to-day.

3 This is the Life-line, oh, grasp it to-day!
 See, you are recklessly drifting away;
 Voices in warning, shout o'er the wave,
 "Grasp the strong Life-line, for Jesus can save."

F. L. B.

FRANK L. BRISTOW.

1. Joy-ful-ly march a-long, and shout the song To the earth's re-mot-est
 2. Wanderer, far a-way from love to-day In the sea of sin so
 3. Joy-ful-ly an-gels bring the Sig-net ring Of a Fa-ther's pard'ning
 4. Heavenly Home! Sweet home! we soon shall roam Thro' thy realm of beauty

bound, "Salvation's come, The wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found."
 low, A call from home now bids "you come," Arise and say "I'll go."
 grace, And roy-al fare, they now prepare, Be-fore His smiling face.
 rare, With an-gel throng—Join in a song Of joy be-yond compare,

Re-joice! Rejoice! with heart and voice, Re-peat the welcome sound!
 Your vacant chair is wait-ing there, And raiment white as snow!
 A-way with fears! A-way with tears! Re-ceive His fond em-brace!
 "Redeemer!" "King!" for-ev-er sing The loved ones gathered there!

CHORUS. With earnestness and Precision.

With songs of joy, Your tongues employ, And repeat the welcome sound,

Salvation's come! The wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found; one now is found.

Dedicated to "Brother Will," M. Cell 1069.

Words by a Convict.

M. A. LEE.

Slow. To be sung as a Solo.

1. Sow-ing the tares, when it might have been wheat, Sow-ing of mal-ice,
 2. Sow-ing the tares, how dark the black sin, Mingling a curse with
 3. Sow-ing the tares that bring sor-row down, Robs of its jew-els
 4. Sow-ing the tares un-der cov-er of night, Which might have been wheat,

spite, and de- ceit, We might have sown ro- ses a- mid life's sad cares, While
 life's sweetest hymn, And heeding no an- guish, no pit- e-ous pray'rs, While
 life's fair-est crown; And turning to sil- ver the once golden hairs, Grown
 all golden and bright; O heart, turn to God with repentance and pray'r, And

REFRAIN.

we were so cru- el- ly sow-ing the tares;
 we were so cru- el- ly sow-ing the tares;
 whit- er and whit- er as we sowed the tares;
 plead for for- give- ness for sow-ing the tares; } Sow - ing the tares,

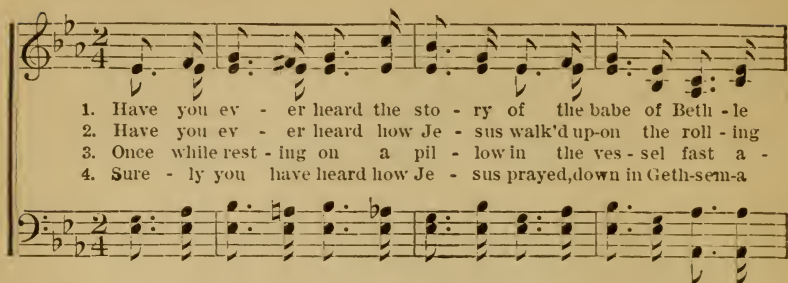
Sow-ing the tares, We plead for for- give- ness for sow-ing the tares.

55. He is Just the Same To-day.

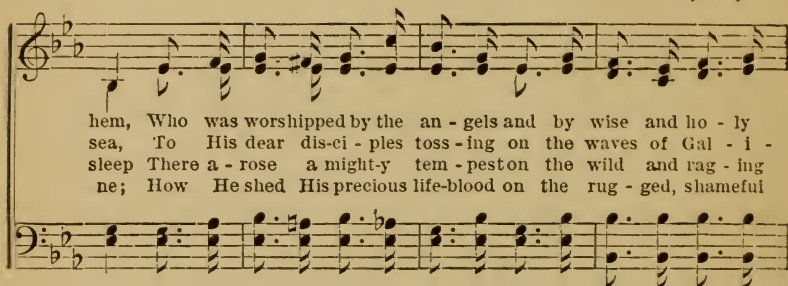
"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."—Hebrews xiii: 8.

Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN.

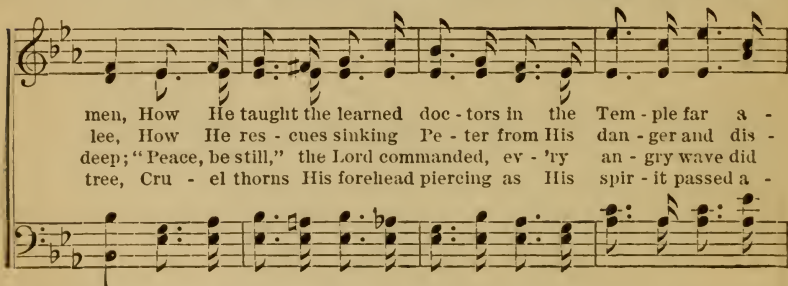
I. N. McHose.




1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry of the babe of Beth - le
 2. Have you ev - er heard how Je - sus walk'd up-on the roll - ing
 3. Once while rest - ing on a pil - low in the ves - sel fast a -
 4. Sure - ly you have heard how Je - sus prayed, down in Geth-sem-a



hem, Who was worshipped by the an - gels and by wise and ho - ly
 sea, To His dear dis-ci - ples toss-ing on the waves of Gal - i -
 sleep There a - rose a might-y tem - pest on the wild and rag - ing
 ne; How He shed His precious life-blood on the rug - ged, shameful



men, How He taught the learned doc - tors in the Tem - ple far a -
 lee, How He res - cues sinking Pe - ter from His dan - ger and dis -
 deep; "Peace, be still," the Lord commanded, ev - 'ry an - gry wave did
 tree, Cru - el thorns His forehead piercing as His spir - it passed a -



way? I am glad to tell you, sin - ners, He is just the same to - day.
 may? I am glad to tell you, sin - ners, He is just the same to - day.
 stay? I am glad to tell you, sin - ners, He is just the same to - day.
 way; Sin - ner, wont you come and love him? He is just the same to - day.

He is Just the Same To-day. Concluded.

CHORUS.

He's just the same to - day, Yes, just the same to - day, I'm

glad to tell you, sin-ner, He is just the same to - day.

56.

Fill Me Now.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir-it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
 2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spir-it, 'Tho' I can - not tell Thee how;
 3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
 4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!

FINE.

Fill me with Thy hal-low'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir-it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
 Thou art com-fort-ing and sav-ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill-ing now.

D.S. Fill me with Thy hallow'd presence, — Come, oh, come and fill me now.

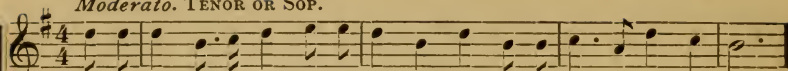
CHORUS.

D.S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come, and fill me now;

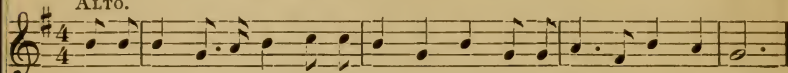
Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

D. B. TOWNER.

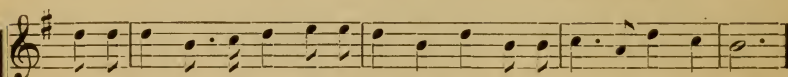
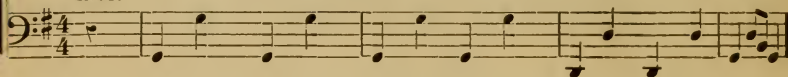
Moderato. TENOR OR SOP.

1. They are drift-ing a-way on the sea of life, On its foaming billows tossed ;
2. Let the beacon of hope thro' the darkness shine, For the wand'ers of the wave,
3. They are drift-ing a-way from the light of home, They are losing manhood's pride,

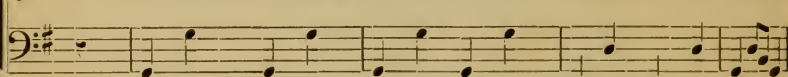
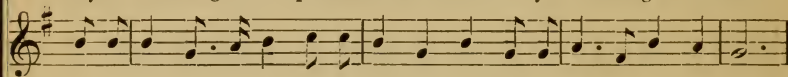
ALTO.



INST.

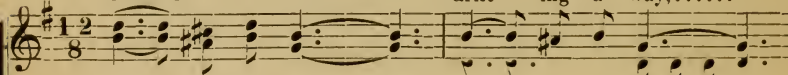


They are weary and faint with the fruitless strife, In a moment they'll be lost.
 There is mer-cy and love in the Fount divine, All the wreck'd of earth to save.
 They are wrecking their hopes for the life to come, They are drifting with the tide.



CHORUS.

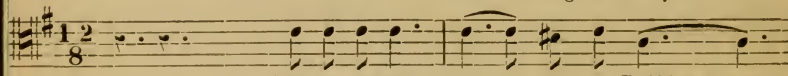
drift - ing a - way,.....



Drift - ing a - way,.....

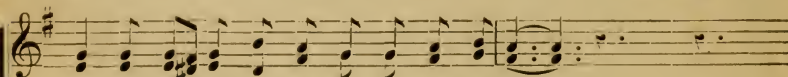
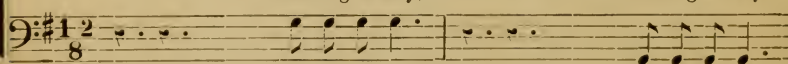
drifting a-way,

drift - ing a - way,.....

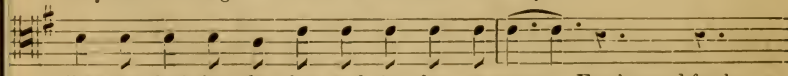


Drifting a-way,

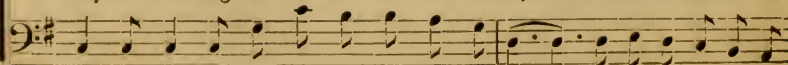
Drifting a-way,



They are drifting far-ther and far-ther a - way;



They are drift-ing far-ther and far-ther a-way; Farther and farther a -



Drifting Away. Concluded.

drift - ing a - way,

Drift - ing a - way,..... drift - ing a - way, drift - ing a - way,
way, Drift - ing a - way, drift - ing a - way,

far - ther and far - - - ther a - way.....

They are drifting drift - ing farther and farther, farther a - way.
They are drifting far - - ther and far - - ther a - way. a - way.
They are drift - ing farther and farther a - way.....

57¹/₂

F. W. FABER.

He is Calling.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in His justice Which is more than [Omit] lib - er - ty.
2. { There is welcome for the sin - ner, And more graces for the good;
There is mer - cy with the Saviour, There is healing [Omit] in His blood.

CHORUS.

He is calling, "Come to me!" Lord, I glad - ly haste to Thee.

Lively.

1. There is on - ly one thing that the Chris-tian needs to do,
 2. Oh, this se - cret of pro-gress-ing, ev - ery - bod - y ought to keep,
 3. In the gal'-ries of the skies, an - gel hosts are look - ing down,

As he jour - neys with the saints to end - less day; If he'd
 For this earth - ly life will nev - er, nev - er pay, If we
 And they watch us as we strug - gle day by day; To the

keep his soul from fall-ing while the way he does pur - sue, Is to
 lay a - side the cross and re - sign our eyes to sleep, And for-
 vic - tor in the race God will give a star - ry crown, If we

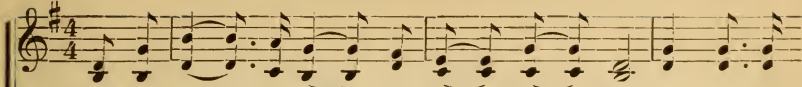
D.S.—Let us

FINE. CHORUS.

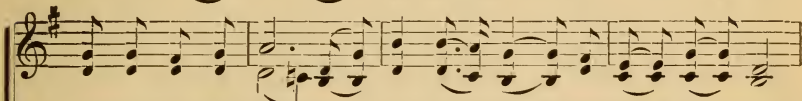
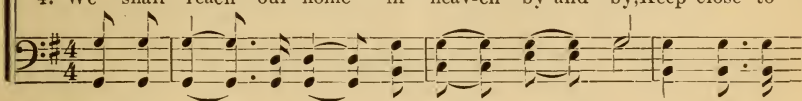
ev-er-keep moving on the way. Keep moving on the way, Let us
 get to keep moving on the way.
 ev-er-keep moving on the way. Keep moving on the way,

ev-er-keep moving on the way.

ev-er-keep moving on the way, Keep moving on the way;
 on the way, Keep moving on the way;



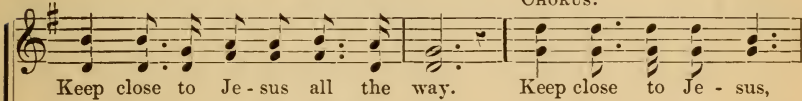
1. When you start for the land of heaven - ly rest, Keep close to
2. Nev - er mind the storms or tri - als as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heav-en by and by, Keep close to



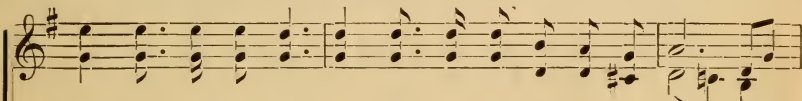
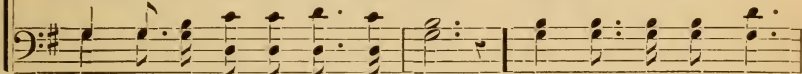
Je - sus all the way; For He is the Guide, and He knows the way best,
 Je - sus all the way; 'Tis a com-fort and joy His fa - vor to know,
 Je - sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic-to - ry is won,
 Je - sus all the way; Where to those we love we'll nev-er say good-by,



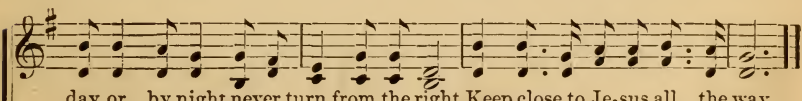
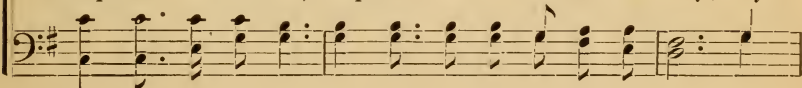
CHORUS.



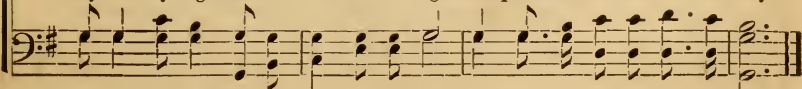
Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,



Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By



day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Je - sus all the way.



"Enter ye in at the strait gate."—MATT. 7: 13.

MISS JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Arranged for this Work.

SOLO.

1. I stood outside the gate, A poor wayfaring child; Within my heart there
2. Oh, "mercy!" loud I cried, "Now give me rest from sin!" "I will," a voice re -
3. In mercy's guise I knew The Saviour long a-bused, Who oft-en sought my

beat A tempest loud and wild; A fear oppressed my soul, That I might
plied; And mercy let me in; She bound my bleeding wounds, And sooth'd my
heart, And wept when I refused; Oh, what a blest re - turn For all my

rit.
be too late, And oh, I trembled sore, And pray'd outside the gate.
heart oppressed; She wash'd a-way my guilt, And gave me peace and rest.
years of sin! I stood outside the gate, And Je - sus let me in.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing, is call - ing,

Je - sus is call - ing, Ope your heart's door wide, and let Him in.

61.

Lead Me, Saviour.

"For thy name's sake lead me, guide me."—PSA. xxx. 3.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.

[illegible]

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray | Gent-ly lead me all the way ; |
| 2. Thou the refuge of my soul, | When life's stormy billows roll, |
| 3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, | When the storm of life is past, |

[illegible]

1. Sav . iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way ;

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff in treble clef. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The system ends with a double bar line.

I am safe when by Thy side. I would in Thy love abide.
I am safe when Thou art nigh, All my hopes on Thee rely.
To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped away.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written in bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the right hand, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes. The left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love abide.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray;
lest I stray;

Musical notation for the bass part of "The Rose Tree". The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody consists of eighth notes and quarter notes, ending with a fermata.

rit. e dim.

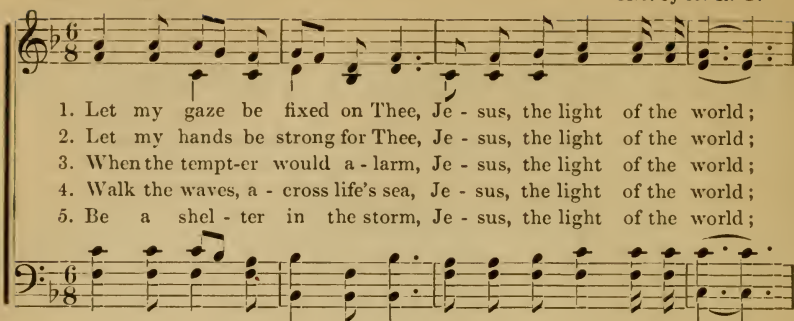
rit. e dim.

Gent-ly down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
stream of time. all the way.

stream of time, an' the way.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Arr. by H. L. G.

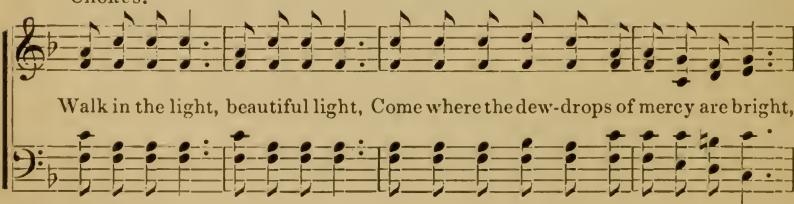


1. Let my gaze be fixed on Thee, Je - sus, the light of the world ;
 2. Let my hands be strong for Thee, Je - sus, the light of the world ;
 3. When the tempt-er would a - larm, Je - sus, the light of the world ;
 4. Walk the waves, a - cross life's sea, Je - sus, the light of the world ;
 5. Be a shel - ter in the storm, Je - sus, the light of the world ;

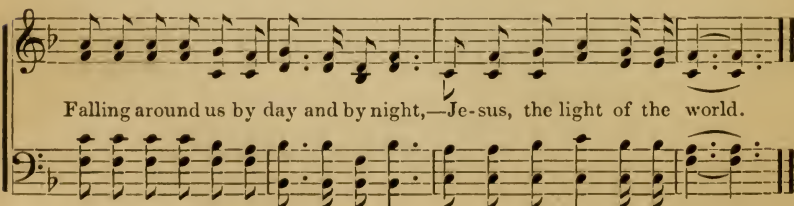


As I look, new beau-ties see, Je - sus, the light of the world.
 And my feet be swift and free, Je - sus, the light of the world.
 Bare, oh, bare Thy might-y arm, Je - sus, the light of the world.
 Near-er come, O Lord, to me, Je - sus, the light of the world.
 Keep, oh, keep Thy child from harm, Je - sus, the light of the world.

CHORUS.



Walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dew-drops of mercy are bright,



Falling around us by day and by night,—Je-sus, the light of the world.

1. { Now I feel the sa - cred fire, Kind - ling, flam - ing, glow - ing, }
 { High - er still and ris - ing higher, All my soul o'er - flow - ing, }

2. { Now I am from bondage freed, Ev - ery bond is riv - en; }
 { Je - sus makes me free in - deed, Just as free as heav - en; }

Life im - mor - tal I re - ceive,—Oh, the won - drous sto - ry!
 'Tis a glo - rious lib - er - ty—Oh, the won - drous sto - ry!

I was dead, but now I live, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!
 I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!

3 Let the testimony roll,
 Roll through every nation;
 Witnessing from soul to soul,
 This immense salvation,
 Now I know it's full and free;
 Oh, the wondrous story!
 For I feel it saving me,
 Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
 Glory be to Jesus!
 He hath brought salvation nigh,
 From all sin He frees us.
 Let the golden harp of God
 Ring the wondrous story;
 Let the pilgrim shout aloud
 Glory! glory! glory!

63₂

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat:
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads;
 A place than all besides more sweet:
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
 When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?


4 There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
 And sin and sense molest no more;
 And heaven comes down our souls to
 greet,
 While glory crown the mercy-seat.

—BOEHM.


64. I'll Feed On Husks No More.

HENRY H. HADLEY.

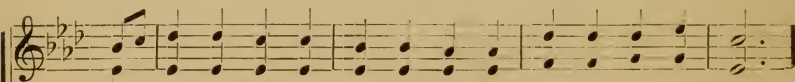
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



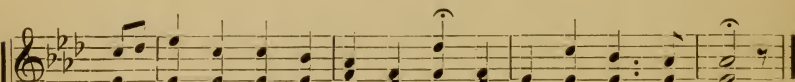
1. O'er-squander'd wealth and wasted years, In sin and fol-ly past,
2. For - sak - en, friendless, clothed in rags, And poor as poor can be;
3. I thought the world was what I dream'd, My heart obeyed its call;



A wretched starv-ing prod-i - gal A - woke to mourn at last.
To low-est me-nial service brought, A tyrant's slave was he;
But now I find its fleet-ing joys Are wormwood af - ter all.




He pressed his wea - ry throbbing brow, And thro' his tears he said,
Returned disgust - ed from the swine That he so long had fed;
Be warn'd, oh, gay and thoughtless ones, That to the whirlwind sow,



"I spurned the home I might have shar'd, And now I starve for bread."
"I can not from my Fa - ther stay," With firm resolve he said.
Let's has - ten back to Fa - ther now, He's coming; let us go.

CHORUS



I will a - rise, and go at once, My
I will a-rise, and go at once,

I'll Feed On Husks No More. Concluded.

Fa-ther's love im - plore, Con-fess my wrong:..... His par-don

seek, His par - don seek, And feed on husks no more.

65 I Stretch My Hands to Thee.

CHAS. WESLEY.

Tune—I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
 2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;
 CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me,

If Thou withdraw Thy-self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
 What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
 And thro' His blood, His pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

3 O Jesus, could I this believe.
 I now should feel Thy power;
 And all my wants Thou wouldst relieve,
 In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
 My weary, longing eyes;
 O let me now receive that gift!
 My soul without it dies.

R. E. HUDSON.

Arr. by R. E. H.

1. I heard the Sav - iour say; "Poor wand'ring child, come home,
 2. He fed me on fresh man - na; He led me day by day;
 3. My Sav - iour walks with me— Each day the way grows bright;

CHORUS. I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan now, I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan now,

Lay down your sins—I'll take you in, Why will you long-er roam?
 But, when I came to Jor-dan 'Twas then I turned a - way;
 His love to show, His peace to know, I'm walk - ing in the light.

The blood applied, I'm sat - is - fied, I'm liv-ing in Ca - naan now.

A spot-less robe of white, For garments stain'd by sin,
 How wea-ry, oh! how wea - ry, Fighting with-out, with-in,
 I'll tell it o'er and o'er How Je - sus set me free;

of white, by sin,

For hun-gers grave, He man-na gave, When Je-sus took me in.....
 At last I trust-ed in the blood, To cleanse and keep me clean....
 A slave to sin, He took me in—Such love! how can it be?.....

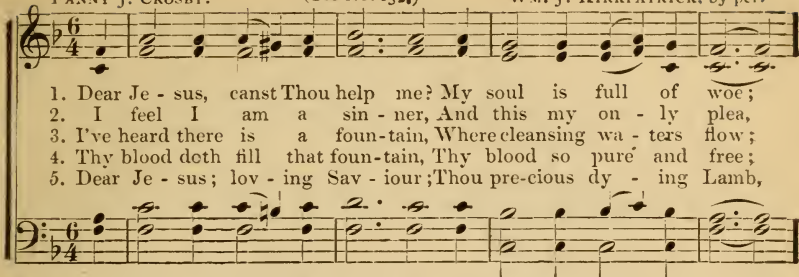
67. Dear Jesus, Canst Thou Help Me?

Dedicated to S. H. Hadley.

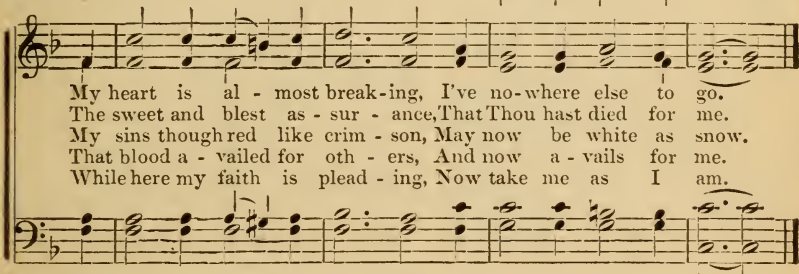
FANNY J. CROSBY.

(See No. 152.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

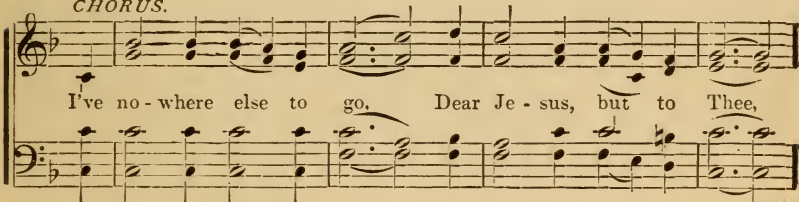


1. Dear Je - sus, canst Thou help me? My soul is full of woe;
 2. I feel I am a sin - ner, And this my on - ly plea,
 3. I've heard there is a foun - tain, Where cleansing wa - ters flow;
 4. Thy blood doth fill that foun - tain, Thy blood so pure and free;
 5. Dear Je - sus; lov - ing Sav - iour; Thou pre - cious dy - ing Lamb,

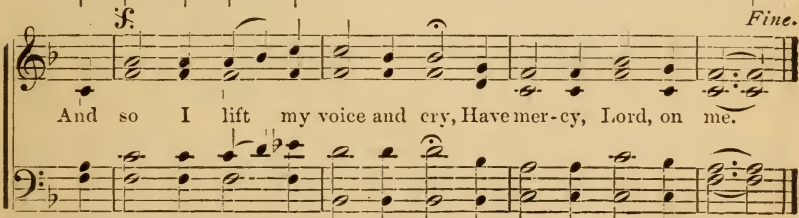


My heart is al - most break - ing, I've no - where else to go.
 The sweet and blest as - sur - ance, That Thou hast died for me.
 My sins though red like crim - son, May now be white as snow.
 That blood a - vailed for oth - ers, And now a - vails for me.
 While here my faith is plead - ing, Now take me as I am.

CHORUS.

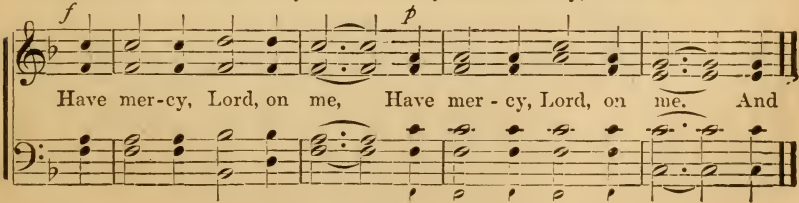


I've no - where else to go, Dear Je - sus, but to Thee,



And so I lift my voice and cry, Have mer - cy, Lord, on me.

D. S.—so I lift my voice and cry, Have mer - cy, Lord, on me. *D. S.*

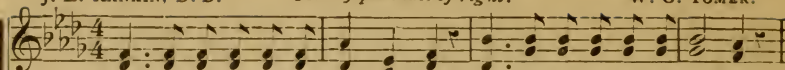


Have mer - cy, Lord, on me, Have mer - cy, Lord, on me, And

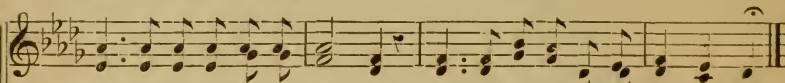
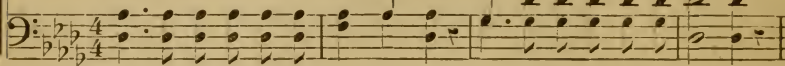
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Used by purchase of right.

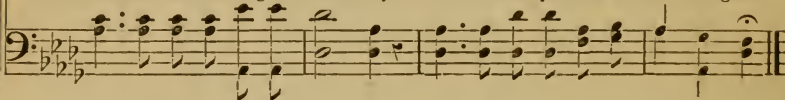
W. G. TOMER.



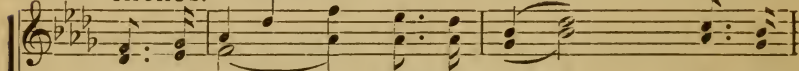
1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,



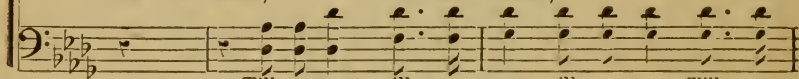
With His sheep secure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Dai - ly manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.



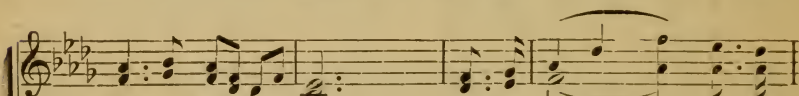
CHORUS.



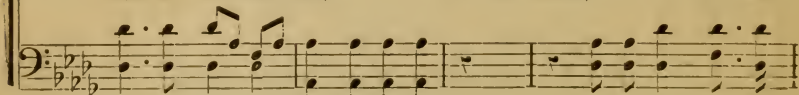
Till we meet, Till we meet, Till we



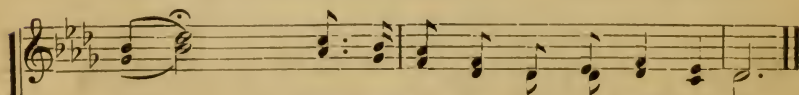
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we



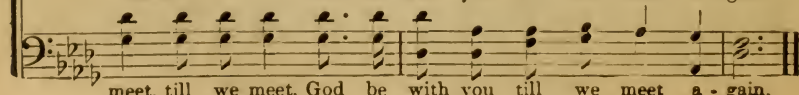
meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, till we



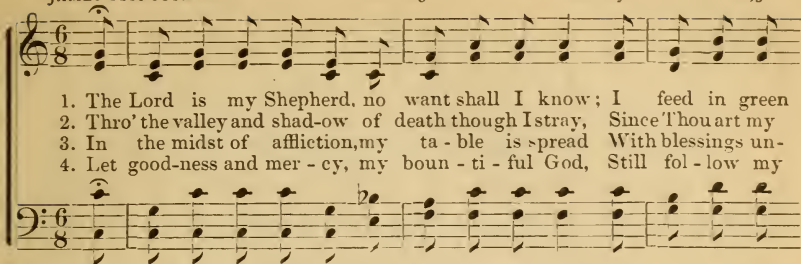
meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we



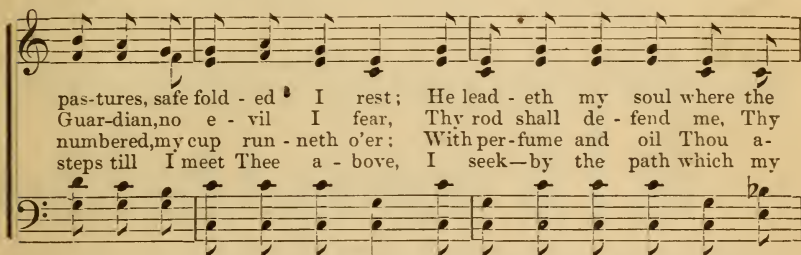
meet God be with you till we meet a - gain.



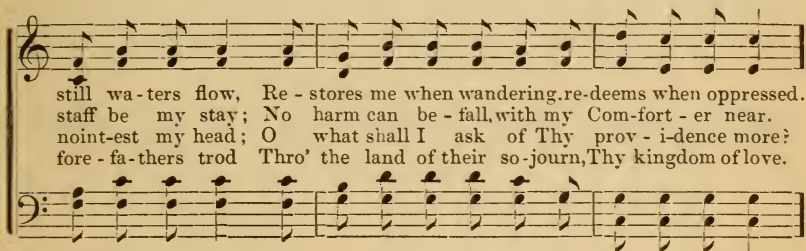
meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.



1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
 2. Thro' the valley and shad-ow of death though I stray, Since Thou art my
 3. In the midst of affliction, my ta-ble is spread With blessings un-
 4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my

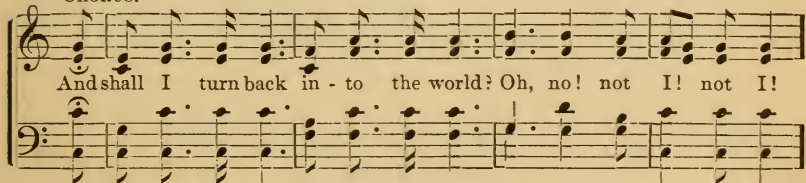


pas-tures, safe fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the
 Guar-dian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy
 numbered, my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and oil Thou a-
 steps till I meet Thee a-a-bove, I seek-by the path which my

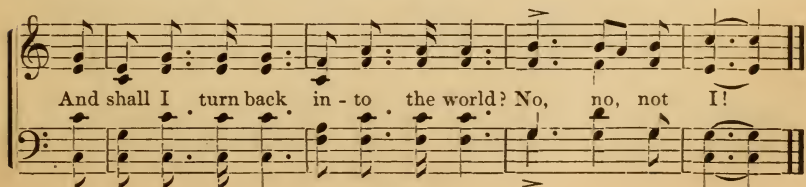


still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wandering, re-deems when oppressed.
 staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
 noint-est my head; O what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
 fore-fa-ters trod Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy kingdom of love.

CHORUS.



And shall I turn back in-to the world? Oh, no! not I! not I!

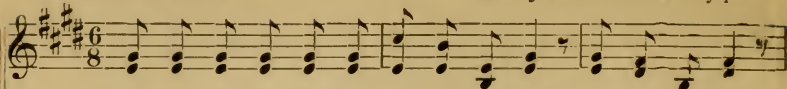


And shall I turn back in-to the world? No, no, not I!

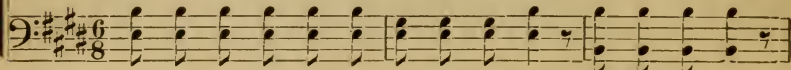
Mercy is Boundless and Free.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

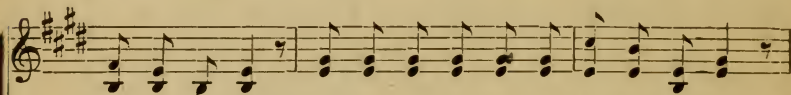
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



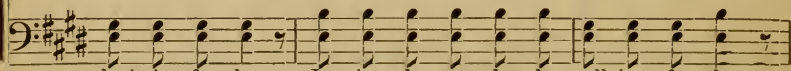
1. Thanks be to Je - sus, His mer - cy is free; Mer - cy is free,
2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer - cy is free,
3. Think of His goodness, His pa - tience and love; Mer - cy is free,
4. Yes, there is par - don for all who be - lieve; Mer - cy is free,



Refrain.—Je - sus, the Say - iour, is look - ing for thee, look - ing for thee,

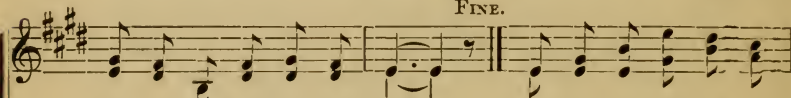


mer - cy is free: Sin - ner, that mer - cy is flow - ing for thee,
 mer - cy is free: Gent - ly the Spir - it is calling, "Come home,"
 mer - cy is free: Pleading thy cause with His Fa - ther a - bove,
 mer - cy is free: Come and this mo - ment a blessing re - ceive,

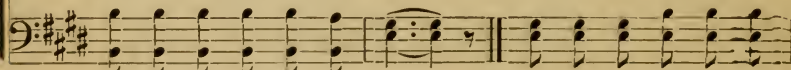


look - ing for thee; Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing for thee,

FINE.



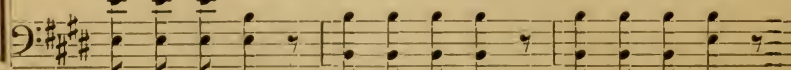
Mer - cy is boundless and free.	If thou art will - ing on
Mer - cy is boundless and free.	Thou art in darkness O,
Mer - cy is boundless and free.	Come and re - pent - ing, O,
Mer - cy is boundless and free.	Je - sus is wait - ing. O,



Call - ing and look - ing for thee.



Him to be - lieve,	Mer - cy is free,	mer - cy is free.
come to the light,	Mer - cy is free,	mer - cy is free.
give Him thy heart,	Mer - cy is free,	mer - cy is free.
hear Him pro - claim	Mer - cy is free,	mer - cy is free.



Mercy is Boundless and Free. Concluded.

D.C. Refrain.

Life ev-er-last-ing thy soul may receive, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Je-sus is waiting, He'll save you to-night, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Grieve Him no longer, but come as thou art, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Cling to His mercy, be-lieve on His name, Mercy is boundless and free.

71. Cleansing Fountain. C. M.

COWPER.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,

And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains,
D.C. And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

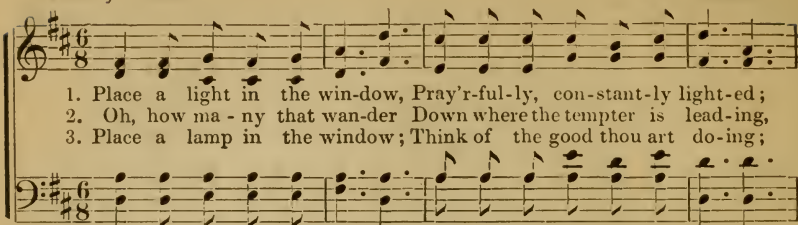
- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away. | 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die. |
| 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more. | 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave. |

72. Place a Lamp in the Window.

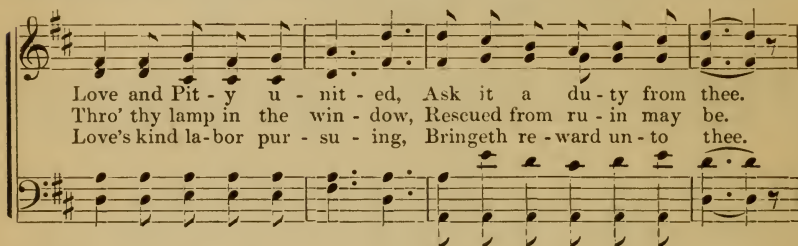
"And they shall light the lamps—that they may give light."—Ex. 25: 37.

MARY J. CAPPEL.

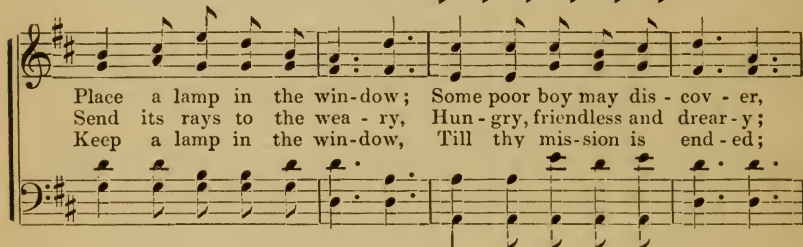
W. H. DOANE.



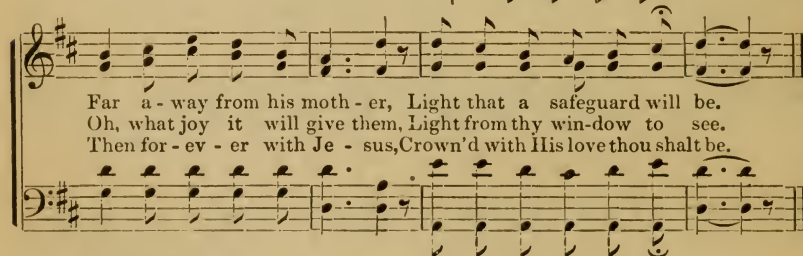
1. Place a light in the win-dow, Pray'r-ful-ly, con-stant-ly light-ed;
 2. Oh, how ma - ny that wan-der Down where the tempter is lead-ing,
 3. Place a lamp in the window; Think of the good thou art do-ing;



Love and Pit - y u - nit - ed, Ask it a du - ty from thee.
 Thro' thy lamp in the win - dow, Rescued from ru - in may be.
 Love's kind la - bor pur - su - ing, Bringeth re - ward un - to thee.

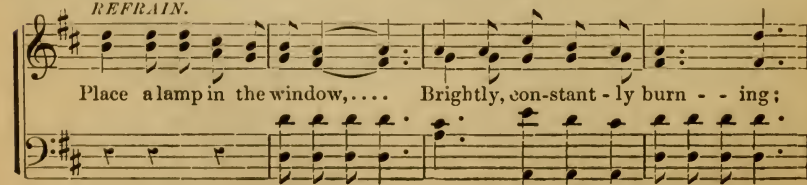


Place a lamp in the win-dow; Some poor boy may dis - cov - er,
 Send its rays to the wea - ry, Hun - gry, friendless and drear - y;
 Keep a lamp in the win-dow, Till thy mis-sion is end - ed;



Far a - way from his moth - er, Light that a safeguard will be.
 Oh, what joy it will give them, Light from thy win-dow to see.
 Then for - ev - er with Je - sus, Crown'd with His love thou shalt be.

REFRAIN.



Place a lamp in the window,.... Brightly, con-stant-ly burn - - ing;

window so bright, Still con-stant-ly shedding its light,
 Copyright, 1889, by W. H. DOANE.

Place a Lamp in the Window. Concluded.

Oh, how many, be-hold - - ing, Guid-ed to Je - sus may be.

be-hold-ing its light,

73. Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crimson, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... compassion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un - to Me..... ye people," Saith the Lord your God;
Tho' they be red

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your transgressions,

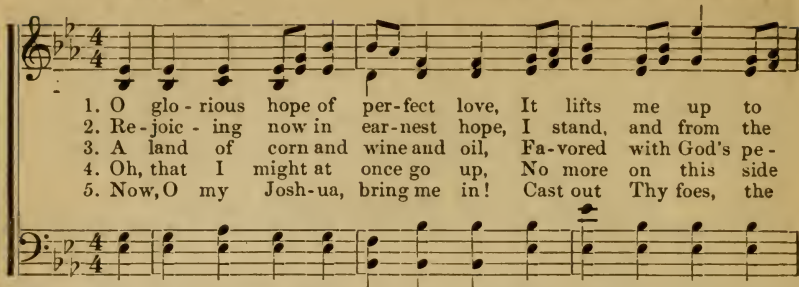
p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem-ber them no more, And re-mem - ber them no more.

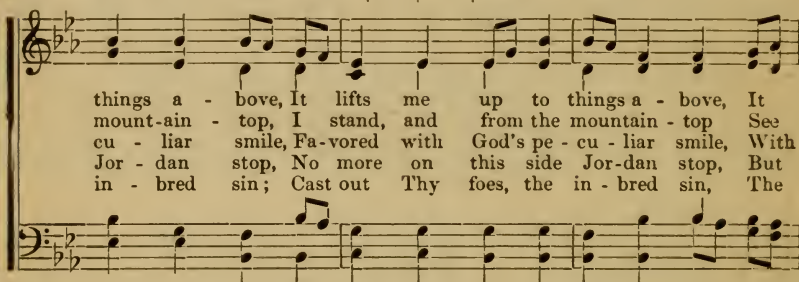
The Glorious Hope.

CHAS. WESLEY.

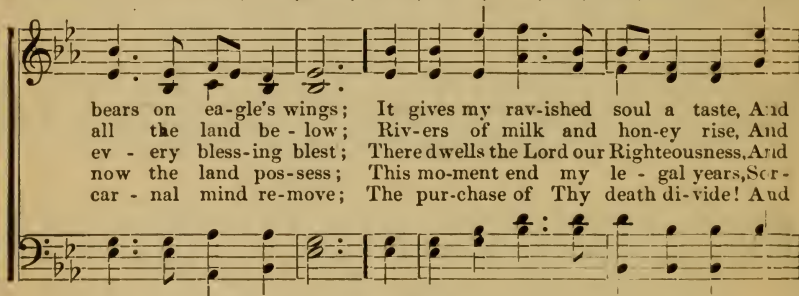
Arr. by W. J. K. Tune "Salutation."



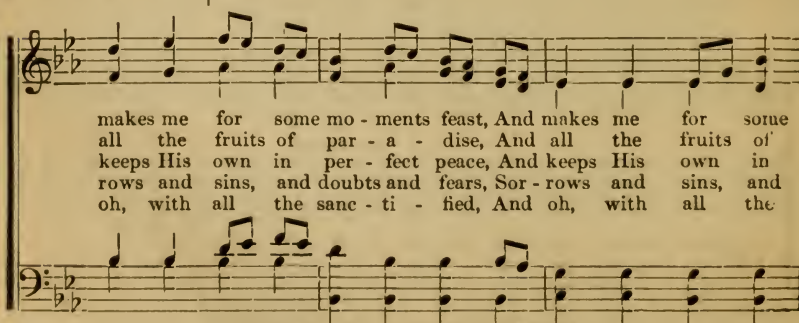
1. O glo - rious hope of per - fect love, It lifts me up to
 2. Re - joic - ing now in ear - nest hope, I stand, and from the
 3. A land of corn and wine and oil, Fa - vored with God's pe -
 4. Oh, that I might at once go up, No more on this side
 5. Now, O my Josh - ua, bring me in! Cast out Thy foes, the



things a - bove, It lifts me up to things a - bove, It
 mount - ain - top, I stand, and from the mountain - top See
 cu - liar smile, Fa - vored with God's pe - cu - liar smile, With
 Jor - dan stop, No more on this side Jor - dan stop, But
 in - bred sin; Cast out Thy foes, the in - bred sin, The

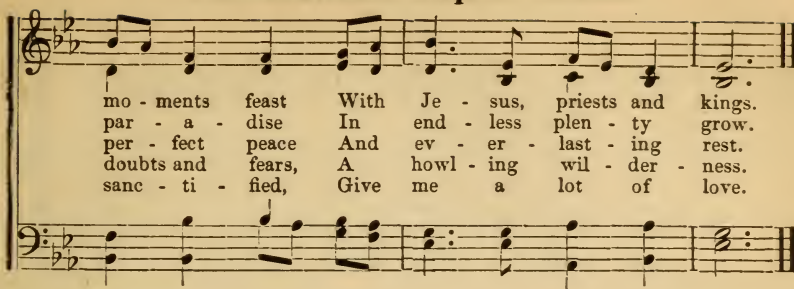


bears on ea - gle's wings; It gives my rav - ished soul a taste, And
 all the land be - low; Riv - ers of milk and hon - ey rise, And
 ev - ery bless - ing blest; There dwells the Lord our Righteousness, And
 now the land pos - sess; This mo - ment end my le - gal years, Scr -
 car - nal mind re - move; The pur - chase of Thy death di - vide! And



makes me for some mo - ments feast, And makes me for some
 all the fruits of par - a - dise, And all the fruits of
 keeps His own in per - fect peace, And keeps His own in
 rows and sins, and doubts and fears, Sor - rows and sins, and
 oh, with all the sanc - ti - fied, And oh, with all the

The Glorious Hope. Concluded.



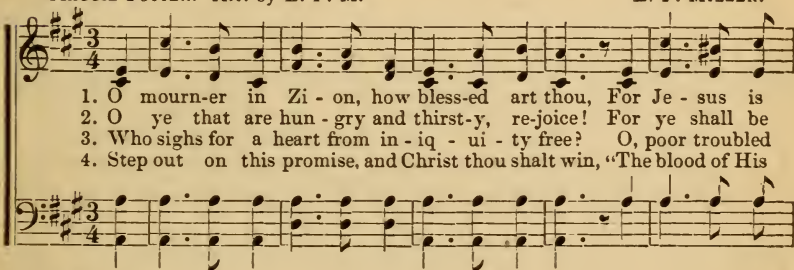
mo - ments feast With Je - sus, priests and kings.
 par - a - dise In end - less plen - ty grow.
 per - fect peace And ev - er - last - ing rest.
 doubts and fears, A howl - ing wil - der - ness.
 sanc - ti - fied, Give me a lot of love.

74¹₂

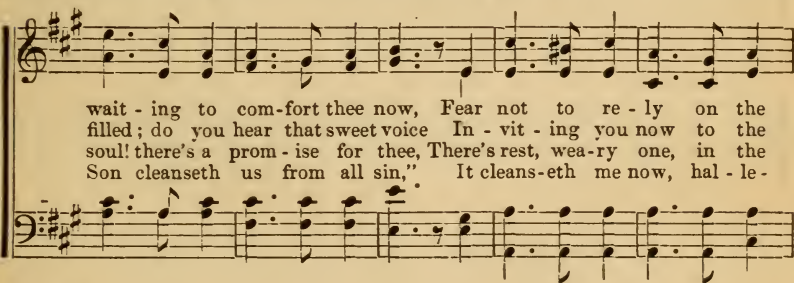
Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M.

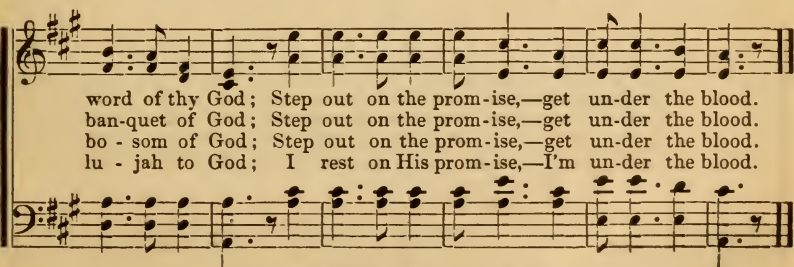
E. F. MILLER.



1. O mourn-er in Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je - sus is
 2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirst-y, re-joice! For ye shall be
 3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? O, poor troubled
 4. Step out on this promise, and Christ thou shalt win, "The blood of His



wait - ing to com-fort thee now, Fear not to re - ly on the
 filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
 soul! there's a prom - ise for thee, There's rest, wea - ry one, in the
 Son cleanseth us from all sin," It cleans-eth me now, hal - le -



word of thy God; Step out on the prom-ise,—get un-der the blood.
 ban-quet of God; Step out on the prom-ise,—get un-der the blood.
 bo - som of God; Step out on the prom-ise,—get un-der the blood.
 lu - jah to God; I rest on His prom-ise,—I'm un-der the blood.

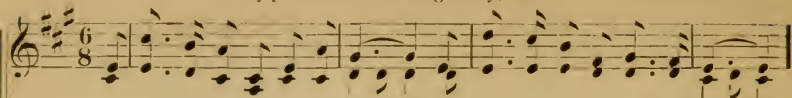
From "THE SHOUT OF VICTORY." By per.

75. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

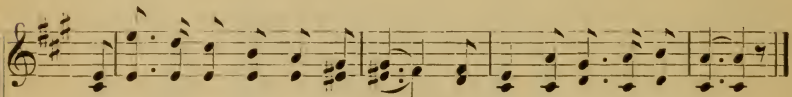
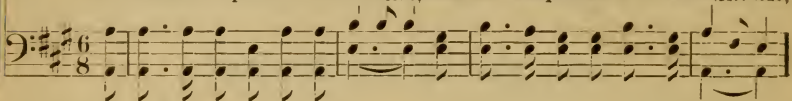
P. B.

By per. from "Crowning Glory," No. 1.

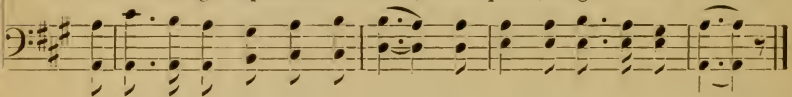
P. BILHORN.



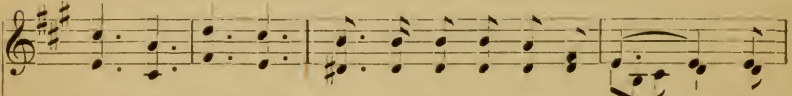
1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joyous re - frain,
sweet strain, refrain,
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by His death was all paid,
was made, all paid,
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, My heart with this peace did abound,
had crowned, abound,
4. In Je - sus for peace I a-bide, abide, And as I keep close to His side, His side,



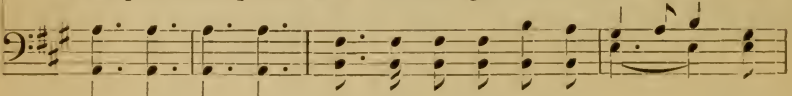
I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
No oth - er foun-da-tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
In Him the rich blessings I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
There's nothing but peace doth be-tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.



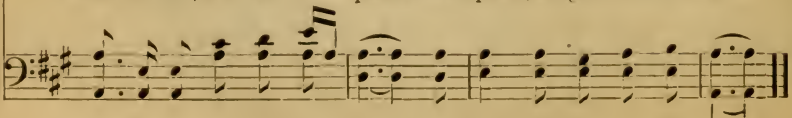
CHORUS.



Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der - ful gift from a - bove! a - bove! Oh,



won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!



Wave the Signal Light.

E. S. U.

Dedicated to Col. H. H. Hadley.

REV. E. S. UFFORD.

We were traveling on the night express. Suddenly the train came to a standstill. A washout had been discovered, and a red lantern was waved in the air. The engineer saw the signal and by heeding the warning we were saved.

1. Hold up the sig - nal, there's dan - ger a - head! Youth on the
 2. Ma - ny are fol - low - ing down where they tread, Thought - less - ly
 3. Swift - ly they plunge one by one down to woe. Ask - ing no

down grade by pleas - ure is led, Vis - ions of bliss snare their
 swell - ing the ranks of the dead; Run to them, call to them,
 ques - tion their fu - ture to know; Could we not res - cue them

eyes in the night, So that they see not the red sig - nal light.
 show them the right, Throw on their path - way the red sig - nal light.
 if on their sight, They saw the gleam of the red sig - nal light.

CHORUS.

Wave the warn - ing sig - nal light! Flash its rays a - cross the

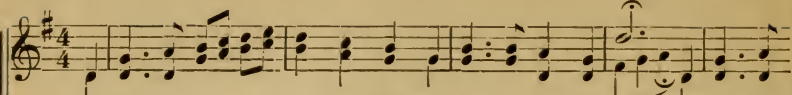
night! Stop the sin - ner's downward flight, Wave the sig - nal light.

Since I Have Been Redeemed.

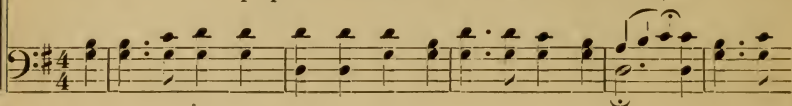
Dedicated to Dea. Geo. M. Woodward.

E. O. E.

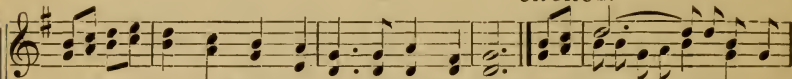
E. O. EXCELL. By per.



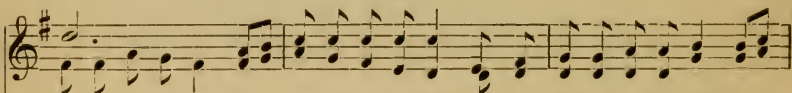
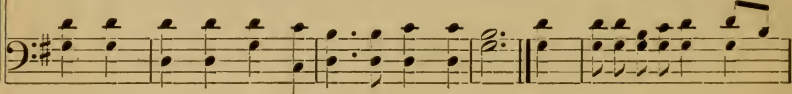
1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been redeemed, Of my Re-
2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been redeemed, To do His
3. I have a Witness bright and clear, Since I have been redeemed, Dis - pell - ing
4. I have a joy I can't ex - press, Since I have been redeemed, All thro' His
5. I have a home prepared for me, Since I have been redeemed, Where I shall



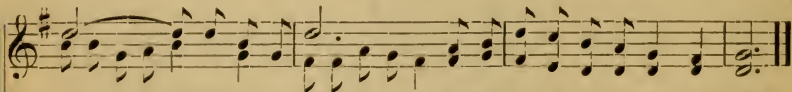
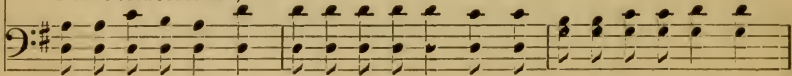
CHORUS.



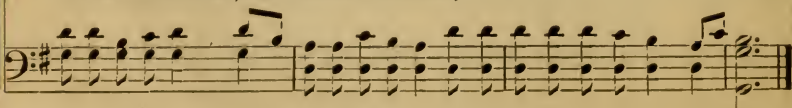
deemer, Saviour, King, Since I have been redeemed. Since I have been re-
 will my high - est prize, Since I have been redeemed.
 ev - ery doubt and fear, Since I have been redeemed.
 blood and righteousness, Since I have been redeemed.
 dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been redeemed. Since I have been redeem'd, since



deemed, Since I have been redeemed, I will glory in His name, Since
 I have been redeemed,

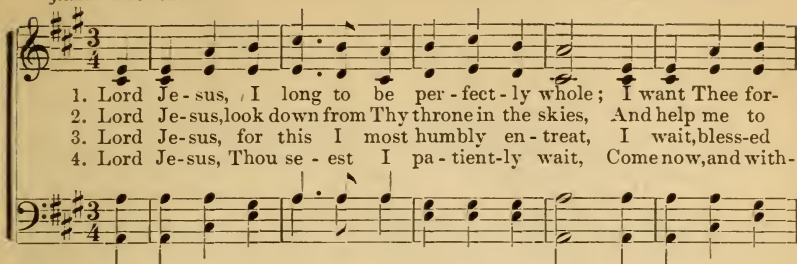


I have been redeemed. I will glo - ry in the Saviour's name.
 I have been redeemed, since I have been redeemed,

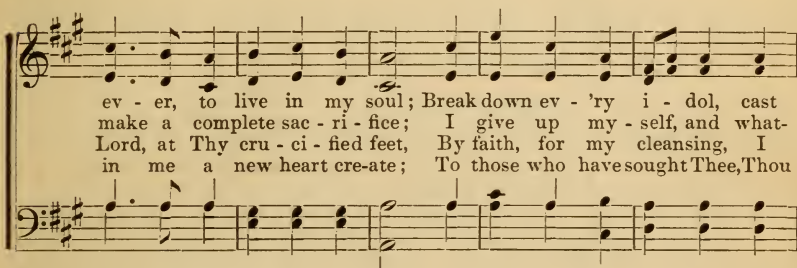


JAMES NICHOLSON.

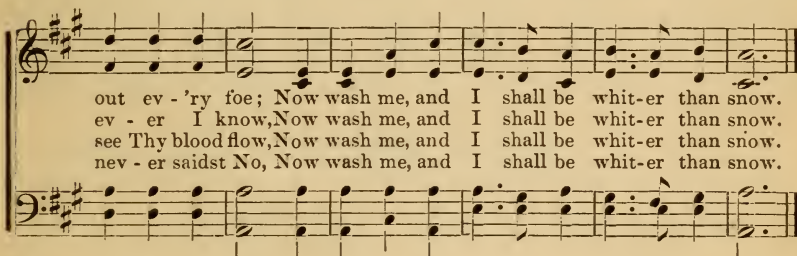
WM. G. FISCHER.



1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-
 2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
 3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en-treat, I wait, bless-ed
 4. Lord Je-sus, Thou se - est I pa-tient-ly wait, Come now, and with-

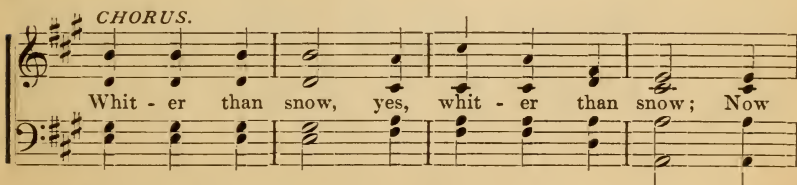


ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast
 make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
 in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou

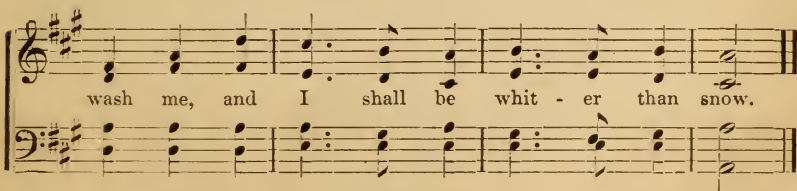


out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 ev - er I know, Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 see Thy blood flow, Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 nev - er saidst No, Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.



Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now



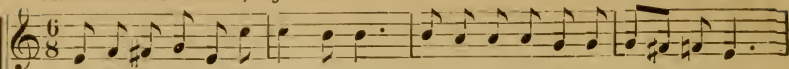
wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

79. What Shall the Harvest Be?

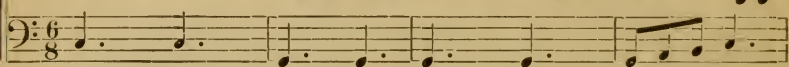
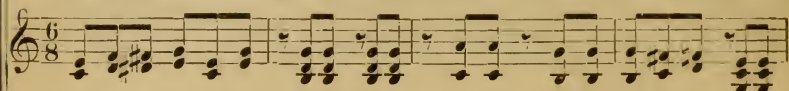
"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. 6: 7.

MISS EMILY S. OAKLEY, 1850. Alt.

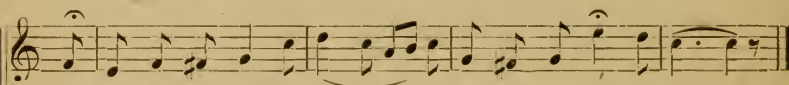
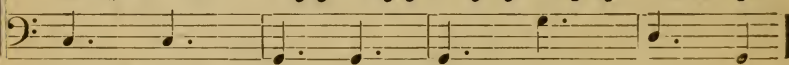
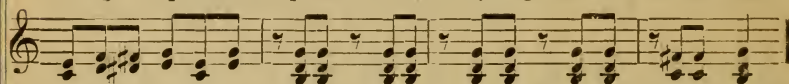
P. P. BLISS. By per.



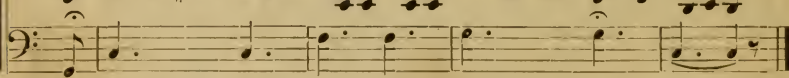
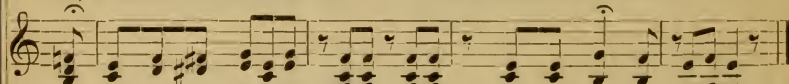
1. Sowing the seed by the daylight fair, Sow-ing the seed by the noonday glare,
2. Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sow-ing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sow-ing the seed of a mad-dened brain,
4. Sowing the seed with an aching heart, Sow-ing the seed while the tear-drops start,



Sowing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sowing the seed in the sol-emn night;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fer-tile soil;
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of e-ter-nal shame;
Sowing in hope till the reap-ers come, Gladly to gather the har-vest home;

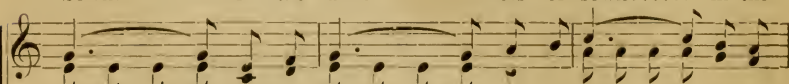


Oh, what shall the har-vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?...



CHORUS.

Sown..... in the dark - - - ness or sown..... in the



Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or



What Shall the Harvest Be? Concluded.

light,..... Sown..... in our weak - - - ness or

sown in the light, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,

sown..... in our might,.... Gath-ered in time or e -

Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gath-ered in time or e -

ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest be....

ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, harvest be.

79¹/₂

Vain Man, Forbear.

JOSEPH HART.

MEAR. C. M. Welsh Air. AARON WILLIAMS.

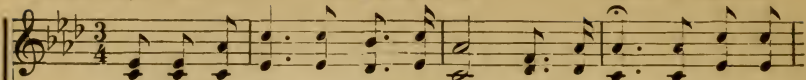
1. Vain man, thy fond pur-suits for-bear; Re-pent, thine end is nigh;
 2. Re - flect, thou hast a soul to save; Thy sins, how high they mount!
 3. Deathen - ters, and there's no de-fense; His time there's none can tell;
 4. Thy flesh, per-haps thy great-est care, Shall in - to dust con-sume;

Death, at the far-thest, can't be far: O think be - fore thou die.
 What are thy hopes be-yond the grave? How stands that dark ac - count?
 He'll in a mo-ment call thee hence, To heaven, or down to hell.
 But, ah! de-struc-tion stops not there; Sin kills be - yond the tomb.

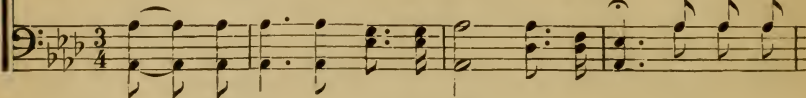
Words arranged by W. H. G.

To Mrs. A. A. A.

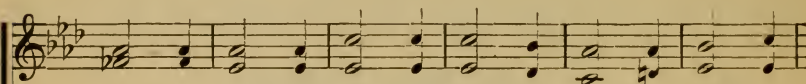
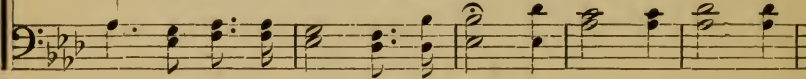
Rev. W. H. GEISTWEIT.



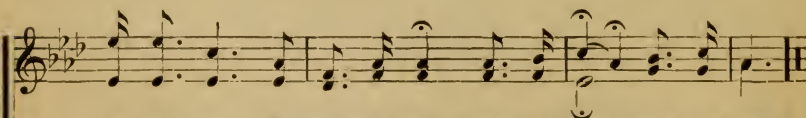
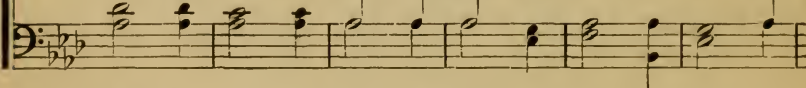
1. When'er we meet we always say, "What's the news? Pray what's the
2. God has pardoned all my sin, That's the news! I feel the
3. And now if a - ny one should say, What's the news? O tell him
4. Wea - ry pilgrim, hear the call, Bless - ed news! Christ Je - sus



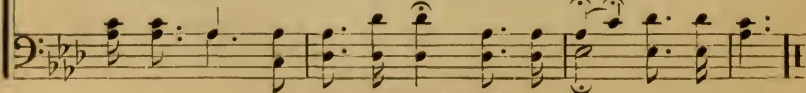
or - der of the day, What's the news?" His work's re - viv - ing
 wit - ness deep with-in, That's the news! And since he took my
 you've be - gun to pray, That's the news! That you have joined the
 came to save us all, That's the news! He died to set poor



all a - round, And sin - ners hear the gos - pel sound, Re -
 sins a - way, And taught me how to watch and pray, I'm
 conqu'ring band, And now with joy at God's command, You're
 sin - ners free, That we from death might ran - somed be, And



joic - ing in a Saviour found, That's the news! That's the news!
 hap - py now from day to day, That's the news! That's the news!
 marching to the bet - ter land, That's the news! That's the news!
 with him reign e - ter - nal - ly, That's the news! That's the news!



FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Take the world, but give me Je-sus,—All its joys are but a name;
 2. Take the world, but give me Je-sus, Sweet-est com-fort of my soul;
 3. Take the world, but give me Je-sus, Let me view His con-stant smile;
 4. Take the world, but give me Je-sus, In His cross my trust shall be,

But His love a-bid-eth ev-er, Thro' e-ter-nal years the same.
 With my Sav-ior watching o'er me I can sing, tho' bil-lows roll.
 Then throughout my pil-grim jour-ney Light will cheer me' all the while.
 Till, with clear-er, bright-er vis-ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

CHORUS.

O the height and depth of mer-cy, O the length and breadth of love,

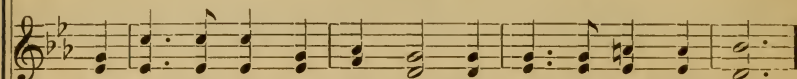
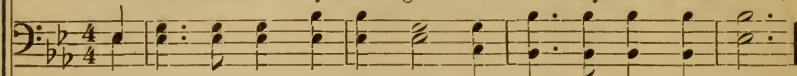
O the ful-ness of re-demp-tion, Pledge of end-less life a-bove.

F. A. M.

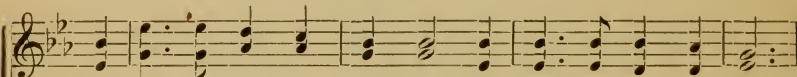
FRANK A. MILLER.



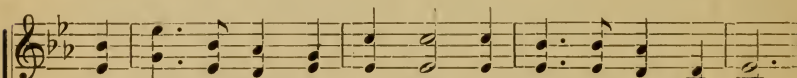
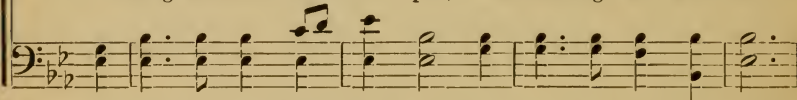
1. Be-hold the Prince and Sav - iour, Who giv - eth life and peace;
2. Be-hold the Man of sor - rows, He stands be-fore thee now,
3. Be-hold a love - ly Stran-ger Be - fore thy closed heart's door,



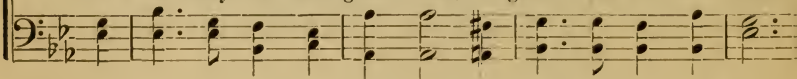
The lep - er's cry He hear - eth, The wid - ow's sor - rows cease;
 With pur - ple robe and thorn-crown, With pierc'd and bleed - ing brow;
 Has wait - ed long, still wait - eth, And knock - eth o'er and o'er;



And lo! a voice from heav - en, 'Tis my be - lov - ed Son,
 The thron - cry, "Cru - ci - fy him," O soul, what hath He done
 O swing the door wide o - pen, With blessings He has come

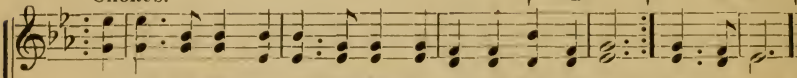


O hear ye Him," He bring - eth Good news to ev - 'ry one.
 That thou shouldst join with sin - ners, And spurn the ho - ly One.
 To fill thy life with glad - ness, And guide thee to His home.

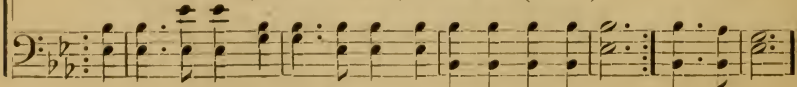


CHORUS.

1 2



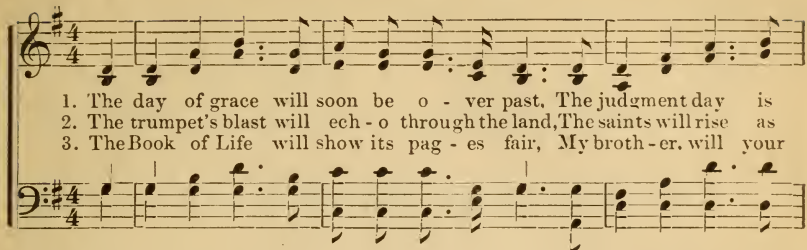
Behold the Man, behold the Man, He comes thy soul to save. (*Omit.*)
 Behold the Man, behold the Man, O haste and (*Omit.*) let Him in.



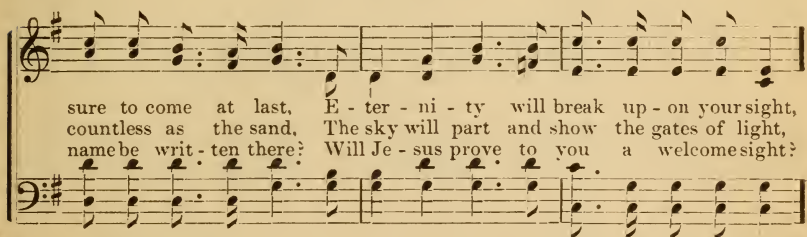
83. You Had Better Make Your Peace With God To-Night.

E. S. U.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

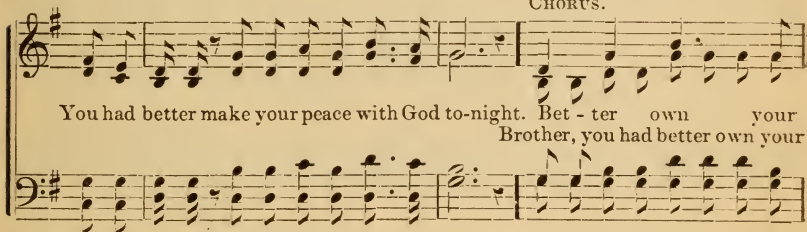


1. The day of grace will soon be o - ver past, The judgment day is
2. The trumpet's blast will ech - o through the land, The saints will rise as
3. The Book of Life will show its pag - es fair, My broth - er, will your

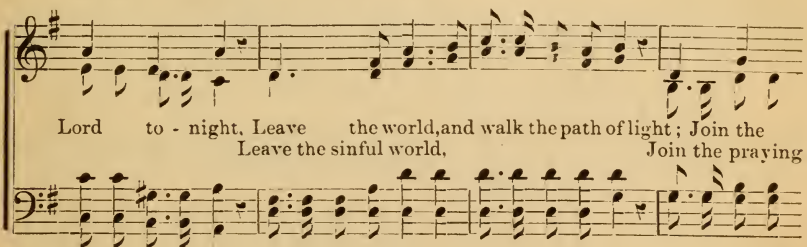


sure to come at last, E - ter - ni - ty will break up - on your sight,
countless as the sand, The sky will part and show the gates of light,
name be writ - ten there? Will Je - sus prove to you a welcome sight?

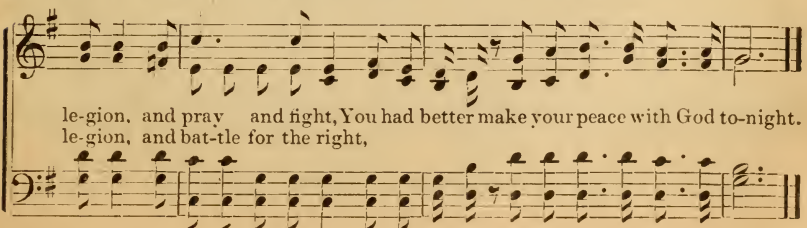
CHORUS.



You had better make your peace with God to-night. Bet - ter own your
Brother, you had better own your



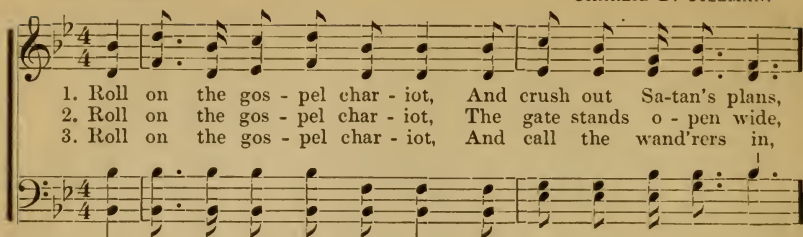
Lord to - night, Leave the world, and walk the path of light; Join the
Leave the sinful world, Join the praying



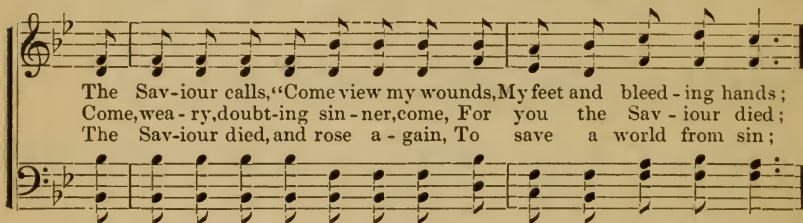
le-gion, and pray and fight, You had better make your peace with God to-night.
le-gion, and bat-tle for the right,

M. E. ABBEY.

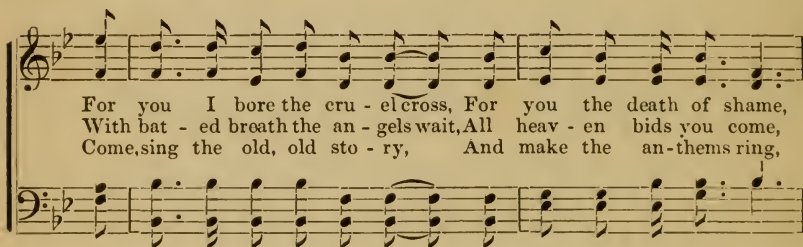
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



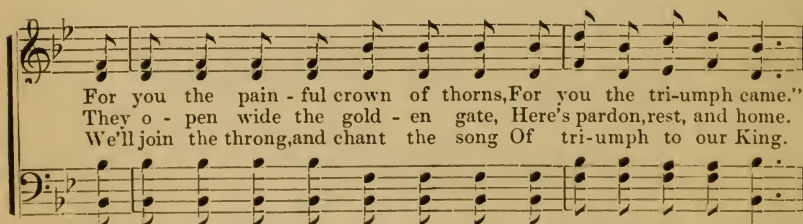
1. Roll on the gos - pel char - iot, And crush out Sa-tan's plans,
 2. Roll on the gos - pel char - iot, The gate stands o - pen wide,
 3. Roll on the gos - pel char - iot, And call the wand'ers in,



The Sav-iour calls, "Come view my wounds, My feet and bleed - ing hands;
 Come, wea - ry, doubt - ing sin - ner, come, For you the Sav - iour died;
 The Sav-iour died, and rose a - gain, To save a world from sin;

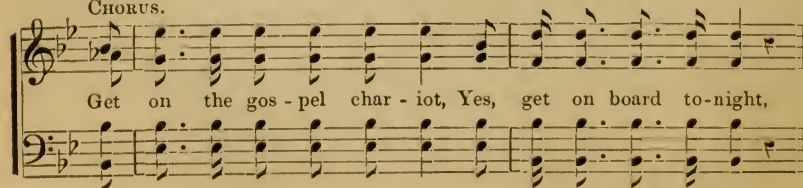


For you I bore the cru - el cross, For you the death of shame,
 With bat - ed breath the an - gels wait, All heav - en bids you come,
 Come, sing the old, old sto - ry, And make the an - thems ring,



For you the pain - ful crown of thorns, For you the tri - umph came."
 They o - pen wide the gold - en gate, Here's pardon, rest, and home.
 We'll join the throng, and chant the song Of tri - umph to our King.

CHORUS.



Get on the gos - pel char - iot, Yes, get on board to - night,

Roll on the Gospel Chariot. Concluded.

Bells are ring-ing, train is wait-ing, 'Twill soon be out of sight.

Oh, get on the gos - pel char - iot, Yes, get on board to - night,

The bells are ring-ing, train is wait-ing, 'Twill soon be out of sight.

85. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

D.C. 2

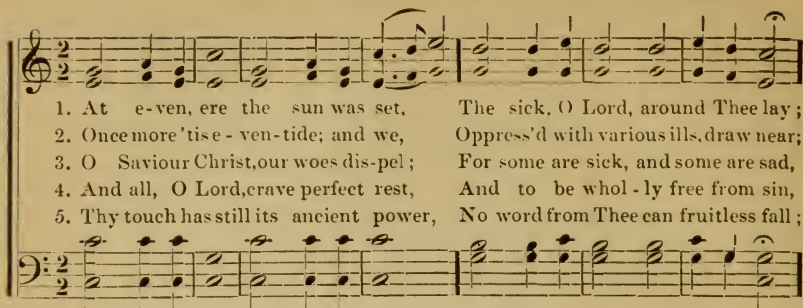
1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land.
Weary souls, fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near, 'Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

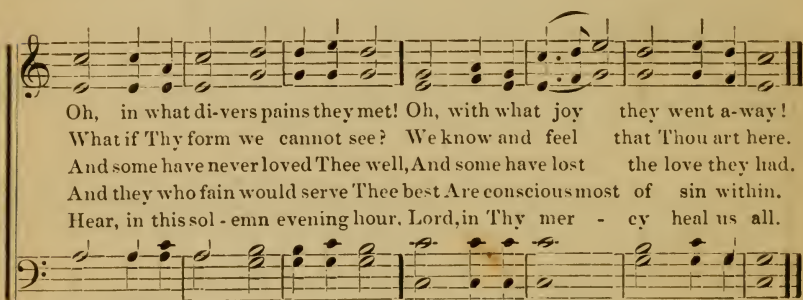
3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

86. At Even, Ere the Sun was Set.

SESSIONS. L. M. LUTHER ORLANDO EMERSON.



1. At e-ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
 2. Once more 'tise - ven-tide; and we, Oppress'd with various ills, draw near;
 3. O Saviour Christ, our woes dis-pel; For some are sick, and some are sad,
 4. And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest, And to be whol - ly free from sin,
 5. Thy touch has still its ancient power, No word from Thee can fruitless fall;



Oh, in what di-vers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a-way!
 What if Thy form we cannot see? We know and feel that Thou art here.
 And some have never loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had.
 And they who fain would serve Thee best Are conscious most of sin within.
 Hear, in this sol - emn evening hour. Lord, in Thy mer - cy heal us all.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain. | 4 What are our works but sin and death
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love! |
| 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee:
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there. | 5 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown? |
| 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live. | 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified." |

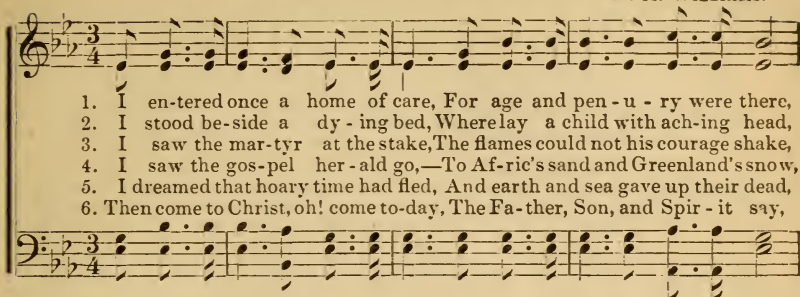
NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF. Tr. by J. WESLEY.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! | 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. |
|--|---|

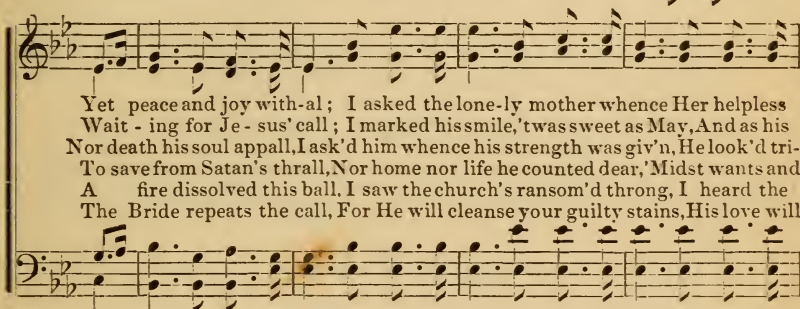
"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. 2: 7.

To the Memory of the late S. T. Gordon.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

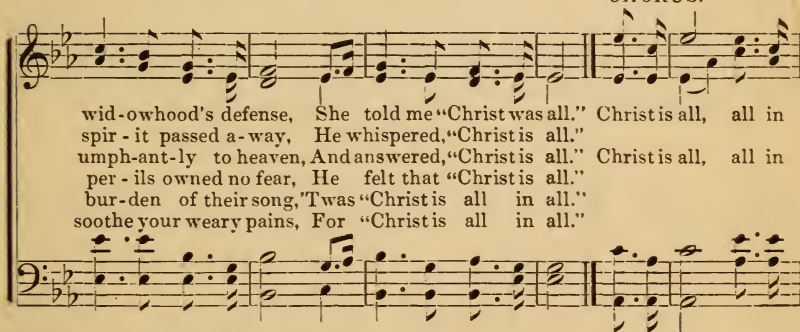


1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen-u-ry were there,
 2. I stood be-side a dy-ing bed, Where lay a child with ach-ing head,
 3. I saw the mar-tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
 4. I saw the gos-pel her-ald go,—To Af-ric's sand and Greenland's snow,
 5. I dreamed that hoary time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
 6. Then come to Christ, oh! come to-day, The Fa-ther, Son, and Spir-it say,

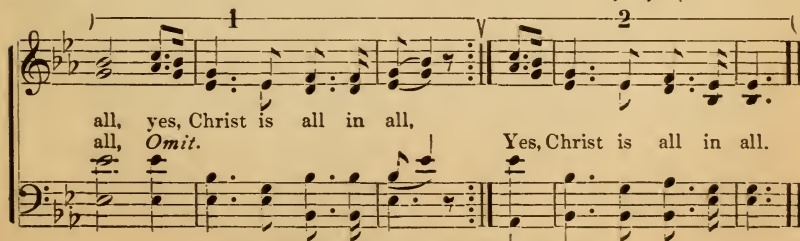


Yet peace and joy with-al; I asked the lone-ly mother whence Her helpless
 Wait-ing for Je-sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his
 Nor death his soul appall, I ask'd him whence his strength was giv'n, He look'd tri-
 To save from Satan's thrall, Nor home nor life he counted dear, 'Midst wants and
 A fire dissolved this ball. I saw the church's ransom'd throng, I heard the
 The Bride repeats the call, For He will cleanse your guilty stains, His love will

CHORUS.



wid-owhood's defense, She told me "Christ was all." Christ is all, all in
 spir-it passed a-way, He whispered, "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in
 umph-ant-ly to heaven, And answered, "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in
 per-ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in
 bur-den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all." Christ is all, all in
 soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all." Christ is all, all in



all, yes, Christ is all in all,
 all, *Omit.* Yes, Christ is all in all.

R. KELSO CARTER, (except first verse).

A. A.

1. Did you hear what Je-sus said to me? "They're all taken a - way, away,"
 2. Oh, this wondrous grace so free and full; They're all taken a - way, away,
 3. Now the cleansing streams of mercy flow; They're all taken a - way, away,
 4. I have plung'd beneath the crimson tide; They're all taken a - way, away,

My sins are pardoned and I am free, They're all tak - en a - way.
 Tho' red like crimson, they're now as wool; They're all tak - en a - way.
 My sins like scar-let are white as snow; They're all tak - en a - way.
 And now by faith I am pu - ri - fied; They're all tak - en a - way.

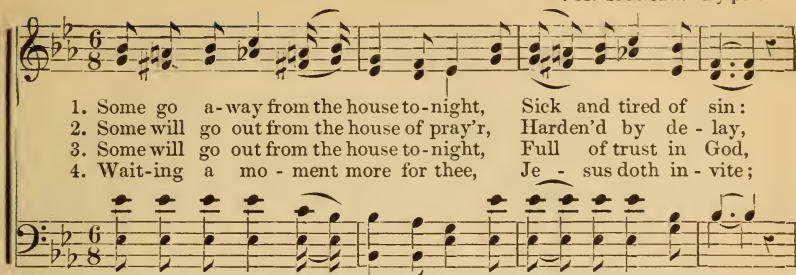
CHORUS.

They're all tak - en a - way, away, They're all tak - en a - way, a - way,

They're all tak - en away, away, My sins are all tak - en a - way.

- 5 Oh, the cleansing blood has washed my
 They're all taken away, away; [soul];
 And Jesus' healing has made me whole;
 They're all taken away.
- 7 So I praise the Lord for sins forgiven,
 They're all taken away, away;
 While on ward pressing my way to heav'n;
 They're all taken away.
- 6 Now the Spirit witnesses to me;
 They're all taken away, away;
 And keeps me standing in liberty;
 They're all taken away.
- 8 And when in glory we meet above;
 They're all taken away, away;
 We'll sing the song of Redeeming Love;
 They're all taken away.

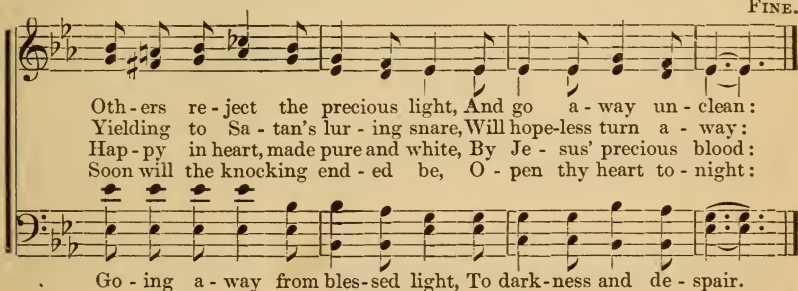
W. A. SPENCER. By per.



1. Some go a-way from the house to-night, Sick and tired of sin:
 2. Some will go out from the house of pray'r, Harden'd by de-lay,
 3. Some will go out from the house to-night, Full of trust in God,
 4. Wait-ing a mo-ment more for thee, Je-sus doth in-vite;

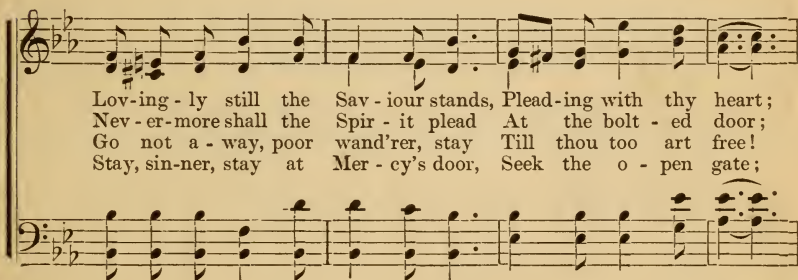
Chorus.—Go-ing a-way from Christ to-night, Away from His loving care;

FINE.



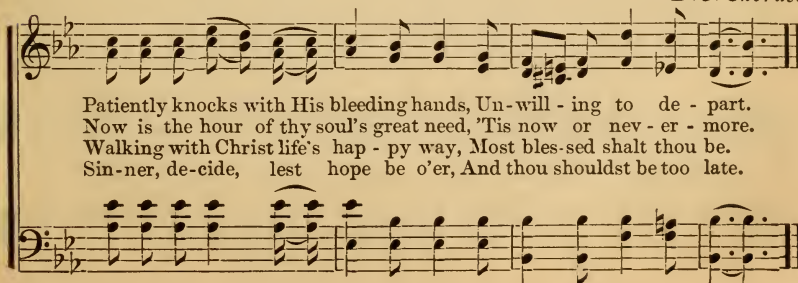
Oth-ers re-ject the pre-cious light, And go a-way un-clean:
 Yielding to Sa-tan's lur-ing snare, Will hope-less turn a-way:
 Hap-py in heart, made pure and white, By Je-sus' pre-cious blood:
 Soon will the knocking end-ed be, O-pen thy heart to-night:

Go-ing a-way from bles-sed light, To dark-ness and de-spair.

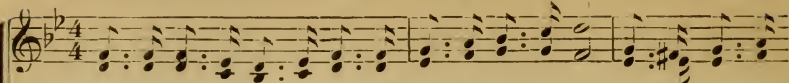


Lov-ing-ly still the Sav-iour stands, Plead-ing with thy heart;
 Nev-er-more shall the Spir-it plead At the bolt-ed door;
 Go not a-way, poor wand'rer, stay Till thou too art free!
 Stay, sin-ner, stay at Mer-cy's door, Seek the o-pen gate;

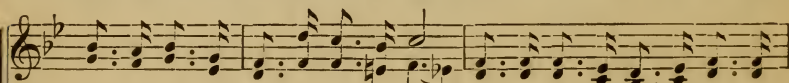
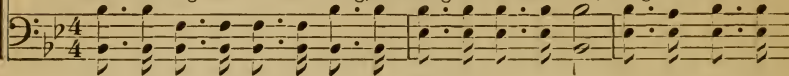
D.C. Chorus.



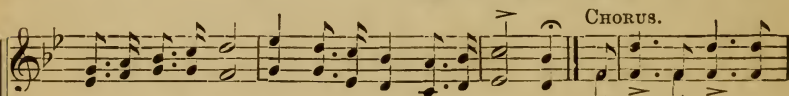
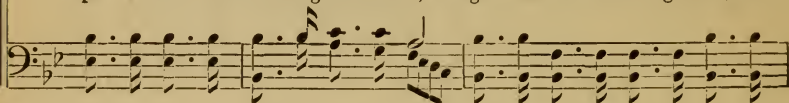
Patiently knocks with His bleeding hands, Un-will-ing to de-part.
 Now is the hour of thy soul's great need, 'Tis now or nev-er-more.
 Walking with Christ life's hap-py way, Most bles-sed shalt thou be.
 Sin-ner, de-cide, lest hope be o'er, And thou shouldst be too late.



1. Sing the Christian's marching song, and sing it with a will, Let the mu - sic
2. How the soldiers shouted when they heard the dear old song! How their faces
3. Yes, and there were loyal men, whose hearts with joy did swell, As they bore the
4. Let us sing the dear old song, and sing it o'er and o'er, Sing it with the

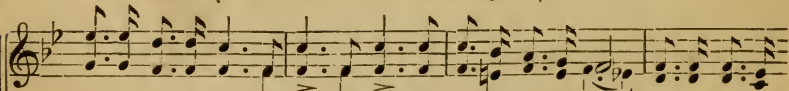
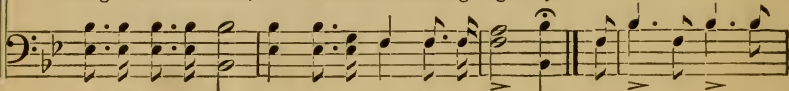


float along o'er val-ley, plain and hill; Sing as did the saints of old—in
brightened as the mu - sic roll'd a-long! How that song of Je-sus helped to
flag along of Him they loved so well; Blood-stained flag of One who died that
spir - it of the dear saint's gone before; Sing it thro' our marchings here, then

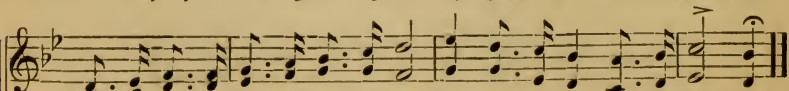
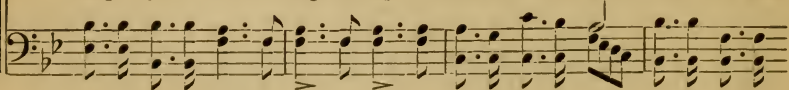


CHORUS.

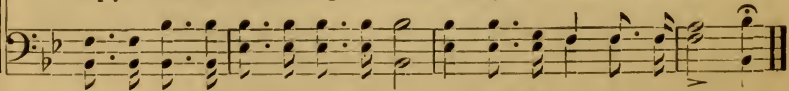
heaven singing still, While they were marching to glory. O sing, O sing the
make the feeble strong, While they were marching to glory.
they with Him might dwell, While they were marching to glory.
sing it ev-er-more, While we are marching to glo-ry.



song of ju-bi-lee, O sing, O sing of Him who set you free, Sing of Him each



step you take while marching to the sea, While you are marching to glo - ry.



1. { Way down up - on the paths for - bid - den, Once I did roam;
Oh! 'twas a path - way dark and lone - ly, Till one sweet day,

Far from the bless - ed Sav - iour hid - den, Far from sweet rest and home;
When I had learned that Je - sus on - ly, Washed all my sins a - way. }

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I no long - er roam;

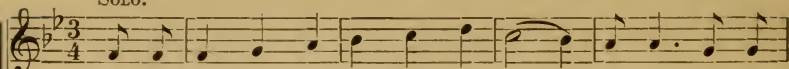
Now I am hap - py in my Sav - iour, I have found sweet rest and home.

- 2 Saved, from the depths of degradation,
Sins' dread abyss,
Praise God, there's now no condemna-
As Jesus owns me His; [tion,
Since all my sins the blood doth cover,
Sweet peace is mine;
Now, I can sing the story over—
Sing, of the love divine.
- 3 Oh! I am drinking from the fountain
So deep and wide;
Up to the heights of grace I'm mounting
Close by my Saviour's side.
Come, brothers, from the byways dreary,
No longer roam;
Lo! Jesus calls in language cheery;
"Come, find in Me sweet home."

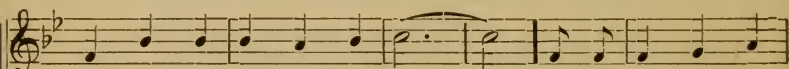
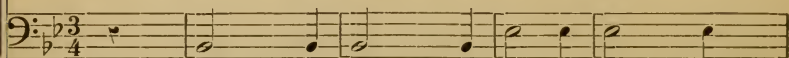
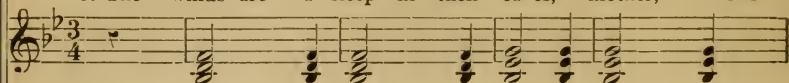
92. I Know Thou Art Praying For Me.

THEODORE E. PERKINS.

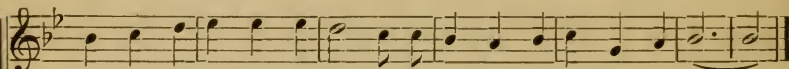
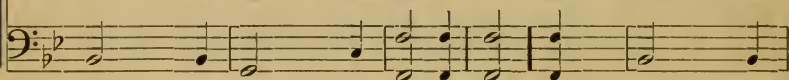
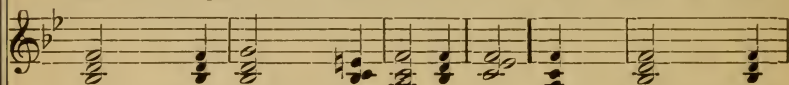
SOLO.



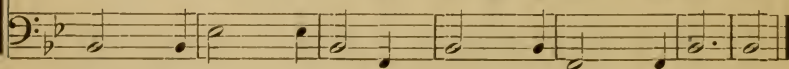
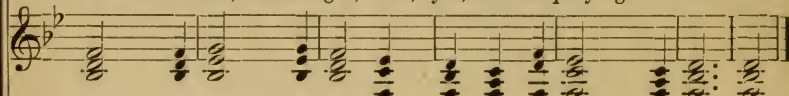
1. I am far from the land of my birth, mother, I am
2. I am lone - ly, and had I but wings, mother, I would
3. The winds are a - sleep in their caves, mother, Our



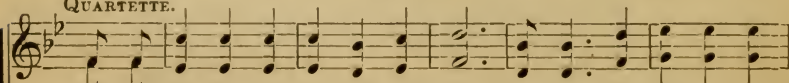
far from my dwell - ing and thee..... But I know thou art
fly like a bird - ling to thee..... Yet it's sweet to re -
star look - ing down, I can see..... It smiles on me



kneeling and praying to God, And I feel thou art praying for me.
mem - ber thy teachings of love, And to feel thou art praying for me.
now with its calm, mellow light, Ah, yes, thou art praying for me.



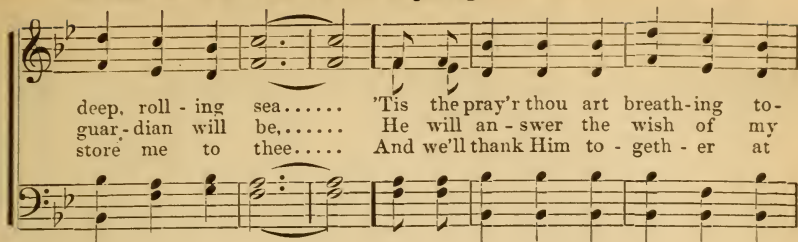
QUARTETTE.



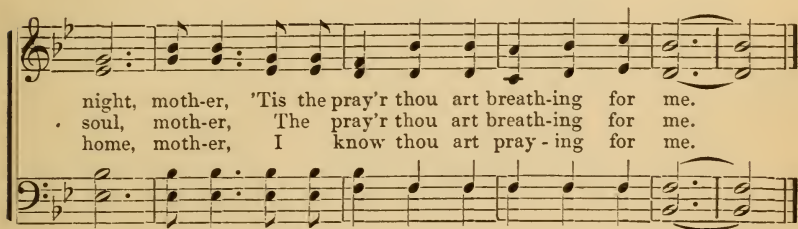
There's an ech - o steals o - ver my heart, moth - er, And floats on the
For the prayer of the faith - ful is heard, moth - er, And Je - sus my
And my life will be spared, I am sure, moth - er, Our Lord will re -



I Know Thou Art Praying For Me. Concluded.

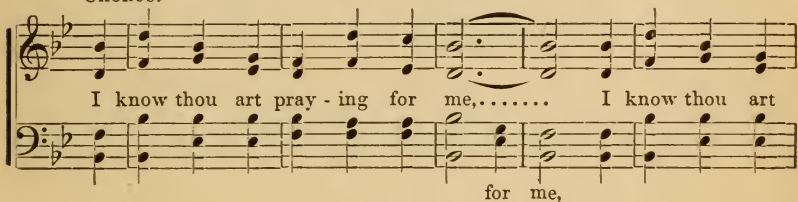


deep, roll - ing sea..... 'Tis the pray'r thou art breath-ing to-
 guar-dian will be,..... He will an - swer the wish of my
 store me to thee..... And we'll thank Him to - geth - er at

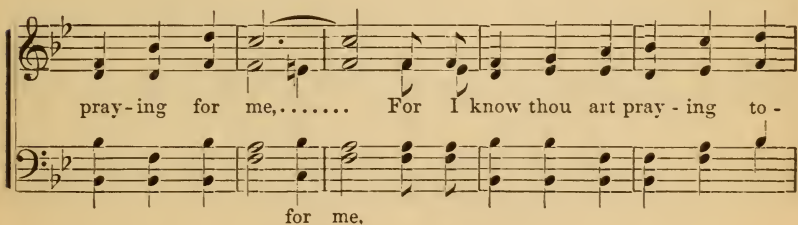


night, moth-er, 'Tis the pray'r thou art breath-ing for me.
 soul, moth-er, The pray'r thou art breath-ing for me.
 home, moth-er, I know thou art pray - ing for me.

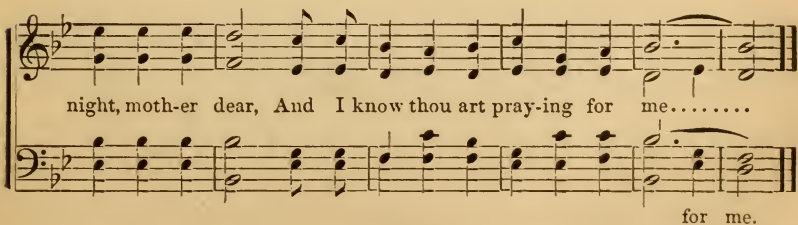
CHORUS.



I know thou art pray - ing for me,..... I know thou art
 for me,



pray - ing for me,..... For I know thou art pray - ing to -
 for me,



night, moth-er dear, And I know thou art pray-ing for me.....
 for me.

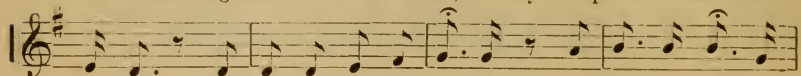
I'm Going Back to Jesus.

Words by HENRY H. HADLEY.

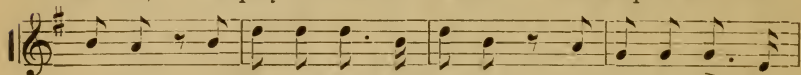
Music by C. A. WHITE, by per.

Allegretto. Not too fast.

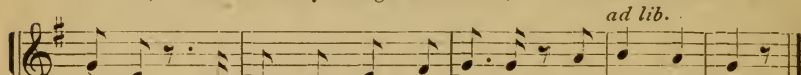
1. I'm go - ing back to Je - sus, I can no long - er
 2. I lived in sin - ful pleas - ure, In ri - ot spent my
 3. I'm trav - ling back to Je - sus, My step is slow and



wan - der; My heart's turn'd back to Je - sus, I can - not grieve Him
 treasure; I dream'd the world was joy - ful, For me with - out my
 fee - ble, I pray the Lord to lead me And keep me from all

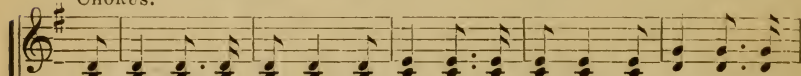


long - er, I miss the sweet com - mun - ion, The peace and heavenly
 Sav - iour, But O, when Sa - tan found me, With bit - ter chains he
 e - vil, And should my strength forsake me, Dear Je - sus, come and

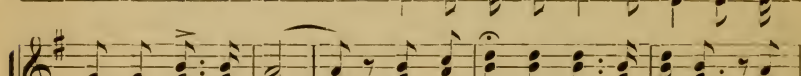
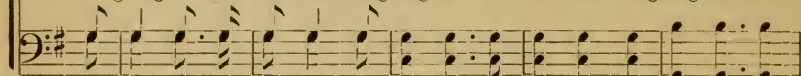


u - nion; My heart's turn'd back to Je - sus, And I must go.
 bound me; My heart's turn'd back to Je - sus, And I must go.
 take me, My heart's turn'd back to Je - sus, And I must go.

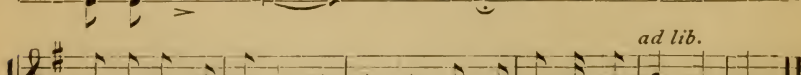
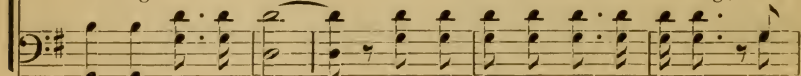
CHORUS.



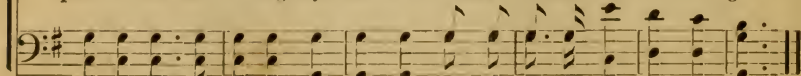
I'm going back to Je - sus, I'm going back to Je - sus, I'm going where the



liv - ing wa - ters flow. For I hear His sweet voice call - ing; Re -



pentant tears are fall - ing. My heart's turn'd back to Jesus, And I must go.

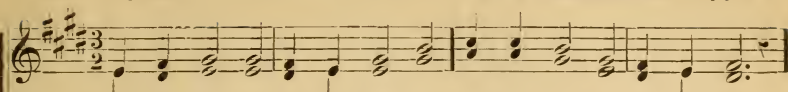


Sweetly Resting.

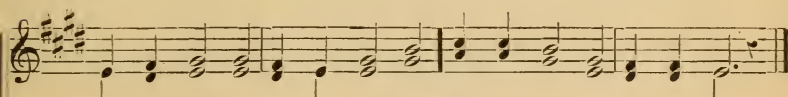
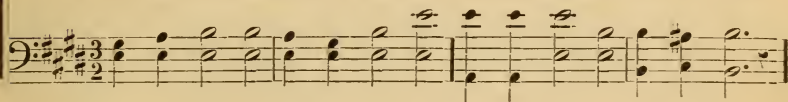
Dedicated to Chaplain C. C. McCabe.

MARY D. JAMES.

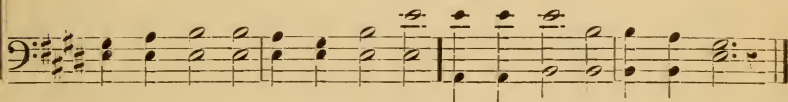
W. WARREN BENTLEY. By per.



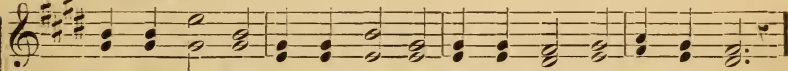
1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Safe-ly shel-ter'd, I a - bid;
2. Long pur-sued by sin and Sa - tan, Wea-ry, sad, I long'd for rest;
3. Peace, which passeth un-der-stand-ing, Joy, the world can nev - er give,
4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past,



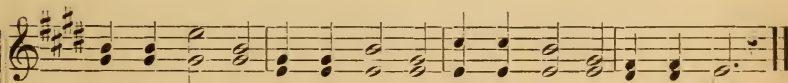
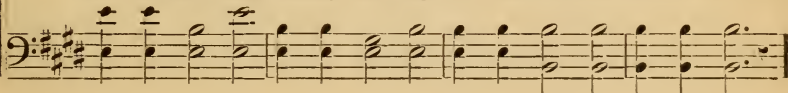
There no foes nor storms mo-lest me, While with-in the cleft I hide.
 Then I found this heav'n-ly shel-ter, O-pened in my Savior's breast.
 Now in Je - sus I am find-ing; In His smiles of love I live.
 All se - cure in this blest ref - uge, Heed-ing not the fierc-est blast.



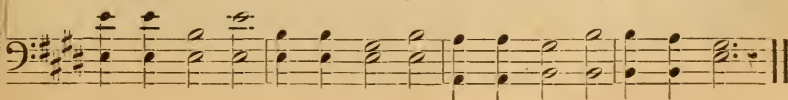
REFRAIN.



Now I'm rest - ing, Sweetly rest-ing, In the cleft once made for me:



Je - sus, bless-ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my-self in Thee.



94. Down in the Gilded Saloon.

An Answer to, "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?"

From "SILVER TONES," by per.

Words and Music by W. A. WILLIAMS.

p *rit.*

Where is my wand'ring boy to-night! Down in the gild-ed sa-loon.

mf

1. Down in a room all co-zy and bright, Filled with the glare of
 2. Learning new vic-es all the night long, Tempt-ed to all that's
 3. Lit-tle arms once were thrown round my neck, Look at him now, my
 4. Broth-er, I guess you'd en-ter this fight, If it were your boy

mp

ma-ny a light, Beau-ti-ful mu-sic the ear to de-light,
 sin-ful and wrong, List-en-ing to the har-lot's foul song,
 poor heart will break! Think of that boy to-night a sad wreck,
 down there to-night, Ru-ined and wrecked by the drink ap-pe-tite,

CHORUS. *m*

Down in the gild-ed sa-loon. There is my wand'ring boy to-night, There is my

cres.

wand'ring boy to-night, Down, down, down, down, Down in the gild-ed saloon!

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
 bright day com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to
 sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

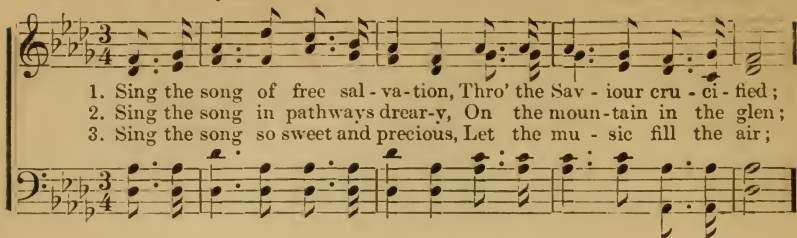
CHORUS.

Are you read-y, are you read-y, Are you read-y for the

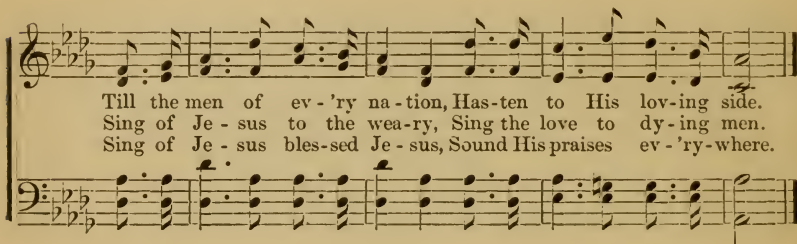
judgment day? Are you ready, are you ready For the judgment day?

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

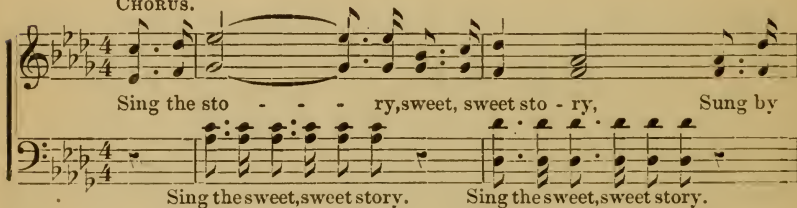


1. Sing the song of free sal - va - tion, Thro' the Sav - iour cru - ci - fied;
 2. Sing the song in pathways drear - y, On the moun - tain in the glen;
 3. Sing the song so sweet and precious, Let the mu - sic fill the air;

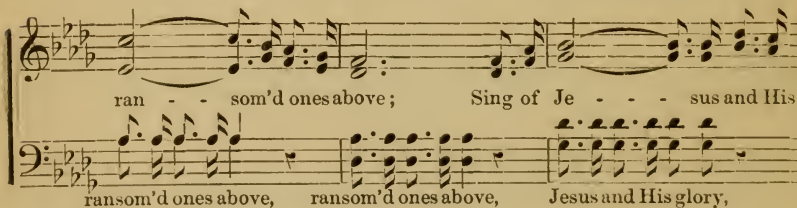


Till the men of ev - 'ry na - tion, Has - ten to His lov - ing side.
 Sing of Je - sus to the wea - ry, Sing the love to dy - ing men.
 Sing of Je - sus bles - sed Je - sus, Sound His praises ev - 'ry - where.

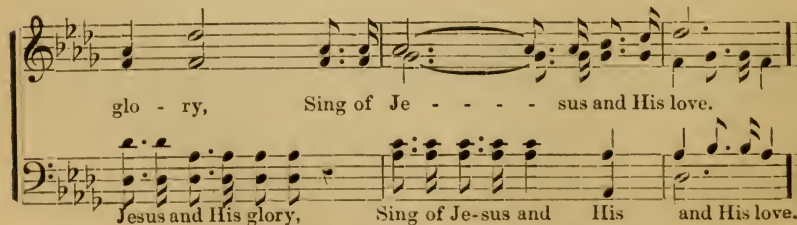
CHORUS.



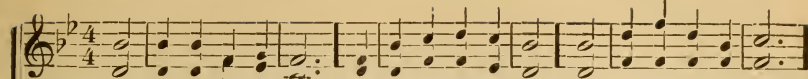
Sing the sto - - - ry, sweet, sweet sto - ry, Sung by
 Sing the sweet, sweet story. Sing the sweet, sweet story.



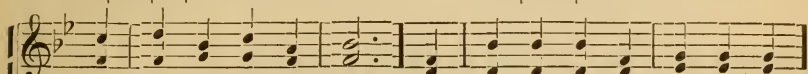
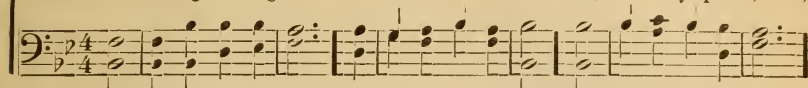
ran - - - som'd ones above; Sing of Je - - - sus and His
 ransom'd ones above, ransom'd ones above, Jesus and His glory,



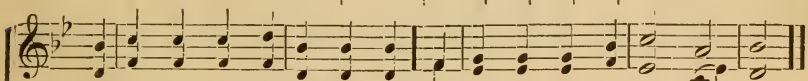
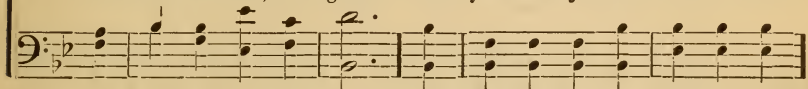
glo - ry, Sing of Je - - - - sus and His love.
 Jesus and His glory, Sing of Je - sus and His and His love.



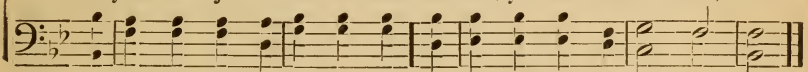
1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly-solemn sound! Let all the nations know,
2. Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made, Ye weary spirits, rest;



To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju-bi-lee is come!
Ye mournful souls, be glad: The year of ju-bi-lee is come!



The year of ju-bi-lee is come! Return, ye ransomed sin-ners, home
The year of ju-bi-lee is come! Return, ye ransomed sin-ners, home.



3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell.
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners. home.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,

They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive." they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father." cry.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
 2. There's mu - sic in my soul to - day, A car - ol to my King,
 3. There's springtime in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is near
 4. There's gladness in my soul to - day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Thanglows in a - ny earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
 And Je - sus, list - en - ing can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
 For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun - - shine blessed sunshine, When the peaceful, happy moments
 sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul,

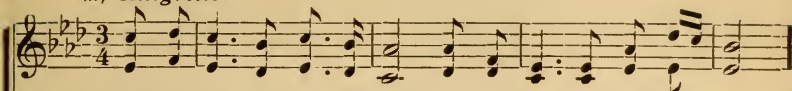
roll ; When Jesus shows His smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
 happy moments roll ;

I'm Believing and Receiving.

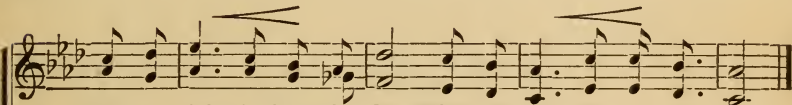
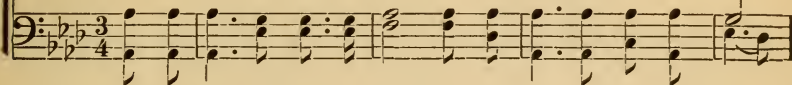
"Believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable."—1 PET. 1:8.

H. H. B.

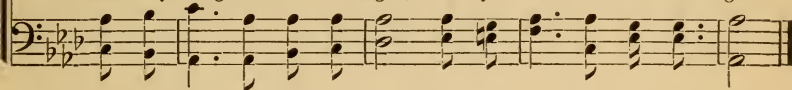
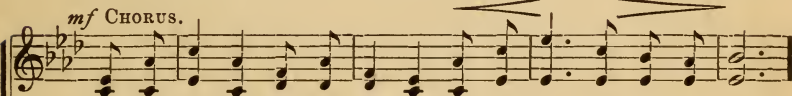
COMMANDANT HERBERT BOOTH. By per.

mf Allegretto.

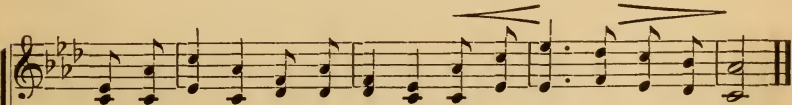
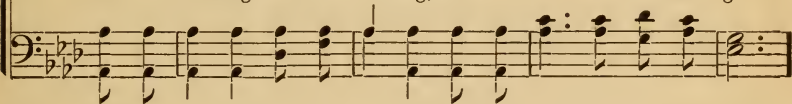
1. Sins of years are wash'd a-way, Blackest stains be-come as snow,
2. Doubts and fears are borne a-long On the cur-rent's ceaseless flow,
3. Ease and wealth become as dross, Worthless, earth's delight and show,
4. Self-ish-ness is lost in love, Love for Him whose love you know,
5. Fight-ing is a great de-light, Nev-er will you fear the foe,



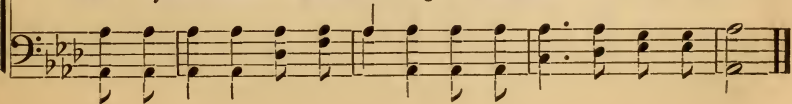
Dark-est night is changed to day, When you to the riv-er go.
 Sor-row changes in-to song, When you to the riv-er go.
 All your boast is in the cross, When you to the riv-er go.
 All your treas-ure is a-bove, When you to the riv-er go.
 Armed by King Je-ho-vah's might, When you to the riv-er go.

*mf* CHORUS.

I'm be-liev-ing and re-ceiving, While I to the riv-er go.



And my heart its waves are cleansing Whit-er than the driv-en snow.

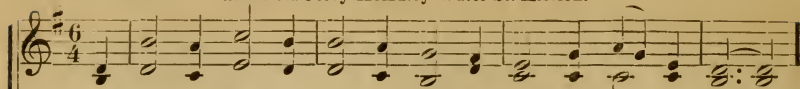


100. I'll Bear It, Lord, For Thee.

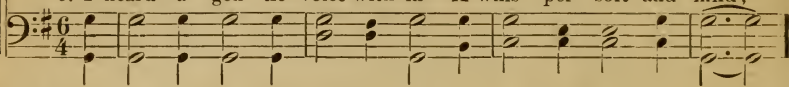
FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

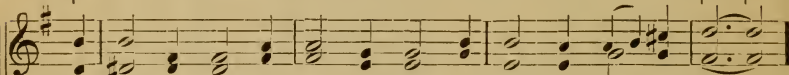
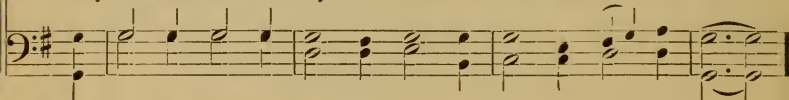
Suggested by the personal testimony of H. H. HADLEY, who was converted July 28, 1886, at the old Jerry McAuley Water St. Mission.



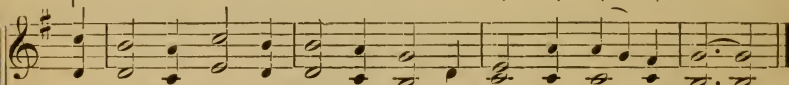
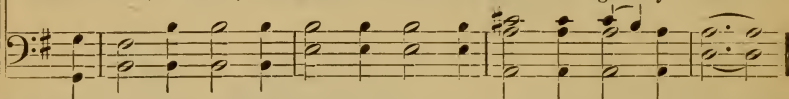
1. I longed to be a child of God, And do my Sav-iour's will;
2. The cloud was lift-ed from my soul, My bur-den rolled a-way;
3. I heard a gen-tle voice with-in—A whis-per soft and mild;



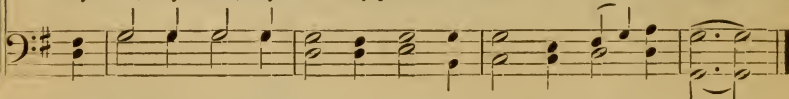
And yet the sin that most I feared, I knew un-con-quered still.
The light of joy a-round me shed, A calm and heavenly ray.
"Thy sin was can-celled by His blood, Who owns thee for His child."



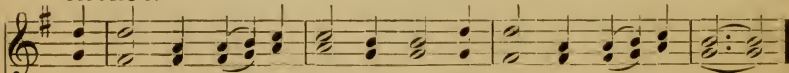
"Dear Lord," I said,—for as I knelt I saw Him on the tree—
"Dear Lord," I said, "I praise thy name For thy rich grace to me;
"Dear Lord," I said, "the work is thine, And thine the glo-ry be,



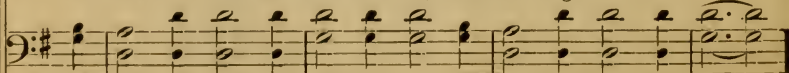
"This heav-y bur-den on my heart, I'll glad-ly bear for thee."
My load is gone and now I rest, In per-fect peace with thee."
My life, my soul, my ev-ery pow'r, I con-se-crate to thee."



CHORUS.



So now for Him who died for me, I'm will-ing all to bear;



I'll Bear It, Lord, For Thee. Concluded.

O - be-dient love will nev - er fail, To bring the answered prayer.

101. We'll Never Say Good By.

"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.
 Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
 2. How joy - ful is the tho't that lin-gers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
 3. No part - ing words shall e'er be spok-en In that bright land of flowers,

Yet ev - er comes the tho't of sadness That we must say good by.
 That when our la-bors here are end-ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
 But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - er - more be ours.

CHORUS.

We'll nev-er say good by in heaven, We'll nev-er say good by,.....

Repeat Chorus pp
 For in that land of joy and song, We'll nev-er say good by.

102. Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

JOSHUA GILL.

1. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine; By Thy
 2. Help me to live like Thee, Help me to live like Thee; By Thy
 3. Help me to love like Thee, Help me to love like Thee; By Thy

wonderful pow-er, By Thy grace ev - ery hour: Give me a heart like Thine.
 wonderful pow-er, By Thy grace ev - ery hour: Help me to live like Thee.
 wonderful pow-er, By Thy grace ev - ery hour: Help me to love like Thee.

4 Help me to pray like Thee.
 5 Help me to give like Thee.

6 Help me to speak like Thee.
 7 Help me to work like Thee.

Copyright, 1888, by JOSHUA GILL.

103. I am Bound for the Kingdom.

1. { Whith-er goest thou, pilgrim stranger, Wand'ring thro' this gloomy vale? }
2. { Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger, And will not thy courage fail? }
1. { Pil - grim thou hast justly called me, Pass-ing thro' the waste so wide, }
2. { But no harm will e'er be-fall me While I'm blest with such a guide. }

REFRAIN.

I am bound for the klugdom, Will you go to glory with me? Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord!

3 Such a guide? no guide attends thee,
 Hence for thee my fears arise:
 If some guardian power befriend thee,
 'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
 Darkly winding through the vale;
 Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee
 Would not then thy courage fail?

4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
 Such a guide my steps attend;
 He'll in every strait relieve me,
 He will guide me to the end.

6 No, that stream has nothing frightful.
 To its brink my steps I'll bend,
 Thence to plunge 'twill be delight—
 There my pilgrimage will end.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. In the gar - den prostrate ly - ing, Thro' long hours of ag - o - ny;
 2. Je - sus pleads till blood - drops gather, Till the vic - to - ry is won;
 3. Hark! the mul - ti - tude are cry - ing, As our Lord is led a - way;
 4. Up the hill - side steep and drear - y, All a - long the rug - ged road;

Un - to God the Son is crying; "Grant this cup may pass from me."
 Sweetly say - ing, "O my Fa - ther, Not my will but Thine be done."
 "Cru - ci - fy Him! cru - ci - fy Him! Save Bar - ab - bas, Je - sus slay."
 Per - se - cu - ted, faint and wea - ry, Je - sus bears the dreadful load.

CHORUS.

All for sinners, all for sinners, All the bit - ter ag - o - ny;

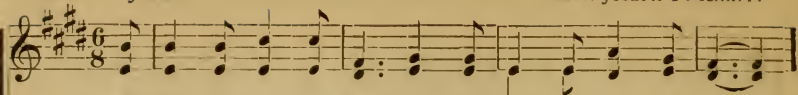
All for sinners, all for sinners, Cal - va - ry, Geth - sem - a - ne.

5 To the cross they nail our Saviour,
 Spit upon Him, mock, deride;
 From His side the blood so precious,
 Flows for us a healing tide.

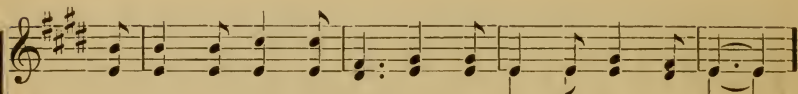
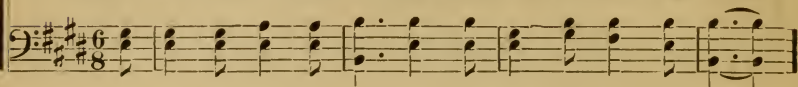
6 Hark, O sinner! "it is finished,"
 Rocks are rent while Jesus cries,
 "It is finished, it is finished,"
 Bows His sacred head and dies.

MARY D. JAMES.

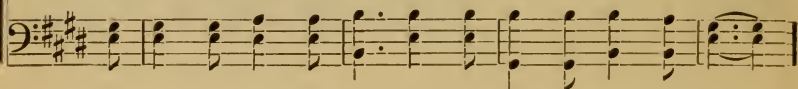
Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



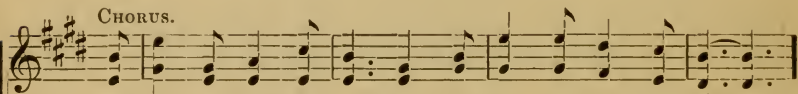
1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to Thee,
2. O, Je - sus, might-y Sav - iour, I trust in Thy great name,
3. O, let the fire, de-scend-ing Just now up - on my soul,
4. I am Thine, O blessed Je - sus, Wash'd by Thy cleans-ing blood;



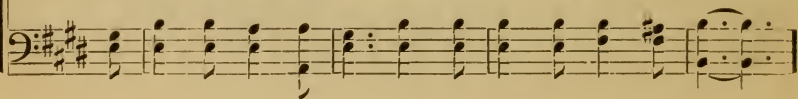
A con - se - crat - ed off-'ring, Thine ev - er - more to be.
 I look for Thy sal - va - tion, Thy prom - ise now I claim.
 Con - sume my hum - ble off-'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
 Now seal me by Thy Spir - it A sac - ri - fice to God.



CHORUS.



My all is on the Al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire:

*ritard.*

Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.



106.

O Turn Ye, O Turn Ye!

REV. JOSIAH HOPKINS.

REV. JOSIAH HOPKINS.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great
 2. And now Christ is read - y your souls to re - ceive, O how can you
 3. Why will you be starv - ing, and feed - ing on air? There's mer - cy in

mer - cy is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you, the
 ques - tion, if you will be - lieve? If sin is your bur - den, why
 Je - sus, e - nough and to spare; If still you are doubting, make

Spir - it says, "Come," And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.
 will you not come? 'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.
 tri - al and see, And prove that His mer - cy is boundless and free.

107. And Wilt Thou Yet be Found?

CHARLES WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. And wilt Thou yet be found, And may I still draw near?
 2. Je - sus, Thine aid af - ford, If still the same Thou art:
 3. I long to see Thy face; Thy Spir - it I im - plore—

Then lis - ten to the plaintive sound Of a poor sin - ner's prayer.
 To Thee I look, to Thee, my Lord, I lift my help - less heart.
 The liv - ing wa - ter of Thy grace, That I may thirst no more.

Words arranged by N. L. H.

Music arranged by Prof. O. S. SCHNAUFFER.

Dedicated to Rev. N. L. Hoopingarner.

SOLO.

1. From this world of sin and sor-row, We are pass - ing one by
2. Ma - ny loved ones have de-part - ed To their glo - rious home a -

one; But there will be a bright to-morrow, It is bet - ter farther on.
bove; And while we mourn we'll be light-hearted, For they're resting in His love.

CHORUS.

Far - ther on in the line of du - ty, Far a - way on the golden shore;

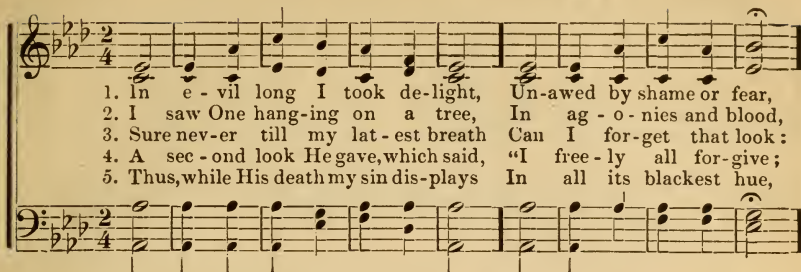
We shall rest in the realms of beau - ty, When the toil of life is o'er.

3 We have heard them tell the story,
Of their precious Saviour's love;
And while they spake a beam of glory,
Rested on them from above.

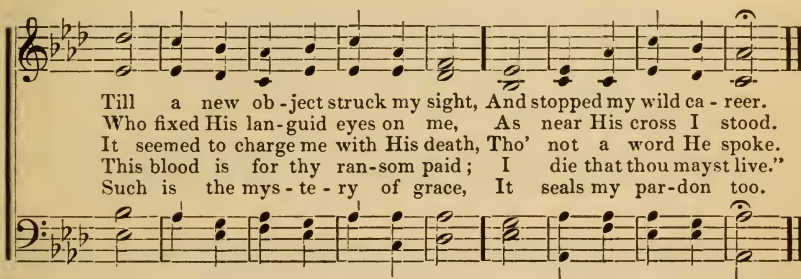
4 Many are down in the valley,
And can hear the waters roar;
But still they trust their blessed Saviour,
Who will bear them safely o'er.

5 And with angels bright and lovely,
Robed in garments pure and white;
There they will sing and shout forever,
In the home of saints in light.

6 Soon we all will be called over,
And shall meet each other there;
To live in joy with God forever,
Free from sorrow, toil and care.



1. In e - vil long I took de-light, Un-awed by shame or fear,
 2. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - nies and blood,
 3. Sure nev-er till my lat-est breath Can I for-get that look :
 4. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for-give;
 5. Thus, while His death my sin dis-plays In all its blackest hue,

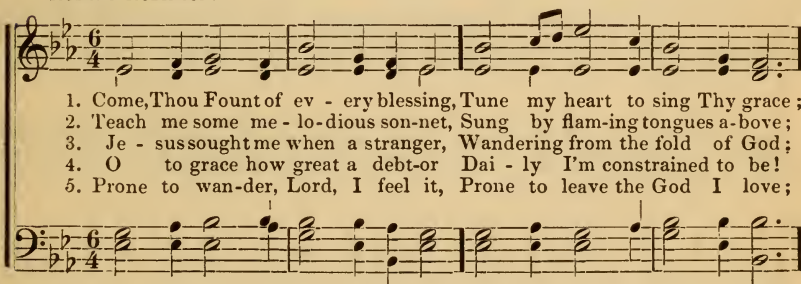


Till a new ob - ject struck my sight, And stopped my wild ca - reer.
 Who fixed His lan-guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
 It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
 This blood is for thy ran-som paid; I die that thou mayst live."
 Such is the mys - te - ry of grace, It seals my par-don too.

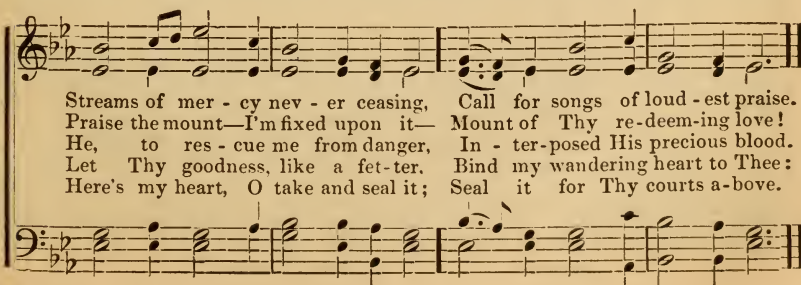
110.

Bartimeus.

ROBERT ROBINSON.



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Teach me some me - lo - dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;
 3. Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;
 4. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!
 5. Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

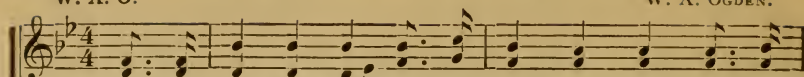


Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
 Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it— Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love!
 He, to res - cue me from danger, In - ter - posed His precious blood.
 Let Thy goodness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

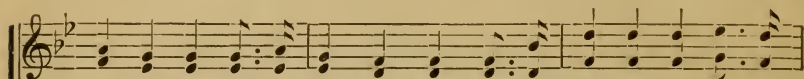
111. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

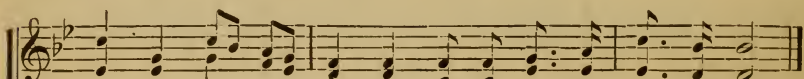
W. A. OGDEN.



1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the
 2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the
 3. 'Tis the grand - est theme, let the tid - ings roll, To the

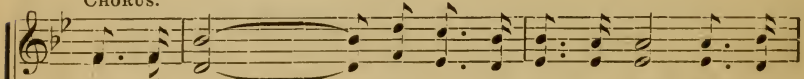


grand - est theme for a mor - tal tongue, 'Tis the grand - est theme that the
 grand - est theme for a mor - tal strain, 'Tis the grand - est theme tell the
 guilt - y heart, to the sin - ful soul, Look to God in faith, He will

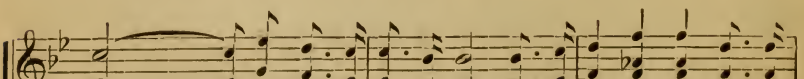


world e'er sung, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."
 world a - gain, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."
 make thee whole, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

CHORUS.



He is a - - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee, He is
 a - ble, He is a - ble,



a - - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee: Tho' by sin opprest, Go to
 a - ble, He is a - ble

He is Able to Deliver Thee. Concluded.

Him for rest; Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.

112. Gather Them In.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. Gather them in! for yet there is room At the feast that the King has spread;
2. Gather them in! for yet there is room; But our hearts—how they throb with pain,
3. Gather them in! for yet there is room; 'Tis a message from God a - bove;

Oh, gather them in—let His house be filled, And the hungry and poor be fed.
To think of the ma - ny who slight the call That may never be heard a - gain!
Oh, gather them in - to the fold of grace, And the arms of the Saviour's love!

REFRAIN.

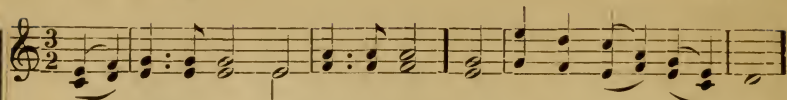
Out in the highway, out in the by-way, Out in the dark paths of sin,

Go forth, go forth, with a lov - ing heart, And gather the wand'ers in!

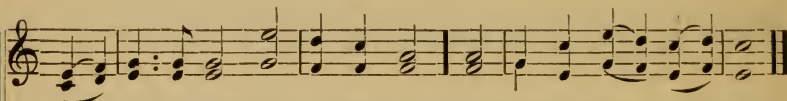
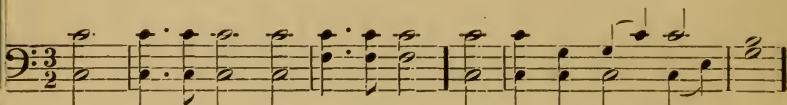
113. He Saves the Drunkard Too.

HENRY H. HADLEY.

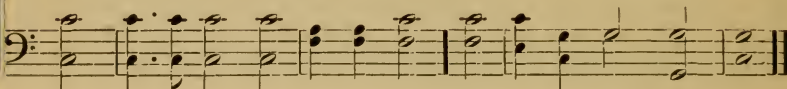
GEORGE KINSLEY.



1. My Saviour can the drunkard save, For He has res - cued me.
2. He once the kneeling lep - er cleans'd, And gave him life a - new;
3. While waiting at Be - thes-da's pool He made the lame to walk;
4. Then standing by the widow's son, Our pity-ing Lord we view.



One thing I know: I once was blind, But now, thank God, I see.
 He res-cued Pe - ter from the wave; He saves the drunk-ard too.
 The beg-gar healed at Jer - i - cho, And caus'd the dumb to talk.
 He sav'd poor Ma - ry Mag - da - lene; He saves the drunk-ard too.



- 5 The withered hand His voice restored, 6 Oh, weary sinner, come to Him,
 And He the damsel raised. 'Tis all that thou canst do.
 Called Lazarus forth, and they who saw Remember, He alone can keep
 Stood wondering and amazed. And save the drunkard too.

Copyright, 1890, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

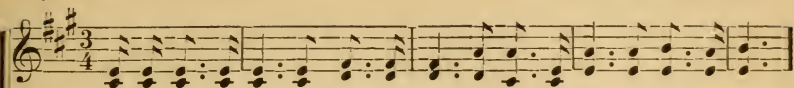
- 1 How vain are all things here below!
 How false, and yet how fair!
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,
 And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
 Give but a flattering light;
 We should suspect some danger nigh,
 Where we possess delight.
- 3 The fondness of a creature's love,—
 How strong it strikes the sense!
 Thither the warm affections move,
 Nor can we call them thence.
- 4 My Saviour, let Thy beauties be
 My soul's eternal food;
 And grace command my heart away
 From all created good.

ISAAC WATTS.

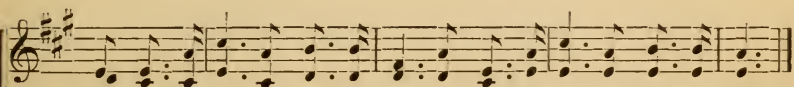
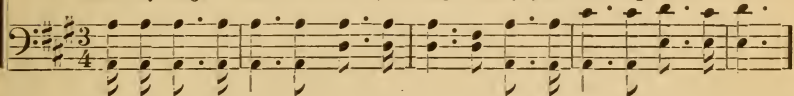
114. Can a Boy Forget His Mother?

J. H. W.

Rev. J. H. WEBER. By per.

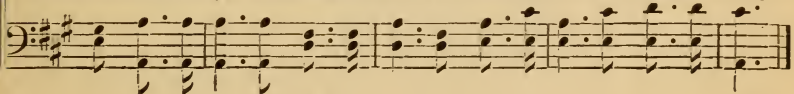


1. Can a boy forget his mother's prayer, When he has wander'd, God knows where?
2. Can a boy forget his mother's face, Where heart was kind and filled with grace?
3. Can a boy forget his mother's door, From which he wan-dered years before?
4. Can a boy forget that she is dead, Though many years have passed and fled?

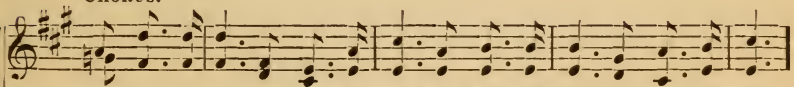


Its down the path of death and shame, But mother's prayers are heard the same!
Her lov-ing voice it echoes sweet; She waits, she longs her boy to meet!

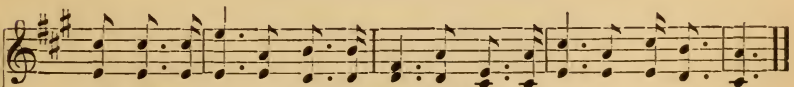
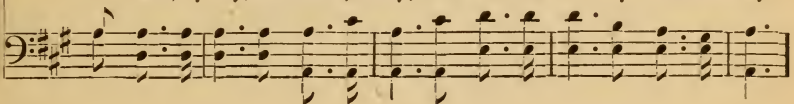
With tears and sighs she said, "Good-bye, Meet me, my boy, beyond the sky!"
Those tears, that prayer, that sweet "Good-bye;" She waits to welcome thee on high!



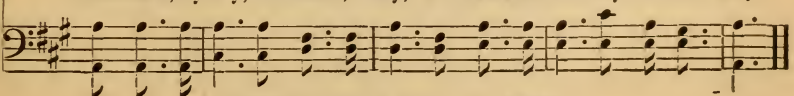
CHORUS.



Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk now in thy mother's way!

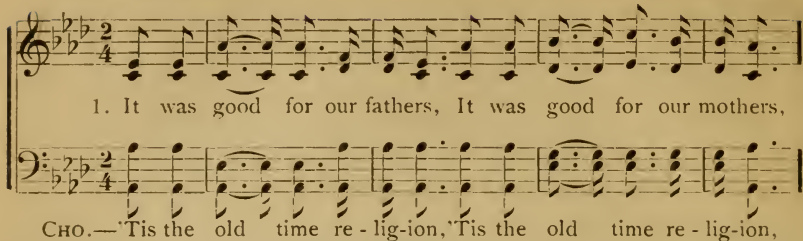


Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk now in thy mother's way.

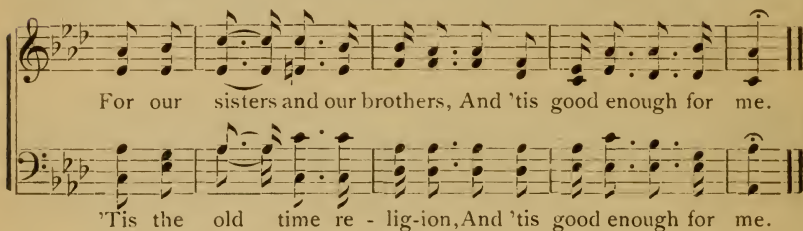


For "RESCUE SONGS."

Arr. by GRANT C. TULLER.



1. It was good for our fathers, It was good for our mothers,
CHO.—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion,



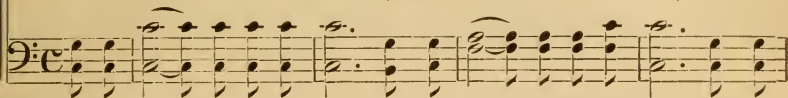
For our sisters and our brothers, And 'tis good enough for me.
'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And 'tis good enough for me.

- 2 :||: Makes me love everybody, :||:
And 'tis good enough for me.
- 3 :||: It was good for the Prophet Daniel, :|| :
And 'tis good enough for me.
- 4 :||: It was good for the Hebrew children, :||:
And 'tis good enough for me.
- 5 :||: It was good for Paul and Silas, :||:
And 'tis good enough for me.
- 6 :||: It will save a poor lost sinner, :||:
And 'tis good enough for me.
- 7 :||: It will lighten every burden, :||:
And 'tis good enough for me.
- 8 :||: It will make you leave off drinking, :||:
And 'tis good enough for me.
- 9 :||: It brought me out of bondage, :||:
And 'tis good enough for me
- 10 :||: It will sanctify you wholly, :||:
And 'tis good enough for me.
- 11 :||: It will do when you are dying, :||:
And 'tis good enough for me.
- 12 :||: It will take us home to heaven, :||:
And 'tis good enough for me.

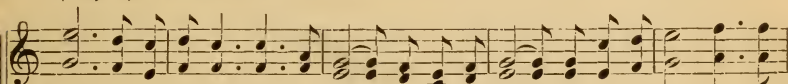
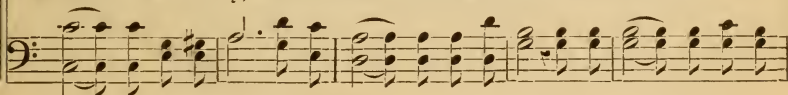
On the Cross of Calvary.



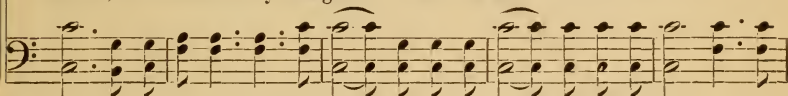
1. On the Cross of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus died for you and me ; There He
2. Oh, what wondrous, wondrous love, Bro't me down at Je - sus' feet ; Oh, such
3. Take me, Je - sus, I am Thine, Wholly Thine, for - ev - er - more ; Bless - ed
4. Clouds and darkness veil'd the skies, When the Lord was cru - ci - fied ; "It is



shed His precious blood, That from sin we might be free. Oh, the cleansing stream does won - drous, dying love, Asks a sac - ri - fice complete. Here I give myself to Je - sus, Thou art mine, Dwell within, forevermore. Cleanse, oh, cleanse my heart from fin - ish'd !" was His cry, When He bow'd His head and died. It is fin - ish'd, it is

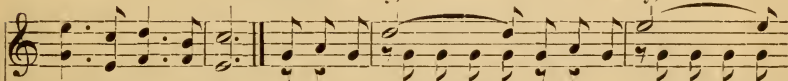


flow, And it washes white as snow : It was for me that Jesus died On the Tree, Soul and body Thine to be : It was for me Thy blood was shed On the sin, Make and keep me pure within : It was for this Thy blood was shed On the finish'd, All the world may now go free : It was for me that Jesus died On the



CHORUS.

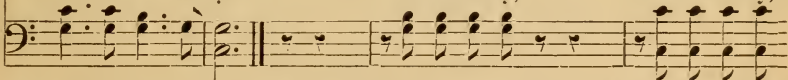
Of Cal - va - ry, Of Cal - va - ry,



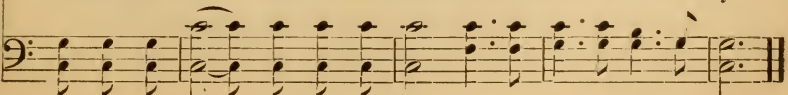
Cross of Cal - va - ry.

Of Cal - va - ry,

Of Cal - va - ry,



It was for me that Je - sus died On the Cross of Cal - va - ry.



Why I Love Jesus.

(As Sung by Col. Hadley.)

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1-5. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?

'Tis because from the chains of drunk-en-ness He stoop'd and set me free.
 'Tis because the blood of Je - sus Ful-ly saves and cleanses me.
 'Tis because, a - mid temp-ta - tion, He supports and strengthens me.
 'Tis because in ev-'ry con - flict Je - sus gives me vic - to - ry.
 'Tis because my Friend and Sav-iour He will ev - er, ev - er be.

CHORUS.

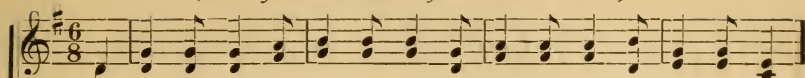
This is why..... I love my Je - - sus, This is
 This is why I love my Je - sus, This is why I love Him so, This is

why..... I love Him so, He a-toned..... for my trans-
 why I love my Je-sus, This is why I love Him so, He has pardon'd my transgressions, He has

gres - - sions, He has washed..... me white as snow.
 pardoned my transgressions, He has wash'd me, He has made me white as snow, white as snow.

118. I'm Kneeling at the Mercy-seat.

(Use any Common Metre Hymn with this Chorus.)



I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy-seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy-seat,
I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,



I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy-seat, Where Je-sus answers prayer.
I can, I will, I do be-lieve That Je-sus saves me now.

1 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

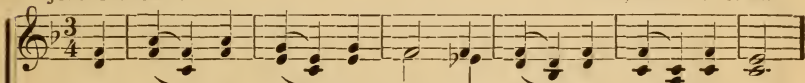
3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul:
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.


119. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT.

Tune, DENNIS. S. M.



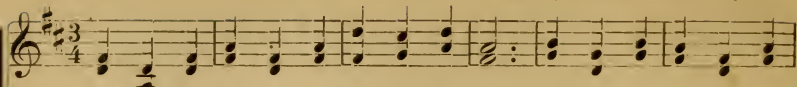
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;



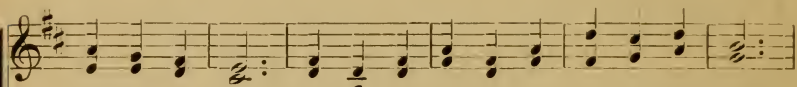
The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.

W. J. K.

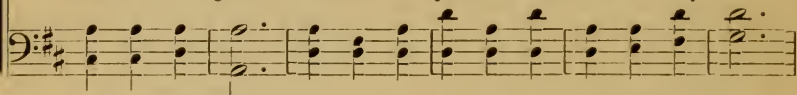
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



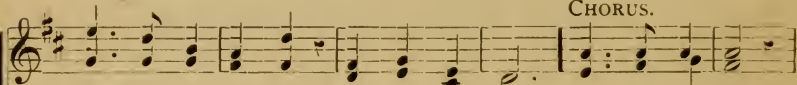
1. Je - sus, my Saviour, is all things to me, Oh, what a won - der - ful
2. Je - sus in sickness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov - er - ty,
3. He is my Ref-uge, my Rock, and my Tower, He is my Fortress, my
4. He is my Prophet, my Priest, and my King, He is my Bread of Life,
5. Je - sus in sor-row, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus my Treas-ure in



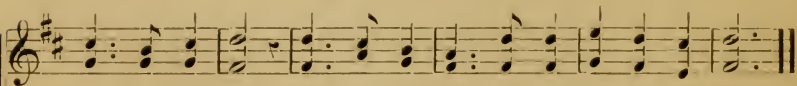
Sav-iour is He: Guid-ing, pro-tect-ing, o'er life's roll-ing sea,
 com-fort or wealth, Sun-shine or tem-pest, what - ev - er it be,
 Strength and my Power; Life Ev - er - last - ing, my Day'sman is He,
 Fountain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day-star is He,
 loss or in gain; Con-stant Com-pan-ion, wher-e'er I may be,



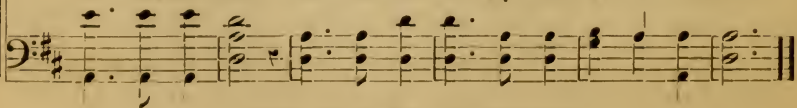
CHORUS.

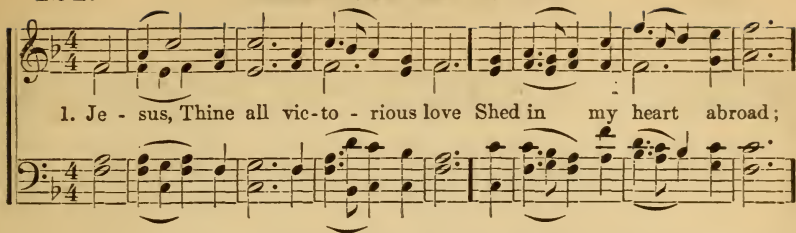


Might-y De - liv - 'rer— Je - sus for me. Je - sus for me,
 He is my safe - ty:— Je - sus for me.
 Bless - ed Re-deem - er,— Je - sus for me.
 Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me.
 Liv - ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me!

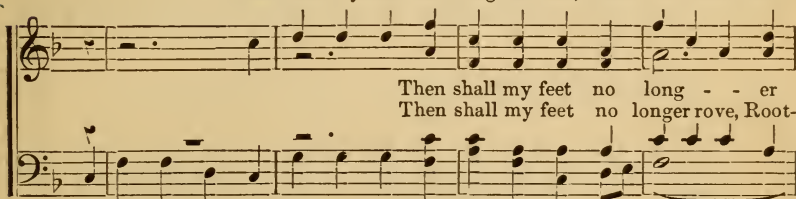


Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - ery-where, Je - sus for me.

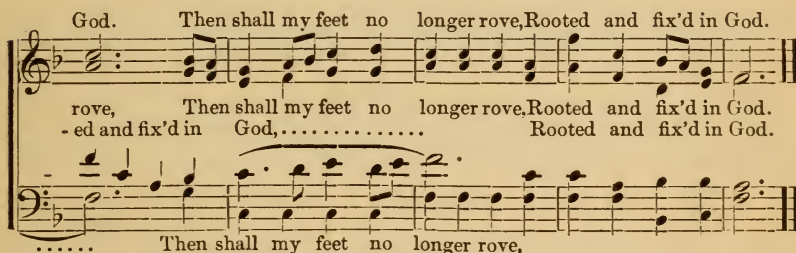




Then shall my feet no long-er rove, Root - ed and fix'd in



Then shall my feet no long-er rove, Root-ed and fix'd in God.....



2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

3 O that it now from heav'n might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

122. O Joyful Sound of Gospel Grace!

1 O joyful sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see His face,
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view;
Conqueror thro' Him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;

My hope is full, O glorious hope!
Of immortality.

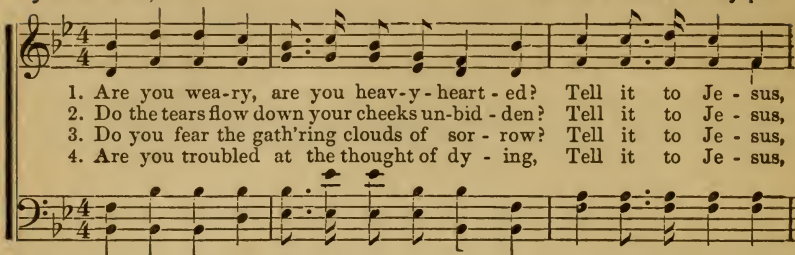
4 With me, I know, I feel, Thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless Thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

5 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God!

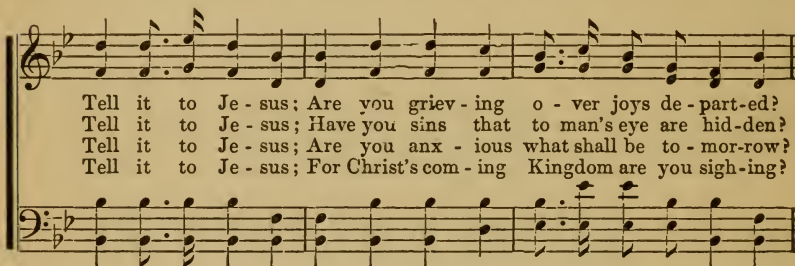
"Tell it to Jesus."—Matt. 14: 12.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

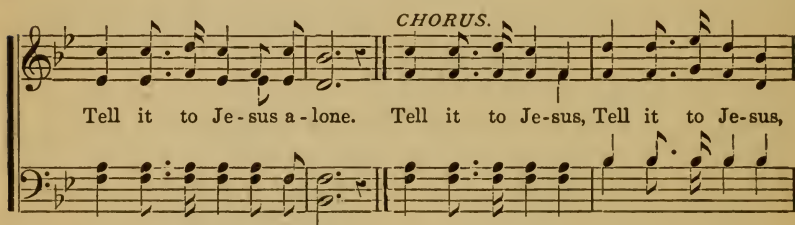
Rev. E. S. LORENZ. By per.



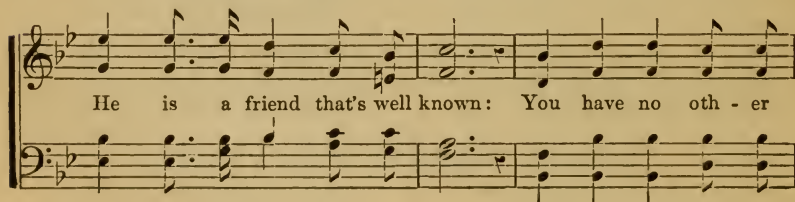
1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid-den? Tell it to Je-sus,
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,
 4. Are you troubled at the thought of dy-ing, Tell it to Je-sus,



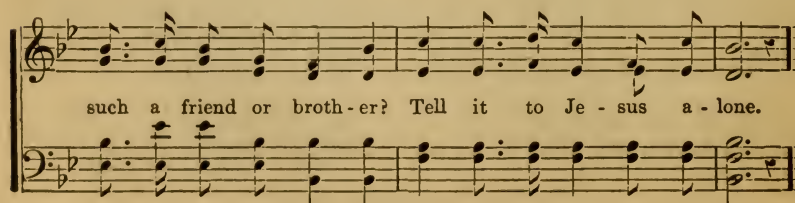
Tell it to Je-sus; Are you griev-ing o-ver joys de-part-ed?
 Tell it to Je-sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-den?
 Tell it to Je-sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to-mor-row?
 Tell it to Je-sus; For Christ's com-ing Kingdom are you sigh-ing?



CHORUS.
 Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus,



He is a friend that's well known: You have no oth-er

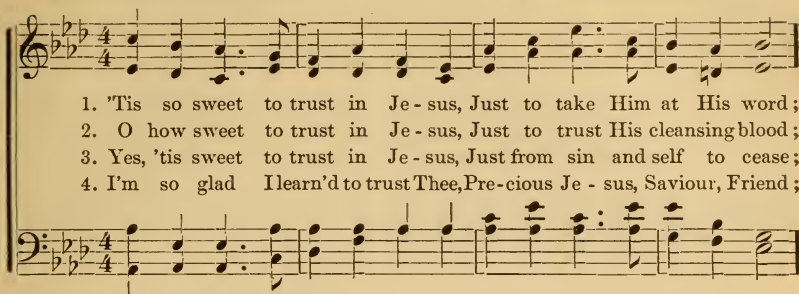


such a friend or broth-er? Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.

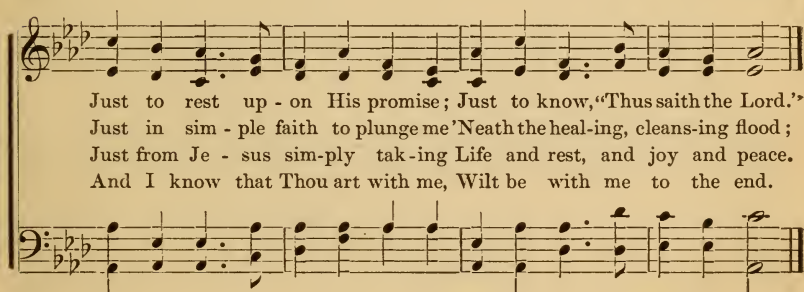
124. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

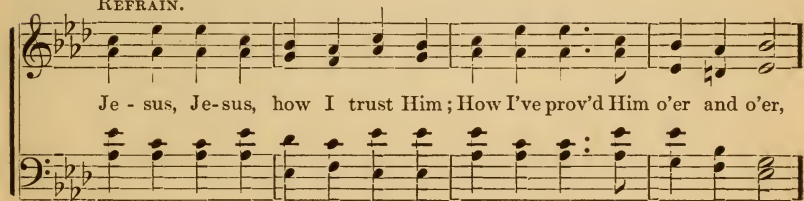


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
 2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
 4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Saviour, Friend;

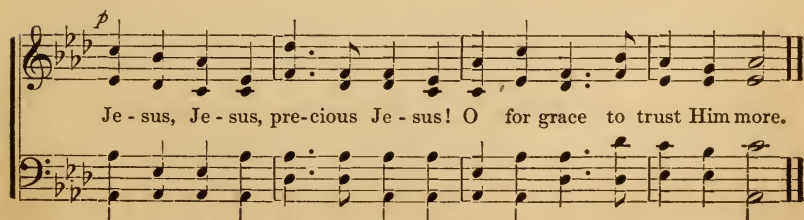


Just to rest up - on His promise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleans - ing flood;
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
 And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

REFRAIN.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him; How I've prov'd Him o'er and o'er,

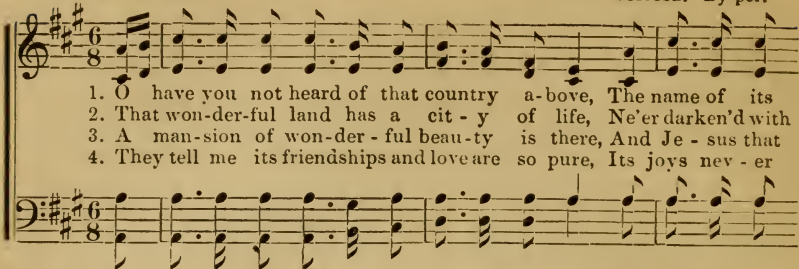


p
 Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

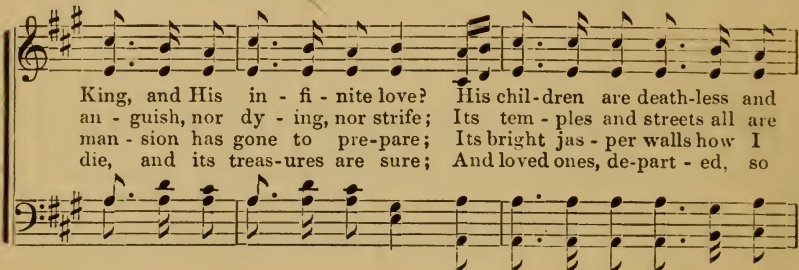
"And the city had no need of the sun: for the glory of God did lighten it."—REV. 21: 23.

Rev. W. W. BAILY.

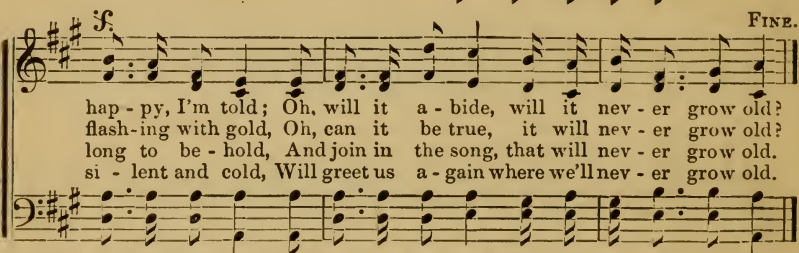
I. N. McHose. By per.



1. O have you not heard of that country a - bove, The name of its
2. That won - der - ful land has a cit - y of life, Ne'er darken'd with
3. A man - sion of won - der - ful beau - ty is there, And Je - sus that
4. They tell me its friendships and love are so pure, Its joys nev - er



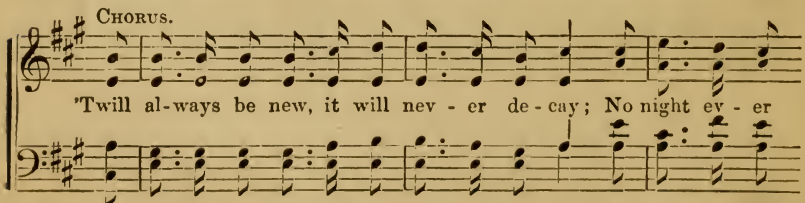
King, and His in - fi - nite love? His chil - dren are death - less and
an - guish, nor dy - ing, nor strife; Its tem - ples and streets all are
man - sion has gone to pre - pare; Its bright jas - per walls how I
die, and its treas - ures are sure; And loved ones, de - part - ed, so



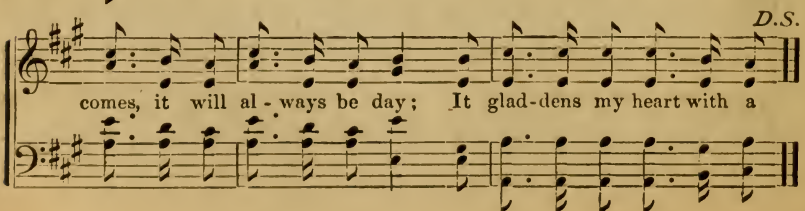
hap - py, I'm told; Oh, will it a - bide, will it nev - er grow old?
flash - ing with gold, Oh, can it be true, it will nev - er grow old?
long to be - hold, And join in the song, that will nev - er grow old.
si - lent and cold, Will greet us a - gain where we'll nev - er grow old.

D.S.—joy that's un - told, To think of that land that will nev - er grow old.

CHORUS.



'Twill al - ways be new, it will nev - er de - cay; No night ev - er

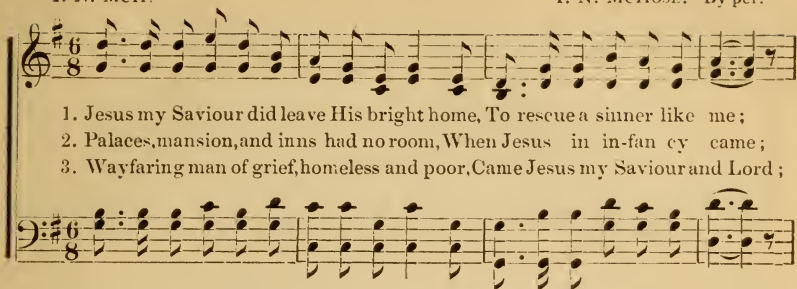


comes, it will al - ways be day; It glad - dens my heart with a

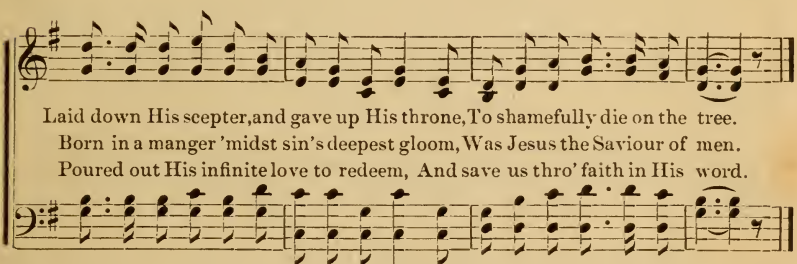
126. Oh, Such Wonderful Love!

I. N. McIl.

I. N. McHose. By per.

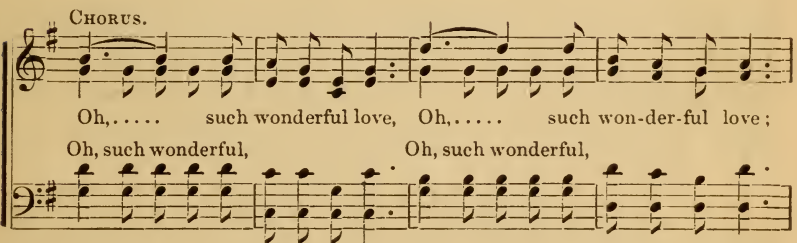


1. Jesus my Saviour did leave His bright home, To rescue a sinner like me;
 2. Palaces, mansion, and inns had no room, When Jesus in in-fan cy came;
 3. Wayfaring man of grief, homeless and poor, Came Jesus my Saviour and Lord;

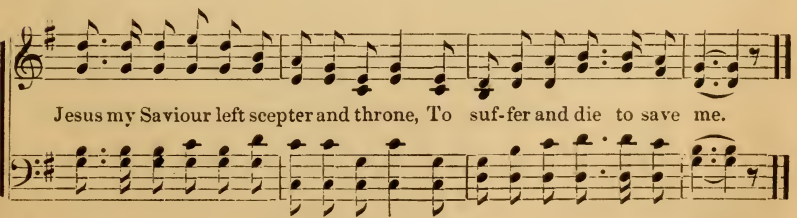


Laid down His scepter, and gave up His throne, To shamefully die on the tree.
 Born in a manger 'midst sin's deepest gloom, Was Jesus the Saviour of men.
 Poured out His infinite love to redeem, And save us thro' faith in His word.

CHORUS.



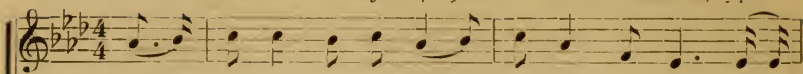
Oh, such wonderful love, Oh, such won-der-ful love;
 Oh, such wonderful, Oh, such wonderful,



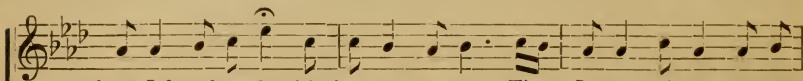
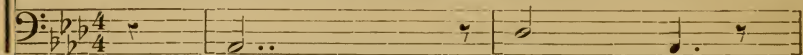
Jesus my Saviour left scepter and throne, To suf-fer and die to save me.

1 John 4: 19.

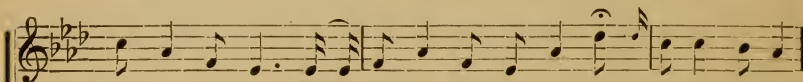
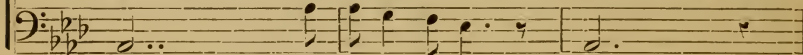
F. B. GILLESPIE, by per.



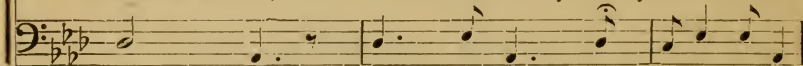
1. There's a dear place remembrance brings back to me, It's
2. And oft when I'm tempt-ed to turn from the track, When I
3. It pays to serve Je-sus, I speak from my heart, He'll
4. There's a full-ness of bless-ing for all who be-lieve, And His



where I found pardon, it's heaven to me; There Je-sus spoke peace to my
 think of my Saviour, my mind wanders back To the time when He suffered
 ev - er be with us, if we do our part; There's naught in the world can true
name now confessing, His Spir-it receive; For He sanctifies wholly and



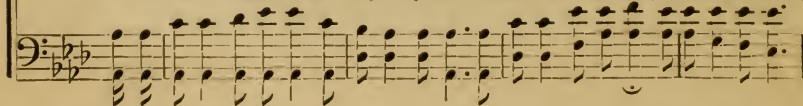
poor wea - ry soul, He for-gave all my sins, and made my heart whole.
 on Cal-vary's tree, And I hear a voice say - ing, "I suf-fered for thee."
 plea-sure af - ford, But there's peace and contentment in serving the Lord.
 saves from all sin, All who con-se - crate ful - ly, and by faith en-ter in.



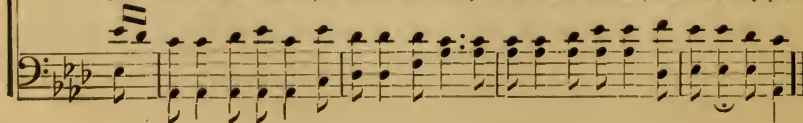
CHORUS.



O I love Him far better than in days of yore, I'll serve Him more truly than ever before;



I'll do as He bids me, Whatever the cost; I'll be a true soldier, and die at my post.



128.

Going Home at Last.

Rev. W. GOSSETT.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. The evening shades are falling, The sun is sinking fast; The Ho-ly One is
 2. The road's been long and dreary, The toils came thick and fast; In body weak and
 3. We now are near-ing heaven, And soon shall be at rest; Our crowns will soon be
 4. Oh, praise the Lord for-ev-er, Our sorrows all are past; We'll part no more, no,

CHORUS.

call-ing, We're go-ing home at last. Go-ing home at last,
 wea-ry, We're go-ing home at last.
 giv-en, We're go-ing home at last.
 nev-er, We are at home at last.

Go-ing home at last; The march will soon be over, We're going home at last.

By permission.

129.

The Lord's Prayer.

Reverently.

1. Our Father which art in heaven hallowed be thy name, Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
 2. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

1. Our Father which art in heaven hallowed be thy name, Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
2. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

130.

Face the Other Way.

E. R. LATTI.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Broad the road of e - vil, And the crowd is there, Sowing to the whirlwind,
 2. What the Lord commandeth, Hear it and o - bey, Ere too late for - ev - er,
 3. In the way so nar - row, Where His people go, Let your feet be treading,
 4. "Blessed of my Father!" Hear the Saviour say, E'en this moment choose Him,

Lay - ing up despair; If you're in the broad road, Flee from it to - day,
 Face the oth - er way; If you're in the broad road, Flee from it to - day,
 Sin - ner here be - low; If you're in the broad road, Flee from it to - day,
 Face the oth - er way; If you're in the broad road, Flee from it to - day,

D.S.— If you're in the broad road, Flee from it to - day,

FINE. CHORUS.
 If you're looking sinwards, Face the oth - er way. Face the oth - er way,
 If you're looking sinwards, Face the oth - er way.

D.S.
 Face the oth - er way, If you're looking sinwards, Face the oth - er way.

Copyright, 1893, by H. H. HADLEY.

131.

Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C.

By per. JOHN J. HOOD.

R. KELSO CARTER.

- 1 Standing on the promises of Christ my King,
 Through eternal ages let His praises ring;
 Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing,
 Standing on the promises of God.—CHO.
- 2 Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
 Listening every moment to the Spirit's call,
 Resting in my Saviour, as my all in all,
 Standing on the promises of God.—CHO.

CHORUS.

Standing, Standing, Standing on the promises of God my Saviour;
 Standing, Standing, I'm standing on the promises of God.

Words and Music in "Precious Hymns." JOHN J. HOOD, Pub., Phila.

132.

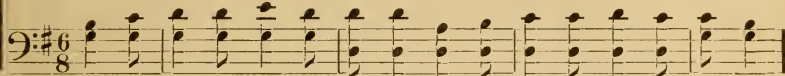
Follow All the Way.

GEO. W. COLLINS.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



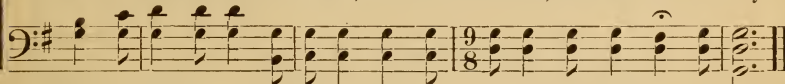
1. I have heard my Saviour call-ing, I have heard my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. Tho' He leads me thro' the val-ley, Tho' He leads me thro' the val-ley,
3. Tho' the path be dark and drear-y, Tho' the path be dark and dreary,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,
5. O 'tis sweet to fol-low Je-sus, O 'tis sweet to fol-low Je-sus,



CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,



- I have heard my Saviour calling, "Take Thy cross and fol-low, fol-low me."
 Tho' He leads me thro' the valley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 Tho' the path be dark and dreary, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glory, He will keep me, keep me all the way.
 O 'tis sweet to fol-low Je-sus, And be with Him, with Him all the way.



Where He leads me I will follow, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Copyright, 1891, WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

133.

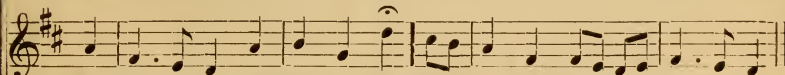
He Leadeth Me.

J. H. GILMORE.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.



1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine.
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,



- Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead eth me.
 By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
 Content, what-ev-er lot I see, Since'tis my God that lead-eth me!
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me!

CHORUS.



He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me:



His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

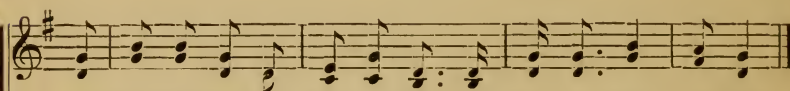
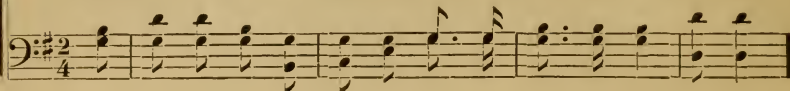
L. H. EDMUNDS.

"This same Jesus."—ACTS 1: 11.

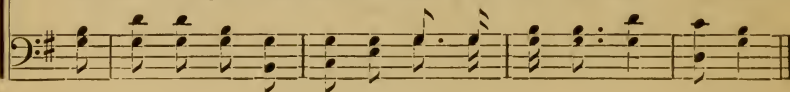
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



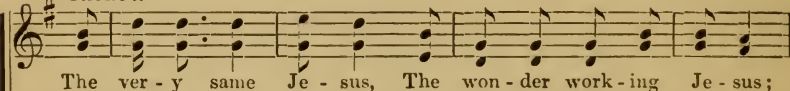
1. Come, sin-ners, to the Liv-ing One, He's just the same Je - sus
2. Come, feast up - on the "living bread," He's just the same Je - sus
3. Come, tell Him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je - sus
4. Come un - to Him for clear-er light, He's just the same Je - sus



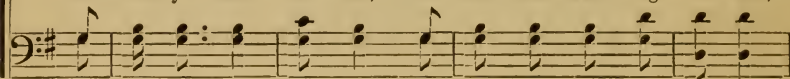
As when He raised the wid-ow's son, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when the mul-ti - tudes He fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when He shed those lov-ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when He gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.



CHORUS.



The ver - y same Je - sus, The won - der work - ing Je - sus;



Oh, praise His name, He's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.

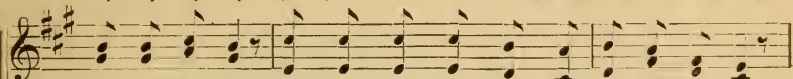
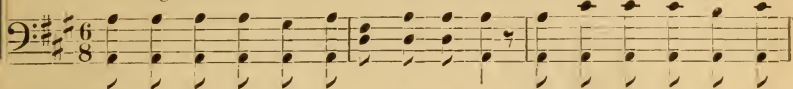


5 Calm 'midst the wave of trouble be,
 He's just the same Jesus
 As when He hushed the raging sea,
 The very same Jesus.

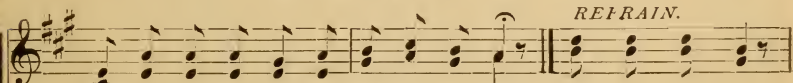
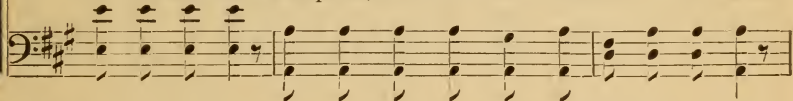
6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see
 He's just the same Jesus;
 Oh, blessed day for you and me!
 The very same Jesus.



1. In - to the tent where a gyp-sy boy lay, Dy-ing a-lone at the
2. "Did He so love me,—a poor lit-tle boy? Send un-to me the good
3. Bending we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-tered the
4. Smiling, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for

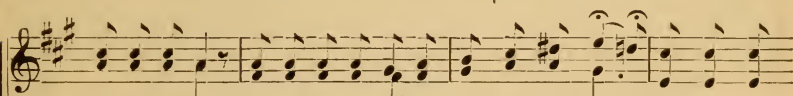


close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried; said he,
tid-ings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my hand will he hold?
val - ley of death: "God sent His Son!"—"who-so-ev - er?" said he;
me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,

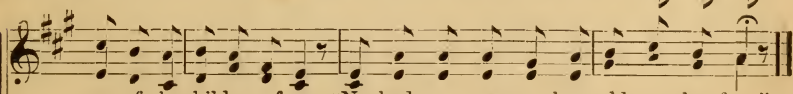
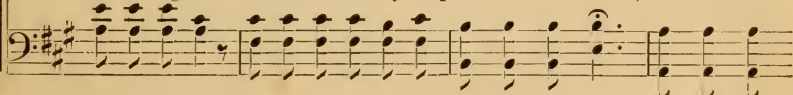


REFRAIN.

"No-bod-y ev - er has told it to me!" Tell it a - gain!
"No-bod-y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
"Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!"
"Lord, I be-lieve, tell it now to the rest!"



Tell it again? Salvation's sto-ry re-peat o'er and o'er, Till none can



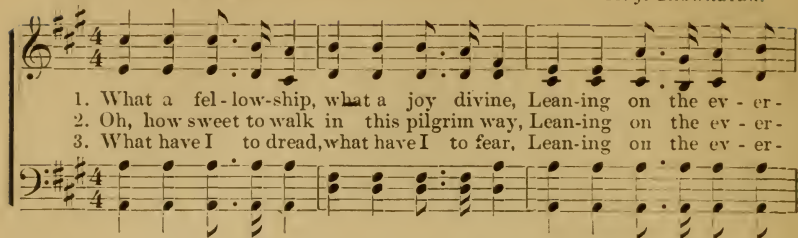
say of the children of men, "No-bod - y ev - er has told me be-fore."



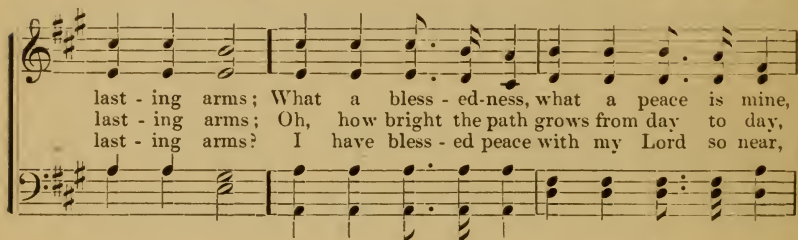
136. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

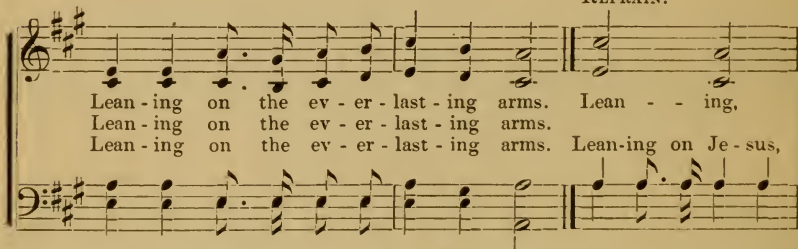


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -

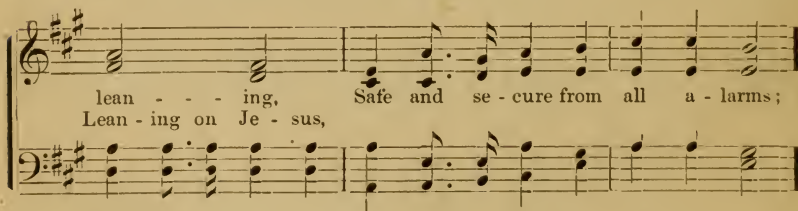


last - ing arms; What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
 last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

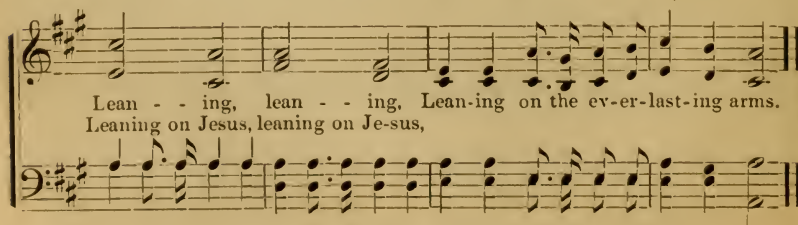
REFRAIN.



Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - - ing,
 Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean-ing on Je - sus,



lean - - - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
 Lean - ing on Je - sus,



Lean - - ing, lean - - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 Leaning on Je - sus, leaning on Je - sus,

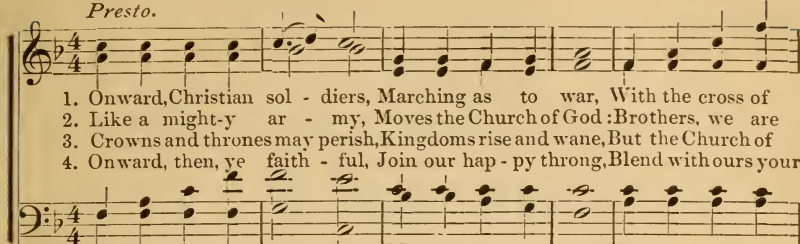
137. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"Be strong and of good courage."—DEUT. 31: 6.

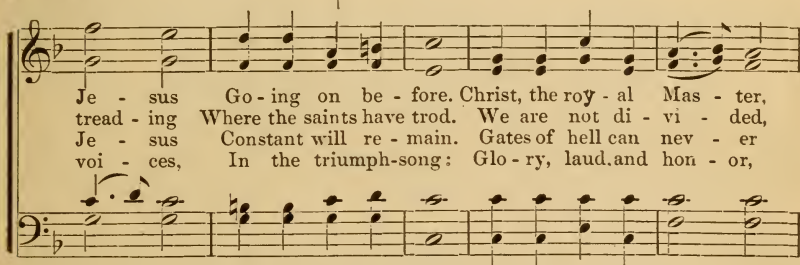
S. BARING—GOULD.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

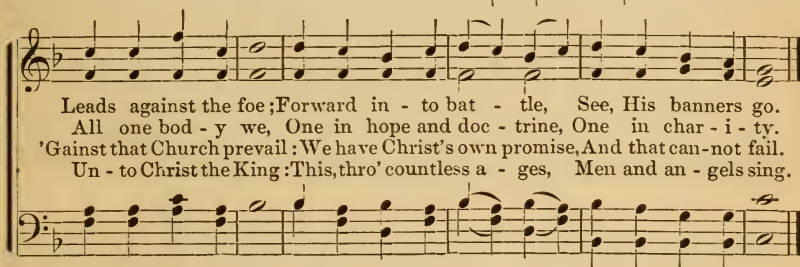
Presto.



1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar - my, Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. Onward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your

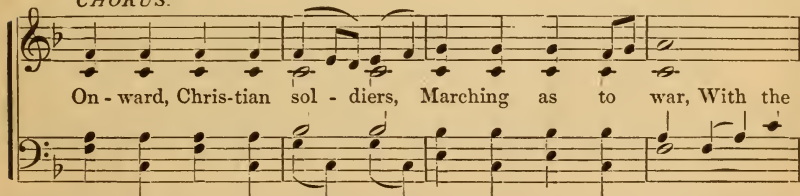


Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vi - ded,
 Je - sus Constant will re - main. Gates of hell can nev - er
 voi - ces, In the triumph-song: Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

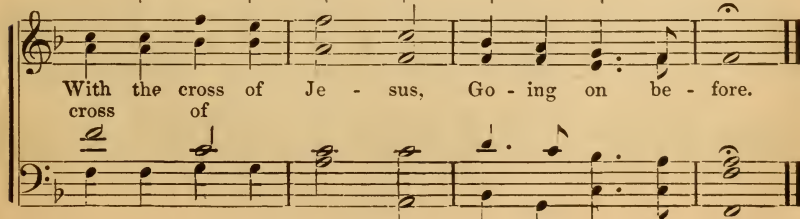


Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go.
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
 Un - to Christ the King: This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.



On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the



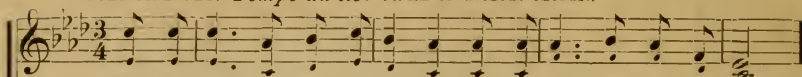
With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.
 cross of

138. Life's Railway to Heaven.

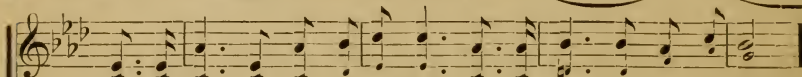
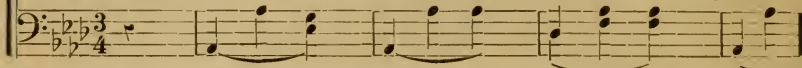
M. E. ABBEY.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, by per.

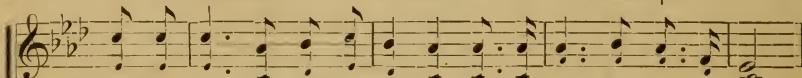
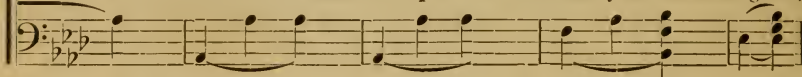
SOLO OR DUET. *Tempo ad lib.* (With or without chorus.)



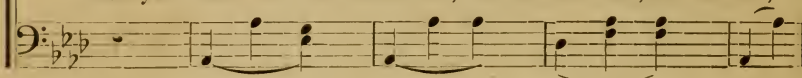
1. Life is like a mountain railroad, With an en - gi-neer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will of - ten find obstructions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a - cross the tres-tle, Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,



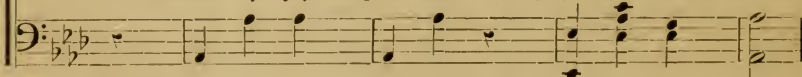
We must make the run suc-cess-ful, From the cra - dle to the grave;
See that Christ is your Con-duc-tor, On this lightening train of life;
On a fill, or curve, or tres - tle, They will al - most ditch your train;
You be-hold the Un-ion De - pot In - to which your train will glide;



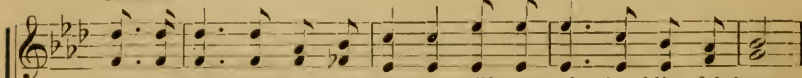
Watch the curves, the fills, the tun-nels; Nev-er fal - ter, nev - er fail;
Al - ways mind-ful of obstru-ction, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;
Put your trust a - lone in Je - sus; Nev-er fal - ter, nev - er fail;
There you'll meet our bless - ed Lead-er, God the Fa - ther, God the Son,



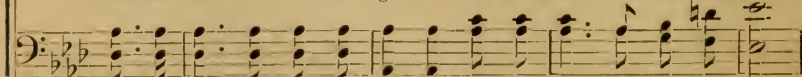
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
With the heart - y, joy-ous plau - dit, "Wea - ry pil - grim, welcome home."



CHORUS.



Bless-ed Sav - iour, Thou wilt guide us, Till we reach that bliss-ful shore;



Life's Railway to Heaven. Concluded.

Where the an - gels wait to join us, In Thy praise for ev - er - more.

138¹₂

Cheerful Reapers.

Rev. J. WEBER.

With spirit.

1. We are cheerful reap-ers, Toil-ing thro' the day, Lab'ring in the har-vest
 2. We are cheerful reap-ers, In the fields of sin, Striving for the Mas-ter
 3. We are cheerful reap-ers, In the har-vest field, Truth and right the sickles

O'er the ston-y way; Gleaning 'mong the thistles, Searching thro' the rain,
 Precious souls to win; Point-ing them to Je - sus, To the Lamb of God;
 That we there do wield; And we la - bor ev - er 'Neath our Father's eye,

FINE. CHORUS.

Fit - ting for the gar - ner Bright and gold - en grain. Toil-ing, toil - ing,
 Fol - low - ing His foot - steps In the paths He trod.
 Gath - er - ing the bright sheaves For the home on high.

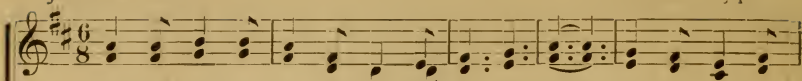
D.S. al Fine.

toil - ing all the day, Toil - ing, toil - ing in this hap - py way.

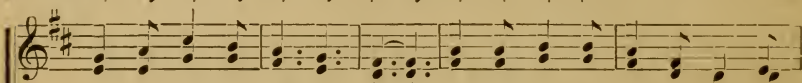
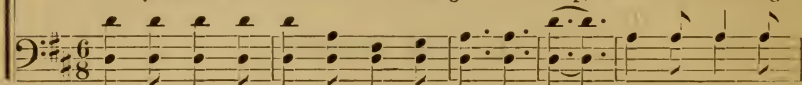
JESSIE H. BROWN.

"I will trust, and not be afraid."—ISA. 12: 2.

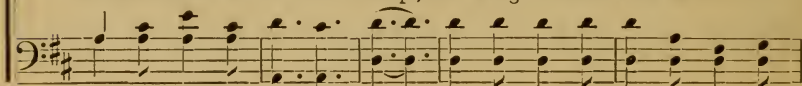
D. B. TOWNER. By per.



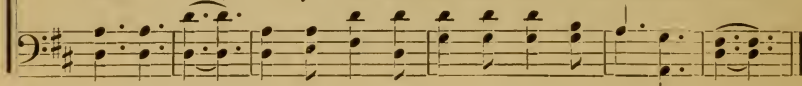
1. An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y - where He
 2. An - y - where with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Oth - er friends may
 3. An - y - where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the darkling



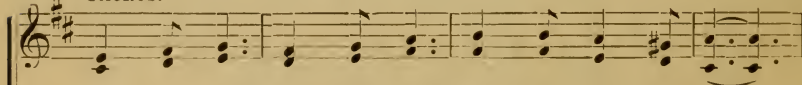
leads me in this world be - low. An - y - where without Him, dear - est
 fail me, He is still my own. Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
 shadows round a - bout me creep; Knowing I shall wak - en nev - er



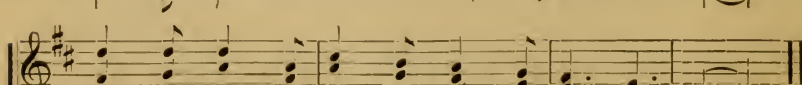
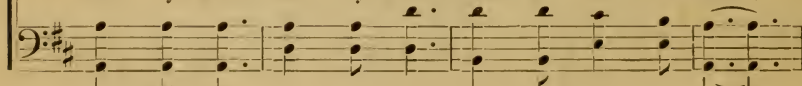
joys would fade, An - y - where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
 dearest ways, An - y - where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
 more to roam, An - y - where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.



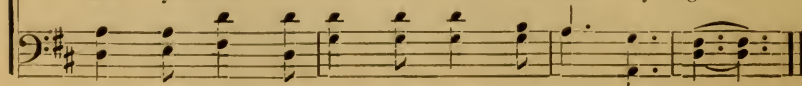
CHORUS.



An - y - where! an - y - where! Fear I can - not know,



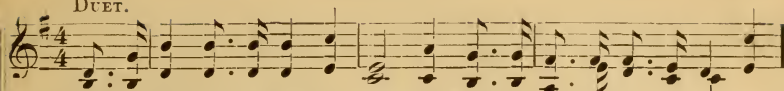
An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.



P. B.

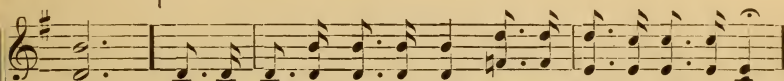
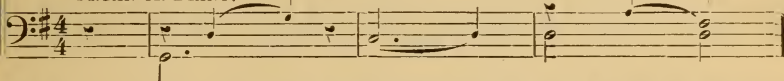
P. BILHORN. By per.

DUET.

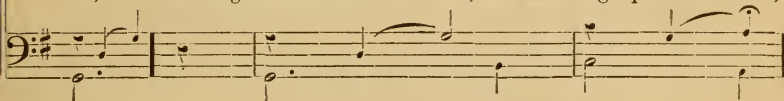


1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up-on you
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul He
3. When I pass thro the night of sor - row, Or the moaning waves of Jor-dan
4. When at last to our home we gath-er With the lov'd ones who have gone be -

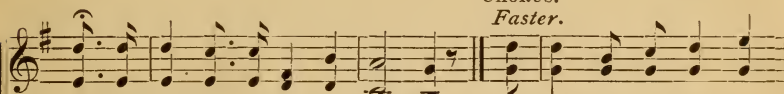
ORGAN OR PIANO.



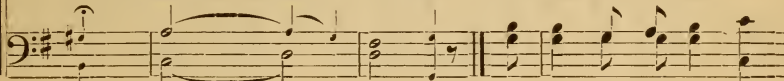
roll; He will soothe the troubled soul, And the winds and waves control;
brings; Leaning on His might-y arm, I will fear no ill or harm;
hear, With my Sav-iour ver-y near, I will neither shrink nor fear;
fore, Prais-ing Him for-ev-er-more, We will sing up-on that shore,



CHORUS.

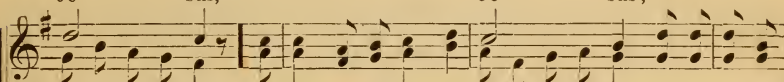
Faster.

Oh! the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is

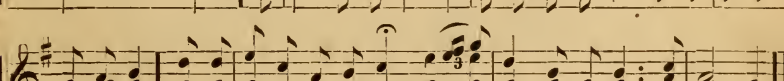
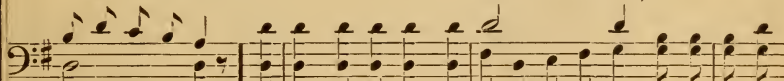


Je - - sus,

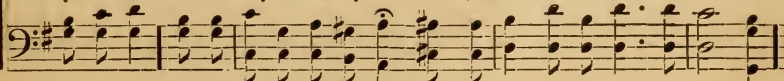
Je - - - sus;



Je-sus ev-'ry day, The best friend to have is Je-sus all the way, He will help you
Je - - - sus;



when you fall, He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus!



1. { O daugh-ter, take good heed, In-cline, and give good ear;
 Thy beau-ty to the King, Shall then de-light-ful be;
 2. { The daugh-ter then of Tyre There with a gift shall be,
 The daugh-ter of the King All glo-rious is with-in;

Thou must for-get thy kin-dred all, And father's house most dear. }
 And do thou hum-bly worship Him, Be-cause thy Lord, is He. }
 And all the wealthy of the land Shall make their suit to thee. }
 And with em-broi-der-ies of gold Her garment wrought have been. }

CHORUS.

With gladness and with joy, Thou all of them shalt bring, And they together

en-ter shall The pal-ace of the King, The pal-ace of the King, The

pal-ace of the King; And they together enter shall, The palace of the King.

The Palace of the King. Concluded.

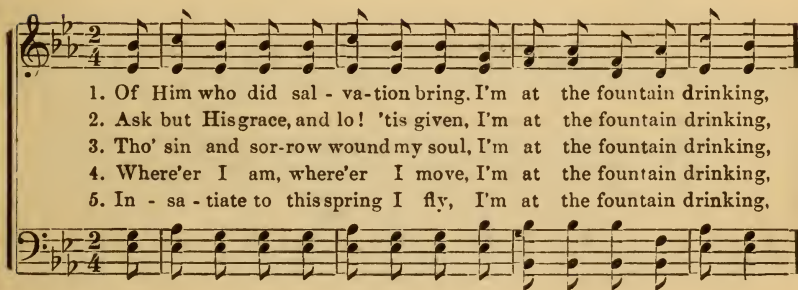
3 She cometh to the King
In robes with needle wrought;
The virgins that do follow her
Shall unto Thee be brought.
With gladness and with joy,
Thou all of them shalt bring,
And they together enter shall
The palace of the King.—CHO.

4 And in Thy father's stead,
Thy children Thou shalt take,
And in all places of the earth
Them noble princes make.
I will show forth Thy name
To generations all:
The people therefore evermore
To Thee give praises shall.—CHO

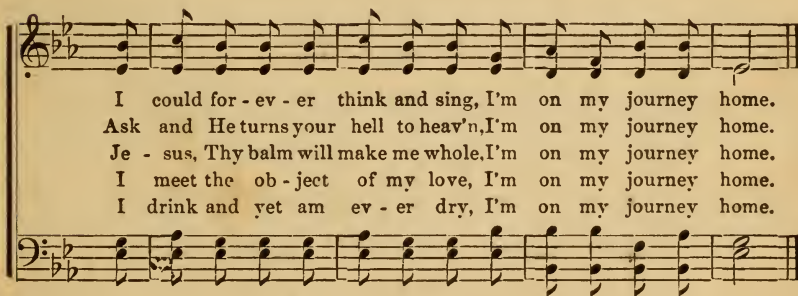
142.

At the Fountain.

OLD MELODY.

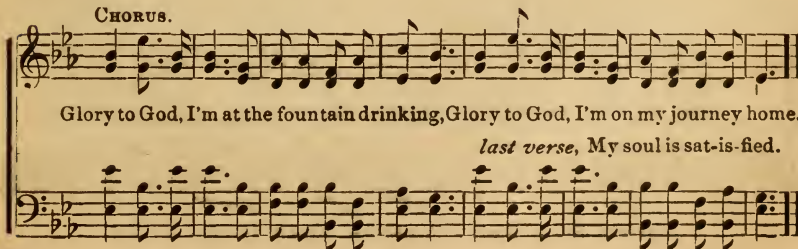


1. Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, I'm at the fountain drinking,
2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis given, I'm at the fountain drinking,
3. Tho' sin and sor - row wound my soul, I'm at the fountain drinking,
4. Where'er I am, where'er I move, I'm at the fountain drinking,
5. In - sa - tiate to this spring I fly, I'm at the fountain drinking,



I could for - ev - er think and sing, I'm on my journey home.
Ask and He turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my journey home.
Je - sus, Thy balm will make me whole, I'm on my journey home.
I meet the ob - ject of my love, I'm on my journey home.
I drink and yet am ev - er dry, I'm on my journey home.

CHORUS.



Glory to God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glory to God, I'm on my journey home.
last verse, My soul is sat-is-fied.

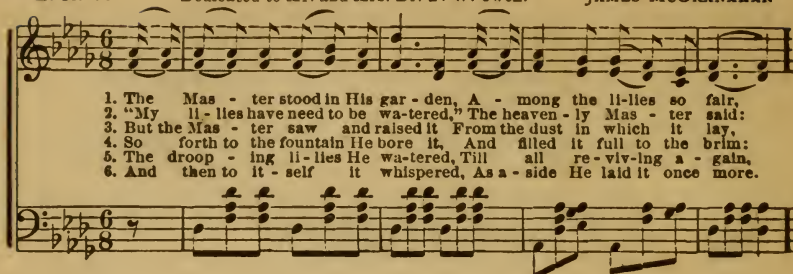
143. The Master Stood in His Garden.

"We have this treasure in earthen vessels."—2 Cor. 4: 7.

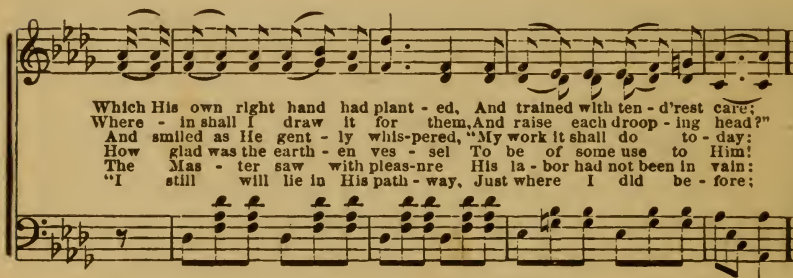
E. R. V.

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Dr. F. W. Owen.

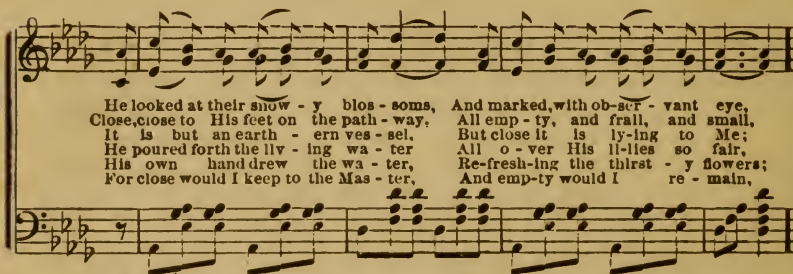
JAMES McGRANAHAN



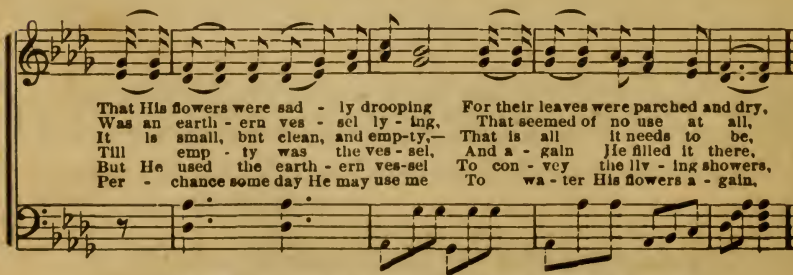
1. The Mas - ter stood in His gar - den, A - mong the li - les so fair,
 2. "My li - les have need to be wa - tered," The heav - ly Mas - ter said:
 3. But the Mas - ter saw and raised it From the dust in which it lay,
 4. So forth to the fountain He bore it, And filled it full to the brim:
 5. The droop - ing li - les He wa - tered, Till all re - viv - ing a - gain,
 6. And then to it - self it whispered, As a - side He laid it once more.



Which His own right hand had plant - ed, And trained with ten - d'rest care;
 Where - in shall I draw it for them, And raise each droop - ing head?"
 And smiled as He gent - ly whis - pered, "My work it shall do to - day:
 How glad was the earth - en ves - sel To be of some use to Him!
 The Mas - ter saw with pleas - ure His la - bor had not been in vain:
 "I still will lie in His path - way, Just where I did be - fore;



He looked at their snow - y blos - soms, And marked, with ob - ser - vant eye,
 Close, close to His feet on the path - way, All emp - ty, and frail, and small,
 It is but an earth - ern ves - sel, But close it is ly - ing to Me;
 He poured forth the liv - ing wa - ter, All o - ver His li - les so fair,
 His own hand drew the wa - ter, Re - fresh - ing the thirst - y flowers;
 For close would I keep to the Mas - ter, And emp - ty would I re - main,



That His flowers were sad - ly drooping
 Was an earth - ern ves - sel ly - ing,
 It is small, but clean, and emp - ty,
 Till emp - ty was the ves - sel,
 But He used the earth - ern ves - sel
 Per - chance some day He may use me
 For their leaves were parched and dry,
 That seemed of no use at all,
 That is all it needs to be,
 And a - gain He filled it there,
 To con - vey the liv - ing showers,
 To wa - ter His flowers a - gain,

The Master Stood in the Garden. Concluded.

Thus His flowers were sad - ly droop - ing For their leaves were parched and dry.
 Was an earth - en ves - sel ly - ing, That seemed of no use at all.
 It is small, but clean and emp - ty— That is all it needs to be."
 Till emp - ty was the ves - sel, And a - gain He filled it there.
 But He used the earth - en ves - sel To con - vey the liv - ing showers.
 Per - chance some day He'll use me To wa - ter His flowers a - gain.

144. May I Know Thy Voice.

HENRY H. HADLEY.

John 17: 3.

AZMON.

1. I know but lit - tle of the plan That bro't Christ down to me;
 2. I claimed His blood for my re - lease, The bur - den rolled a - way;

And yet I know for sin - ful man He bled up - on the tree.
 My heart was chang'd; my soul found peace, My night was turned to day.

- 3 This much, my simple heart doth know, 5 So I will all my life employ
 The witness lives within; To tell the story sweet,
 To others I will quickly go, That Jesus saves from drink and sin,
 Their precious souls to win. And makes my life complete.
- 4 No Greek or Hebrew can I speak, 6 I'll not grow cold while winning them,
 Nor learned questions scan; To give but helps my store;
 But when He speaks I know His voice: For every one I bring to Christ,
 For Jesus talks with man. I love Him more and more.

145.

The Saint's Home.

Words by DAVID DENHAM.

Music from a German Melody.

1. { 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is com- (*Omit . . .*) munion with saints!

{ To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of (*Omit . . .*) Je-sus at home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home!

- 2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.—*Cho.*
- 3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
The Saviour invites me—I'll go to His arms:
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room;
O! there may I feast with His children at home.—*Cho.*

146.

I've Started for Canaan.

- 1 I have started for Canaan, must I leave you behind?
Will you not go up with me? come, make up your mind:
The land lies before us, 'tis pleasant to view;
Its fruits are abundant, they are offered for you.
Come, come, friends, friends, come,
I've started for Canaan, oh, will you not come?
- 2 What can tempt you to linger, or turn from the way?
The fields are all blooming, as blooming as May:
The music is charming, the harmony pure;
The joys there are lasting, they ever endure.—*Come, etc.*
- 3 'Tis the last call of mercy, oh! turn, lest you die!
Give your heart to the Saviour, to-day He is nigh:
While His arms are extended, while His children all pray,
Will you not join our number? come, join us to-day.—*Come, etc.*

"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. 6: 14.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the
 2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feasting my
 3. Near-er in pray'r my hope aspires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep-er the

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
 soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Stronger in faith, more
 love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end 'of

Je-sus died, Near-er the fountain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Saviour's
 clear I see Je - sus who gave him - self for me; Near-er to Him I
 toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

wounded side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
 still would be, Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
 soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

148. Where is my Father To-night?

CARRIE MERRES.

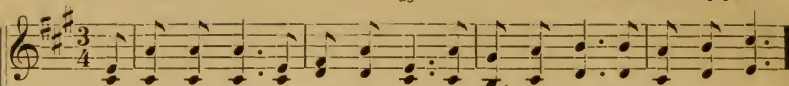
- 1 Where has my father gone to-night?
 The father I love so well;
 He wanders away from home and friends;
 My sorrow no words can tell.
- CHO.—O where is my sire to night?
 O where can my father be?
 I love him yet, I cannot forget
 My mother's last words to me.
- 2 Once we could say our home was bright,
 As we knelt at his knee for prayer;

- Air.—"Where is my Wandering B y?"
 No face more kind, no heart more true—
 None loved us with fonder care.—CHO.
- 3 I stood and watched by her dying bed,
 And softly she said to me,
 "I feel that our prayers will yet be heard;
 Your father reclaimed will be."—CHO.
- 4 Go to my wandering sire to-night,
 And tell him the words of love,
 That I may hope we'll meet again
 On earth, or with mother above.—CHO.

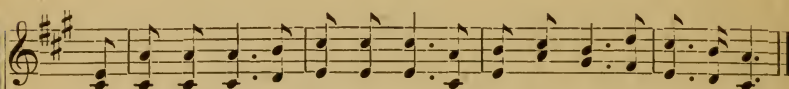
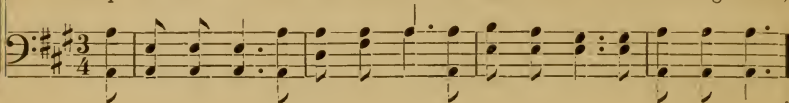
S. M. SAYFORD.

Isaiah 35: S-10.

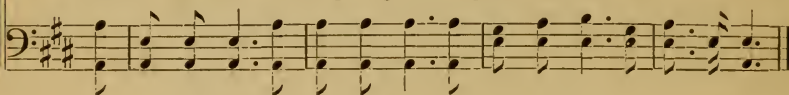
D. B. TOWNER, by per.



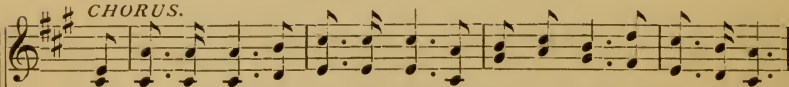
1. The promised land! by faith I see, Where God's own glo-ry gilds the day,
2. The promis'd land! where thousands dwell, Who've wash'd their robes in Jesus' blood,
3. The promised land! with gates of pearl, A - jar for all the blood-wash'd throng,
4. The promised land! with mansions fair, Where Je-sus now prepares a place.
5. The promised land! the Father's house A-waits us on the shin-ing shore,



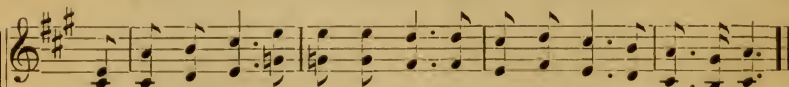
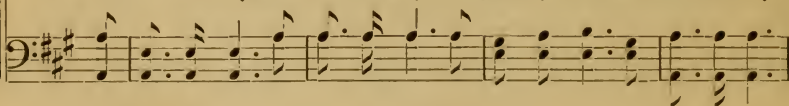
Where we shall dwell with Christ redeem'd, By His own grace we're on the way.
 With them we'll wave the branch of palm, When we have cross'd the narrow flood.
 A few more marches—hold on faith! And then we'll sing Redemption's song,
 From whence He'll come to take us home, And we shall see Him, face to face.
 When there we'll strike our harps of gold, And praise His name for-ev - er-more.



CHORUS.



We're on the way, we're on the way, To glo - ry - land, we're on the way;



We fol-low Je-sus day by day, He leads us all a-long the way.

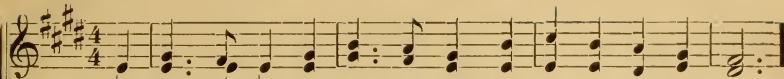


150.

At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON.

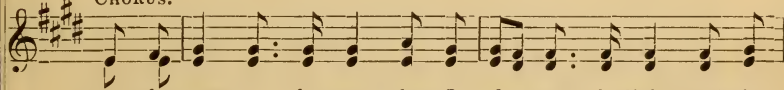


1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groan'd up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay, The debt of love I owe;

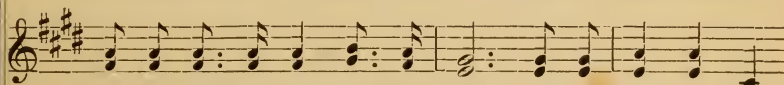


Would He de vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be - yond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

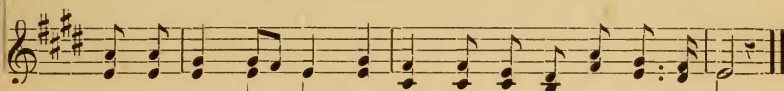
CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the



bur - den of my heart roll'd a - way — It was there by faith



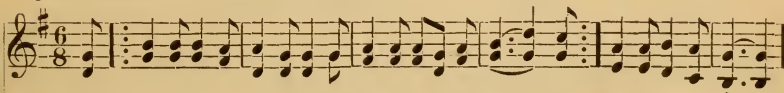
I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

Copyright. 1865, by R. E. HUDSON.

151.

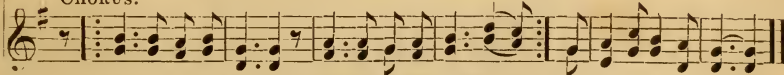
Oh, How I Love Jesus!

JOHN NEWTON.



[Omit in Repeat.....]

CHORUS.



[Omit in Repeat.....]

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds | 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, |
| In a believer's ear! | And calms the troubled breast; |
| It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, | 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, |
| And drives away his fear. | And to the weary rest. |
- CHO.—|| . Oh, how I love Jesus! :||
 Because He first loved me;
 || : How can I forget Thee? :||
 Dear Lord, remember me.

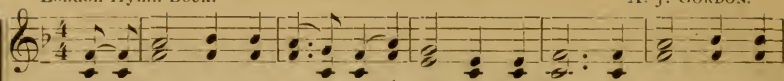
- 3 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 So shall the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

152.

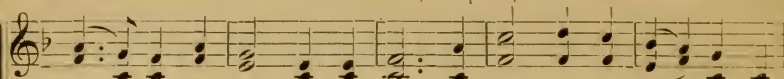
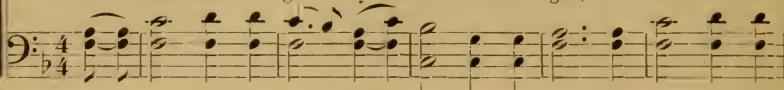
My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

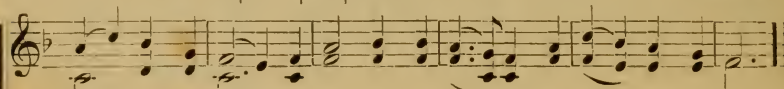
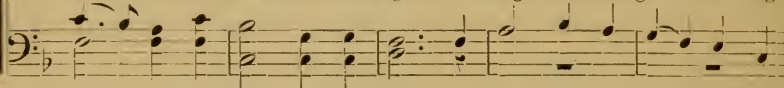
A. J. GORDON.



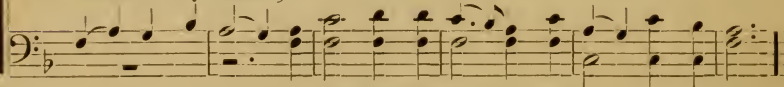
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, because Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies of sin I re-sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



Sav - iour art Thou,
 thorns on Thy brow;
 cold on my brow,
 crown on my brow; } If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.



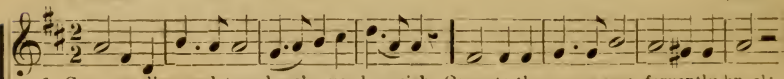
By permission.

153.

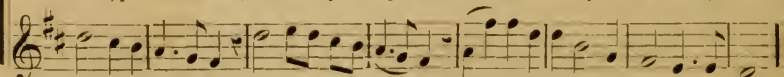
Come, Ye Disconsolate.

T. MOORE.

11, 10.



1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish, Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;



Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot heal.

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
 "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
 Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down, where for cleansing from
 2. I am so wondrously sav'd from sin: Je - sus so sweetly a -
 3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied: Glo - ry to His
 bides within; There at the cross where He took me in, Glo - ry to His
 en - ter'd in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to His
 Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete, Glo - ry to His

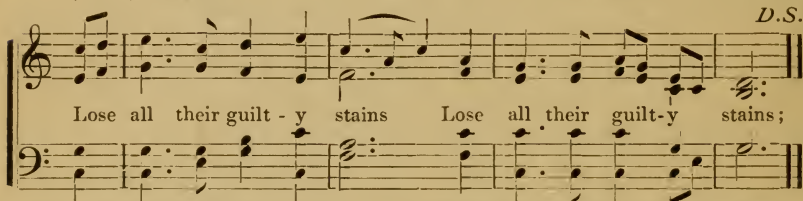
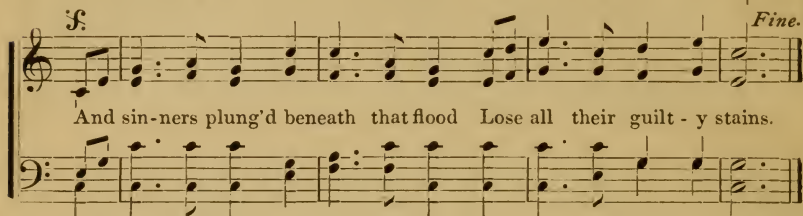
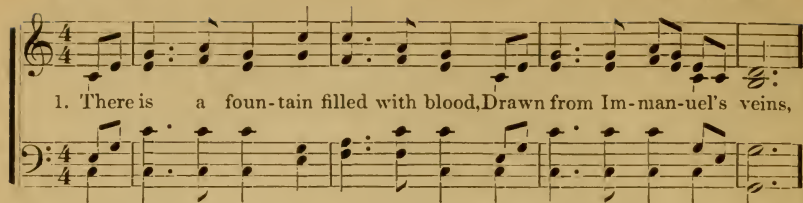
CHORUS.

name. Glo - ry to His name. Glo - ry to His name.

There to my heart was the blood ap-plied, Glo - ry to His name.

W. COWPER.

LOWELL MASON.



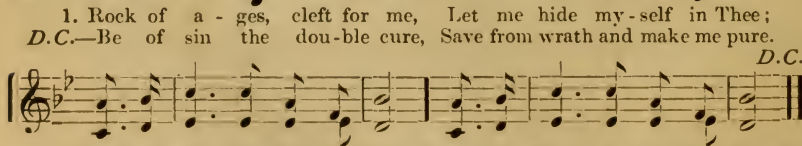
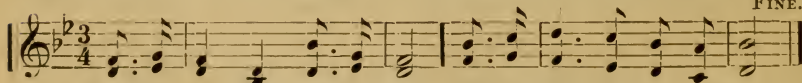
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisp'ing, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

A. TOPLADY.

Tune—TOPLADY. 7⁸.
FINE.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

1. Awake, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ; See where thy foes a-gainst thee rise,
 2. See where rebellious passions rage, And fierce desires and lusts en-gage ;
 3. Thou treadest on enchanted ground ; Perils and snares be-set thee round ;
 4. The terror and the charm re-pel, The powers of earth, and powers of hell ;

In long ar-ray, a numerous host ; Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
 The meanest foe of all the train Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
 Beware of all, guard every part— But most the traitor in thy heart.
 The Man of Calvary triumphed here : Why should His faithful followers fear ?

158. My God, My Father, While I Stray.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say.
"Thy will be done, Thy will be done!" | 4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest ;
"Thy will be done, Thy will be done!" |
| 2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh ;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done, Thy will be done!" | 5 Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done, Thy will be done!" |
| 3 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine,
I only yield thee what was Thine :
"Thy will be done, Thy will be done!" | 6 Then when on earth I breath no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before
I'll sing upon a happier shore :
"Thy will be done, Thy will be done!" |

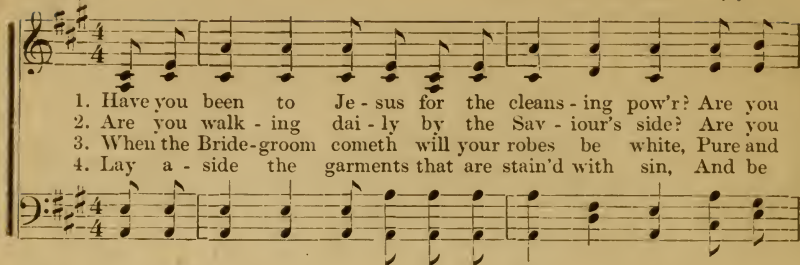
159. Dear Lord, Amid the Throng.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Dear Lord, amid the throng that pressed
Around Thee on the cursed tree,
Some loyal, loving hearts were there.
Some pitying eyes that wept for Thee. | Like Thee, Thy blessed self, endure
The cross with all its cruel scorn. |
| 2 Like them may we rejoice to own
Our dying Lord, tho' crown'd with thorn ; | 3 Thy cross, Thy lonely path below,
Show what Thy brethren all should be ;
Pilgrims on earth, disowned by those
Who see no beauty, Lord, in Thee. |

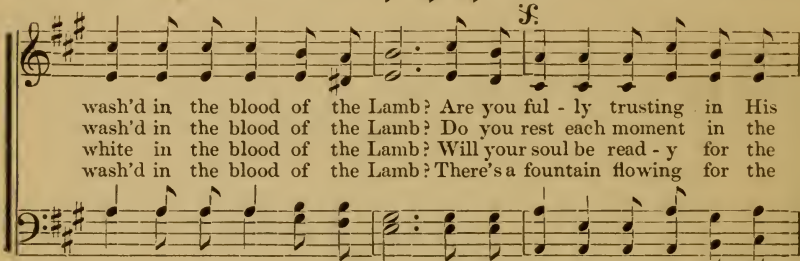
160. Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.



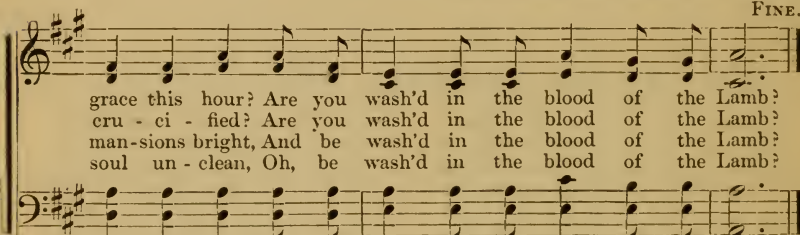
1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans - ing pow'r? Are you
 2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - iour's side? Are you
 3. When the Bride-groom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stain'd with sin, And be



wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His
 wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the
 white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the
 wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the

D.S.—garments spotless, are they

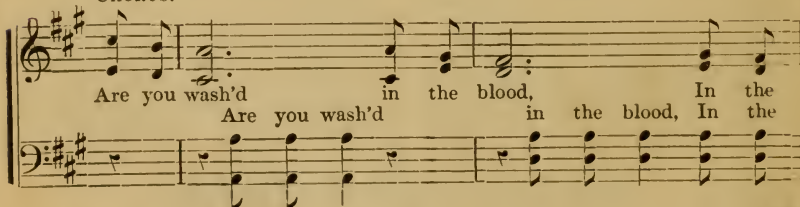
FINE.



grace this hour? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
 cru - ci - fied? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
 man - sions bright, And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
 soul un - clean, Oh, be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

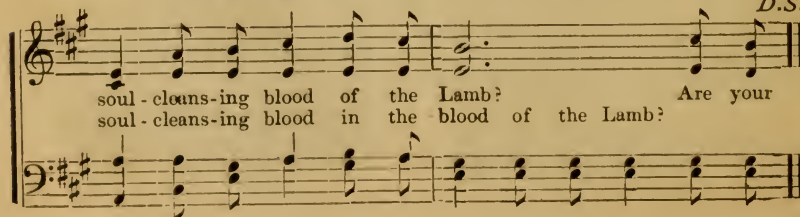
white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

CHORUS.



Are you wash'd in the blood, In the
 Are you wash'd in the blood, In the

D.S.



soul - cleans - ing blood of the Lamb? Are your
 soul - cleans - ing blood in the blood of the Lamb?

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE.

R. N. M'INTOSH. By per.

1. Up to the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of life,—Gathering home! gathering home!
 2. Up to the city where falleth no night,—Gathering home! gathering home!
 3. Up to the beautiful mansions above,—Gathering home! gathering home!

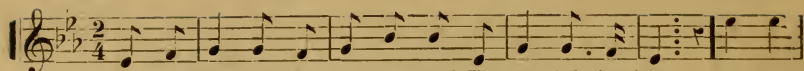
Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
 Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
 Safe in the arms of His in - fin - ite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

CHORUS.

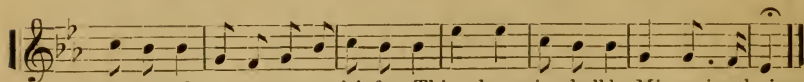
Gath-er - ing home!..... gath - er - ing home!.....
 Gath - er - ing home! gath - er - ing home!

Nev-er to sorrow more, never to roam; Gathering home!
 Gath-er-ing home!

gath-er-ing home! God's chil-dren are gath - er - ing home.
 gath-er-ing home!



1. { I have sought round the verdant earth For un-fad-ing joy ; } Lord, be-
 { I have tried ev - 'ry source of mirth, But all, all will cloy ; }



stow on me Grace to set my spirit free; Thine the praise shall be, Mine, mine the joy

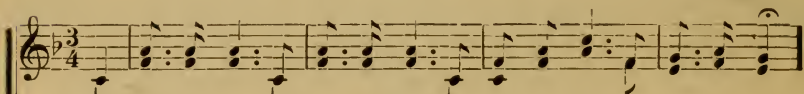
- 2 I have wandered in mazes dark
 Of doubt and distress;
 I have had not a kindling spark,
 My spirit to bless;
 Cheerless unbelief
 Filled my lab'ring soul with grief;
 What shall give relief?
 What shall give peace?

Here I found release—
 In Thy Word my soul found peace,
 Hope of endless bliss,
 Eternal day.

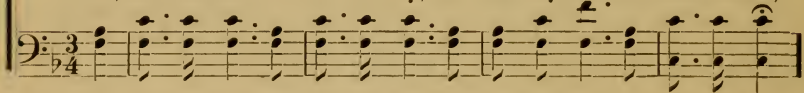
- 3 Then I turned to Thy gospel, Lord,
 From folly away;
 Then I trusted Thy Holy Word
 That taught me to pray;

- 4 I will praise now my heavenly King,
 I'll praise and adore;
 All my heart's richest tribute bring
 To Thee, God of power;
 And in heaven above,
 Saved by Thy redeeming love,
 Loud the strains shall move
 For evermore.

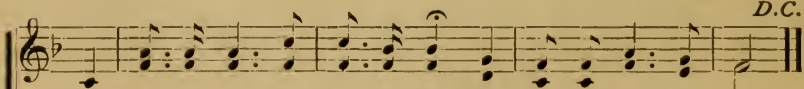
C. R. DUNBAR.



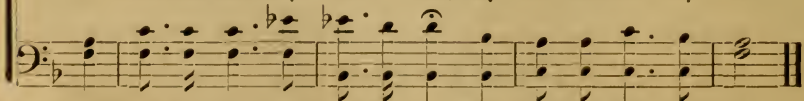
1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me:
 2. I now be - lieve Thou dost re - ceive. For Thou hast died that I might live;
 3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,



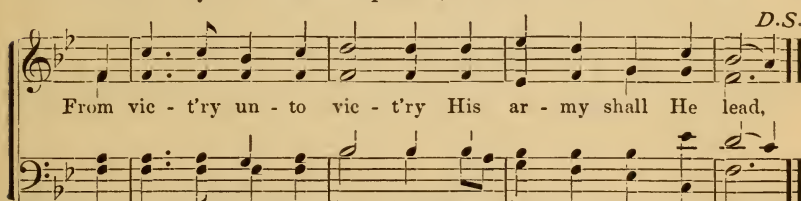
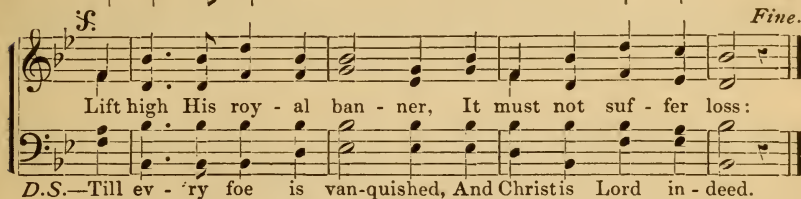
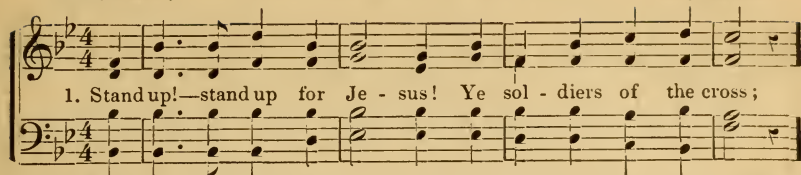
CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!



Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!



I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God.



2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day:
 "Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Let courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day, the noise of battle,
 The next, the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the king of glory
 Shall reign eternally!

1 The morning light is breaking;
 The darkness disappears!
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing—
 A nation in a day.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;

3 Blest river of salvation!
 Pursue thine onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay:
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home:
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"
 S. F. SMITH.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,—
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

JOS. P. WEBSTER, by per.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a -
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of

far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To prepare us a
 blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the
 praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the blessings that

CHORUS.

dwell - ing - place there. In the sweet by - and - by, We shall
 bless - ing of rest.
 hal - low our days.

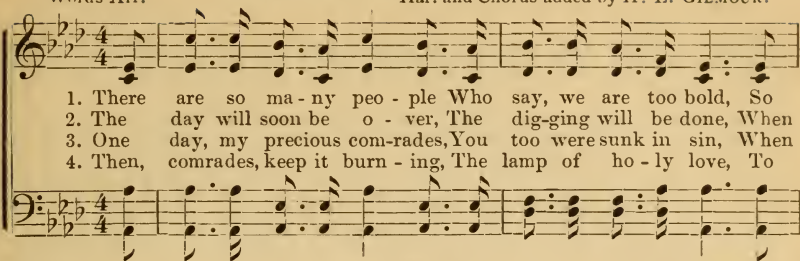
meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by - and -
 by - and - by, by - and - by, by - and -

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
 by, by - and - by.

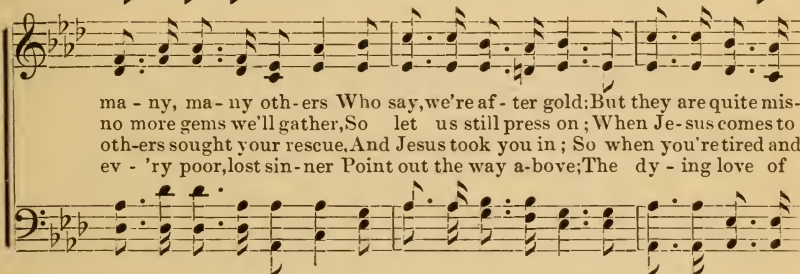
Diamonds in the Rough.

Words Arr.

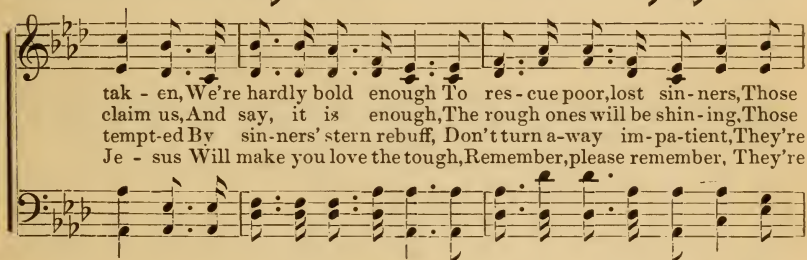
Har. and Chorus added by H. L. GILMOUR.



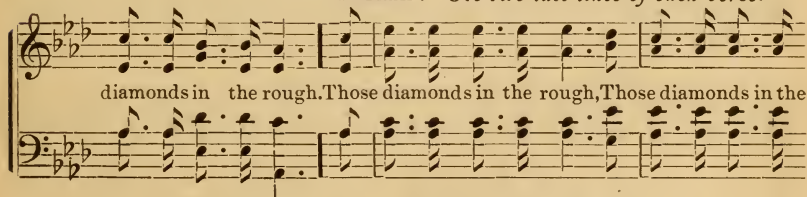
1. There are so ma-ny peo-ple Who say, we are too bold, So
 2. The day will soon be o-ver, The dig-ging will be done, When
 3. One day, my precious com-rades, You too were sunk in sin, When
 4. Then, comrades, keep it burn-ing, The lamp of ho-ly love, To



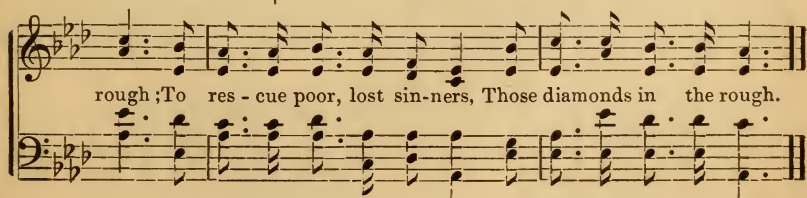
ma-ny, ma-ny oth-ers Who say, we're af-ter gold; But they are quite mis-
 no more gems we'll gather, So let us still press on; When Je-sus comes to
 oth-ers sought your rescue. And Jesus took you in; So when you're tired and
 ev-'ry poor, lost sin-ner Point out the way a-bove; The dy-ing love of



tak-en, We're hardly bold enough To res-cue poor, lost sin-ners, Those
 claim us, And say, it is enough, The rough ones will be shin-ing. Those
 tempt-ed By sin-ners' stern rebuff, Don't turn a-way im-pa-tient, They're
 Je-sus Will make you love the tough, Remember, please remember, They're

REFRAIN. *Use two last lines of each verse.*


diamonds in the rough. Those diamonds in the rough, Those diamonds in the



rough; To res-cue poor, lost sin-ners, Those diamonds in the rough.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
 2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
 3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth

sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a - bides with us
 drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
 rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a

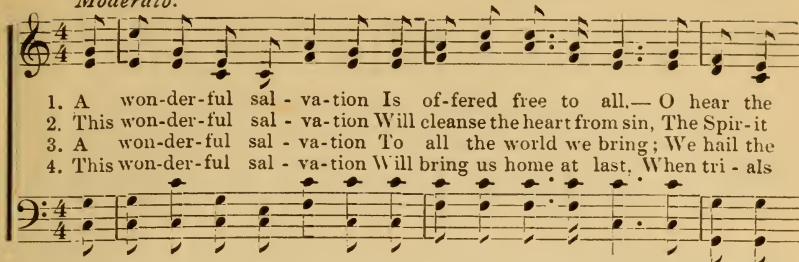
CHORUS.

still, And with all who will trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, For there's
 tear Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
 cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.

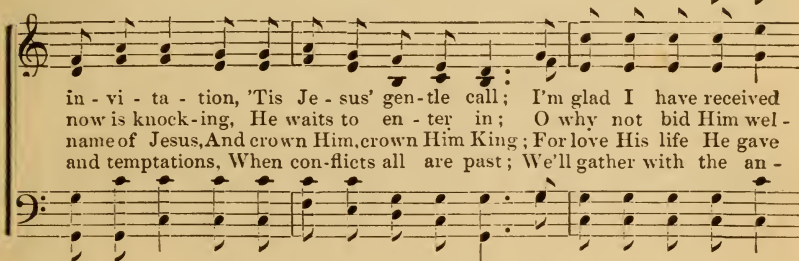
no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus But to trust and o - bey.

4 But we never can prove
 The delights of His love
 Until all on the altar we lay,
 For the favor he shows,
 And the joy He bestows,
 Are for all who will trust and obey.

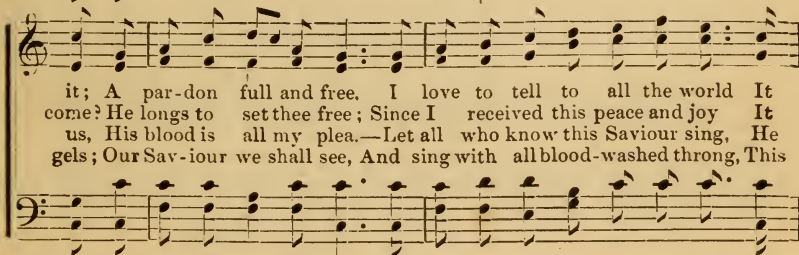
5 Then in fellowship sweet
 We will sit at His feet,
 Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
 What He says we will do.
 Where He sends we will go,
 Never fear, only trust and obey.

Moderato.


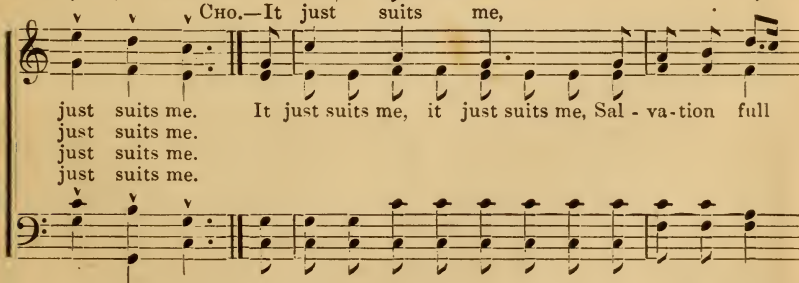
1. A won-der-ful sal - va-tion Is of-fered free to all.— O hear the
 2. This won-der-ful sal - va-tion Will cleanse the heart from sin, The Spir-it
 3. A won-der-ful sal - va-tion To all the world we bring; We hail the
 4. This won-der-ful sal - va-tion Will bring us home at last, When tri - als



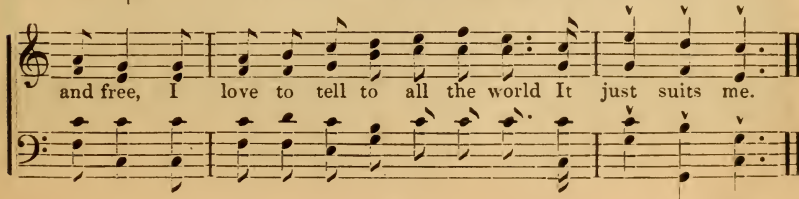
in - vi - ta - tion, 'Tis Je - sus' gen-tle call; I'm glad I have received
 now is knock-ing, He waits to en - ter in; O why not bid Him wel-
 name of Jesus, And crown Him, crown Him King; For love His life He gave
 and temptations, When con-flicts all are past; We'll gather with the an -



it; A par-don full and free. I love to tell to all the world It
 come? He longs to set thee free; Since I received this peace and joy It
 us, His blood is all my plea.—Let all who know this Saviour sing, He
 gels; Our Sav-iour we shall see, And sing with all blood-washed throng, This



just suits me. It just suits me, it just suits me, Sal - va-tion full
 just suits me.
 just suits me.
 just suits me.
 just suits me.



and free, I love to tell to all the world It just suits me.

1. They have reach'd the sun - ny shore, And will nev - er hun - ger more,
 2. Now they feel no ehill - ing blast, For their win - ter time is past,
 3. They have fough't the wea - ry fight, Je - sus saved them by His might,

All their grief and pains are o'er, O - ver there; And they need no lamp by night,
 And their summers always last, O - ver there; They can nev - er know a fear,
 Now they dwell with Him in light, Over there; Soon we'll reach the shining strand,

D. S.—All their streets are shining gold,

Fine.
 For their day is always bright, And their Saviour is their light, O - ver there.
 For the Saviour's always near, And with them is endless cheer, O - ver there.
 But we'll wait our Lord's command, 'Till we see His beck'ning hand, O - ver there.

And their glo - ry is untold, 'Tis the Saviour's blissful fold, O - ver there.

CHORUS.

O - ver there, o - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there,

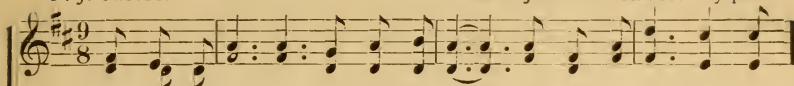
D. S.
 They can nev - er know a fear, O - ver there; o - ver there;

Blessed Assurance.

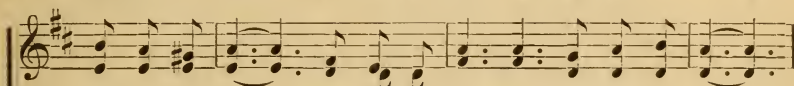
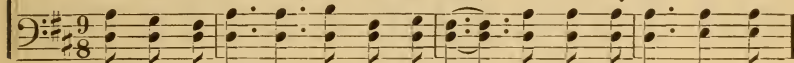
"He is faithful that hath promised."—HEB. 10: 23.

F. J. CROSBY.

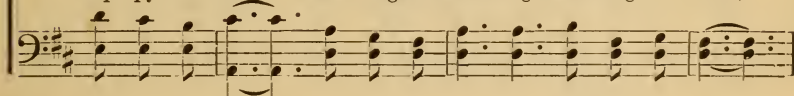
MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.



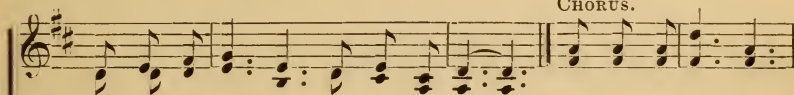
1. Bles-sed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rapt-ure now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am



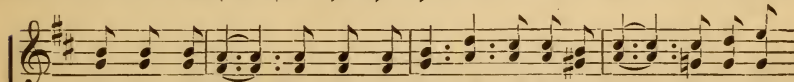
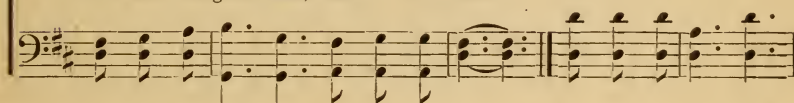
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
 burst on my sight. An-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove,
 hap-py and blest, Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,



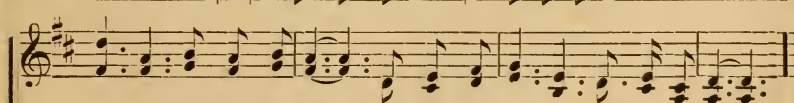
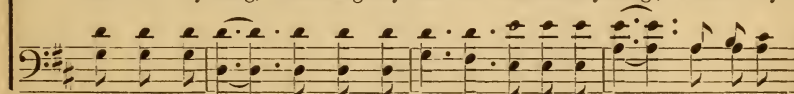
CHORUS.



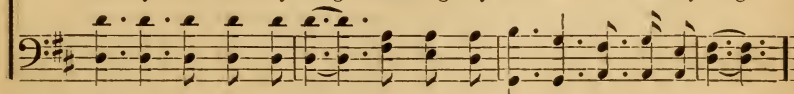
Born of His Spir-it, wash'd in His blood, This is my sto-ry,
 Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
 Fill'd with His good-ness, lost in His love.



this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my



sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.



W. J. K.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my
 2. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keep - ing me
 3. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was
 4. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: cheer-ful - ly sing, Loud hal - le -

Sav - ior, sal - va - tion af - fords; Gives me His Spir - it, a
 safe - ly, He cast - eth out fear; Trust - ing His prom - is - es,
 dark - ness, but now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vi - sions of
 lu - ias, to Je - sus, my King! Ran - som'd and par - don'd, re -

wit - ness with - in, Whis - p'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin.
 how I am blest; Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest.
 glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright - ness re - veal'd un - to me."
 deem'd by His blood, Cleans'd from un - right - cous - ness, glo - ry to God.

REFRAIN.

Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Sav'd, sav'd by pow - er di - vine;

Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus, the Sav - ior is mine!

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THE WHITE AND THE BLUE.

H. H. H.

Tune.—Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

- 1 Why should you delay any longer,
Turn about and reform while you can;
Each day is the appetite stronger,
Each day you are less of a man.
The chain of the tyrant now sever,
The flames of destruction subdue,
To abstain from the wine-cup forever
Is the only salvation for you.

CHORUS.

- To Christ and the loved ones be true,
He only can carry you through;
Make Jesus your helper forever,
And wear now the white and the blue.
- 2 And you who refuse to surrender
Indulgence in which you delight;
O, guard your example! remember
The lives and the souls you may blight;
One drop may arouse subtle passions
In those whom your actions may view,
For Christ's sake abstain altogether,
It may save both another and you.

CHRIST AND THE UNION.

H. H. H.

Tune.—Marching through Georgia.

- 1 Bring to me the colors, boys,
I'll wear the white and blue;
The cup of sin no more I'll touch,
To manhood I'll be true;
Place the blue upon my breast,
The cross expose to view;
Now I'm for Christ and the Union.

CHORUS.

- Hurrah! hurrah! my soul it shall be
free,
Hurrah! hurrah! come sound the jubilee,
Loudly swell the chorus, "No alcohol
for me,"
Now I'm for Christ and the Union.
- 2 The Christian men advancing, mean,
A battle for the King;
We'll wear the colors in His name,
His praises we will sing;
We plead with others not to drink,
While rescued ones we bring;
Now we're for Christ and the Union.

THE CHRISTIAN MEN'S UNION.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

Tune.—Battle Cry of Freedom.

- 1 We will search upon the mountain and
search throughout the plain,
Shouting the precious name of Jesus;
We will bring the wand'rer back to the
righteous paths again,
Shouting the precious name of Jesus.

CHORUS.

- Our Union forever, hurrah, then hurrah!
Onward we'll follow the Bethlehem star;
Then rally round our flag, O, rally once
again,
Shouting the precious name of Jesus.
- 2 We will search among the byways and
through the city lanes,
Shouting the precious name of Jesus;
We will find the poor lost victims and
break their galling chains,
Shouting the precious name of Jesus.
 - 3 We love our wand'ring brothers, we
will try to do them good,
Shouting the precious name of Jesus;
We will battle for the right as a Christian
soldier should,
Shouting the precious name of Jesus.
 - 4 There's mercy for the drunkard and
we will lead him in,
Shouting the precious name of Jesus;
We will tell him of the fountain that
cleanseth from all sin,
Shouting the precious name of Jesus.
 - 5 Our blessed "Christian Union" now
opens wide its doors.
Shouting the precious name of Jesus;
To usher in the wounded by dozens and
by scores,
Shouting the precious name of Jesus.
 - 6 And from our "Rescue Missions" up to
the plains of light—
Shouting the precious name of Jesus;
The millions shall be gathered all clad in
robes of white,
Shouting the precious name of Jesus.

THIS IS MORE THAN A
TEMPERANCE OR POLITICAL MOVEMENT

... The National ...

Christian Men's Temperance Union

Send for blanks (free), badges (five cents), or information to

National Headquarters, 433 Lexington Ave., New York

(Near Grand Central Depot and East Forty-third Street.)



NATIONAL COMMITTEE:

JOHN S. HUYLER, *President*; COL. H. H. HADLEY, *Vice-Pres. and Director*
SAMUEL H. HADLEY, COL. WILLIAM EVANS, Rev. B. FAY MILLS,
CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, JOHN H. MURRAY, H. M. MOORE,
F. F. MURPHY, *Gospel Temperance Evangelist*,
GEO. F. LANGENBACHER, *Treasurer and Secretary*.

WHAT IS THE

*National
Christian Men's
Temperance Union?*

It is an un-denominational, un-political Union of Christian Men and Women who abstain totally from all spirituous and fermented beverages from a Christian standpoint, and try to save others.

WHAT MEANS THE BADGE?

Blue stands for Total-abstinence.

The White Cross means "for Christ's sake."

WHY I WEAR IT.

First, Because I am a Christian.

Second, Because I am a Total-abstainer, and am willing that all should know it.

Third, Because I am trying to induce others to do both. I have also selected a special person whom I pray and aim to save.

Seven Reasons

why I wear the
"C. M. T. U." Badge.

I. Because I am conscious that I am qualified to wear it being both a Christian and a Total-abstainer.

II. Because it represents a platform upon which all Christians can stand to battle against an awful foe.

III. Because many inquire, "Why do you wear that badge?" which opens a door for me to present both my Saviour and my principles to the inquirer.

IV. Because any drinking person may know that I am a Christian, and ready to render any possible aid as such.

V. Because I believe that Christians who are Total-abstainers should make known to others where they stand.

VI. Because I believe that the "C. M. T. U." represents principles which can successfully destroy the awful monster, strong drink.

VII. Because I am anxious to influence others to wear it.